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BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.

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EXPLORATIONS & ADVENTURES

IN

EQUATORIAL AFRICA;

WITH ACCOUNTS OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE PEOPLE, AND OF THE CHACE OF THE *GORILLA*, CROCODILE, LEOPARD, ELEPHANT, HIPPOPOTAMUS, AND OTHER ANIMALS.

By PAUL B. DU CHAILLU.

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Ncheri—a diminutive Gazelle.

With Map and Illustrations.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1861.

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PREFACE.

THE singular region of Equatorial Africa, the interior of which it was my fortune to be the first to explore, and of whose people and strange animal and vegetable productions I give some account in the following pages, is remarkable chiefly for its fauna, which is, in many respects, not only extraordinary, but peculiar. In this comparatively narrow belt, extending on either side of the equator, is found that monstrous and ferocious ape, the gorilla. Here, too, and here only, is the home of the very remarkable nest-building ape, the *Troglodytes calvus*, the *nshiego mbouvé* of the natives; of the hitherto unknown *kooloo-kamba*, another ape, no less remarkable than the *T. calvus*, and of the chimpanzee. North, south, and east of this region, the lion lords it in the forests and the desert: only in this tract he is not found.

Thus it will be seen that this region formed a peculiarly rich field for an ardent naturalist. Game is not found in such plenty as on the vast plains of Southern Africa; there is less butchering; but, if the larder is not so well supplied, the half-starved explorer experiences many happy days, when the discovery of a hitherto unknown animal rewards him for all his toils, dangers, and sufferings.

Not only does the fauna of this region contain a very unusual number of species peculiar to itself, but even some of those animals which it has in common with the regions to the north and south seemed to me *varieties*. Thus, I feel almost certain, that the elephant of this region is a variety, distinct in several particulars from his South African brother.

Doubtless the peculiar formation of the country causes this exceptional condition. Instead of the vast, thinly-wooded and arid

or sparsely-watered plains of Northern, Eastern, and Southern Africa, the explorer finds here a region very mountainous, and so densely wooded, that the whole country may be described as an impenetrable jungle, through which man pushes on only by hewing his way with the axe. These forests, which have been resting probably for ages in their gloomy solitude, seem unfavourable even to the rapid increase of the beasts who are their chief denizens. There are no real herds of game; nor have the people of this region yet attained that primitive step in the upward march of civilization, the possession of beasts of burden. Neither horses nor cattle are known here: man, or woman rather, is the only beast of burden.

The river system of this region seems to me well adapted for the prosecution of commercial enterprise. Until I explored them, the rivers known to Europeans and Americans as the Nazareth, Mexias, and Fernand Vaz, were supposed to be three distinct streams; but the reader will perceive, by reference to the accompanying map, that they are connected with each other. The Mexias and Nazareth are only outlets of the Ogobai River, which also throws a portion of its waters into the Fernand Vaz, chiefly through the Npoulounay. Thus these three rivers are, in fact, mouths of the Ogobai; and they form, with the intervening lowlands (which are evidently alluvial deposits), an extensive and very complicated network of creeks, swamps, and dense forests, which I propose to call the delta of the Ogobai. This delta is bounded on the north by the Nazareth, which enters the sea in lat. 0° 41′ S. and long. 9° 3′ E., and on the south by the Fernand Vaz, which falls into the sea in lat. 1° 17′ S., and long. 5° 58′ E. The mouth of the Mexias lies between, in lat. 0° 56′ S., and long. 8° 47′ E.

I have not given in the narrative any account of my exploration of this labyrinth, because it was extremely barren of incidents interesting to the reader. It was a most tedious undertaking, and resulted only in the knowledge that this large tract is entirely uninhabited by human beings; that in the rainy

season, when the rivers and their divergent creeks are swollen, the whole country is overflowed; and that the land is covered with immense forests of palm, there being found none of the customary mangrove-swamps. Land and water are tenanted only by wild beasts, venomous reptiles, and intolerable swarms of musquitoes.

The entrance of the Fernand Vaz, which is one of the keys to this region, is rendered intricate by shifting sand-bars and a very crooked channel, which, however, carries from fifteen to twenty feet of water at all times. It, as well as the Mexias, throws a tremendous quantity of fresh water into the ocean during the rainy season. So vast is this supply, and so rapid the current, that, though the mouths of these streams are but half-a-mile wide, the body of fresh water launched from each, during the rains, forces its separate way through the ocean for at least four or five miles before it becomes absorbed; and I have known times when the tide had no effect at all upon the vast column of water pushing seaward.

Above Monwé, for about thirty miles, the Fernand Vaz, which here takes the name of *Rembo*, flows through a country so flat that in the rainy season its banks are overflowed for many miles, and in parts scarce a foot of dry land is in sight. Further up, the country becomes hilly, and the upper parts of the Rembo and Ovenga rivers flow between steep banks, and through a decidedly mountainous region. But even here the magnificent mountains are divided by plains or broad valleys, which are overflowed during the season of rains. On the return of the dry season, these overflows leave great quantities of decayed or decaying matter, which, though enriching the ground, also cause fevers. But the fevers of the interior are not so frequent nor so dangerous as those caused by the mixed salt and fresh water vegetation of the seashore; and when this region becomes settled, the mountains will afford a convenient sanitarium for white men.

Leaving the Fernand Vaz, which, though partly fed by the

Ogobai, is an independent stream, having its source in the Ashankolo Mountains, we come to the Ogobai, probably one of the largest rivers of Western Equatorial Africa. The Ogobai is formed by the junction of two considerable streams of the interior—the Rembo Ngouyai and the Rembo Okanda. The first I partly explored; of the Rembo Okanda I know only by report of the natives, who state that it is much larger than the Ngouyai, and that its navigation is in some places partly obstructed by vast rocky boulders, which, scattered about the hill-sides and on the higher plains of the interior, form a very remarkable and peculiar feature of the landscape. The banks of the Ogobai, so far as I have explored them, are in many parts subject to annual overflow.

The Rembo Ngouyai is a large stream, flowing through a mountainous and splendidly wooded country, and is the most magnificent river I saw in Africa. It has numerous smaller feeders. Its navigation is unfortunately interrupted by the great Eugenie or Samba Nagoshi Fall; but it is quite possible for steamers to reach this fall from the sea; and the upper portion, above the fall, is navigable for the largest class of river-steamers during the greater part of the year, and flows through a region the tropical magnificence of which is quite unrivalled, and which abounds in many precious woods, while it is also well calculated for a rich agricultural country. I could not help longing heartily for the day to come, when this glorious stream will be alive with the splash of paddlewheels, and its banks lined with trading and missionary posts. Ebony, bar-wood, and India-rubber, palm-oil, beeswax, and ivory, are the natural products of this region, so far as my limited opportunities allowed me to ascertain. But any tropical crop will grow in this virgin soil; and it needs only the cunning hand and brain of the white man to render this whole tract a great producing country.

My little knowledge of geology, and the impossibility of carrying heavy specimens, prevented me from making useful observations on the geological structure of this region. I can

only say that micaceous schist, talcose shale, and quartz, are found abundantly in the mountains, together with conglomerates and various sandstones, while a red sandstone seems most to abound in the Ashira country. Iron is plentiful; the ore, which is rich, is found cropping out of the ground in many parts. Copper I did not meet with, though it is brought by the Loando negroes from the southern interior to the seashore, where it is purchased by Europeans.

The mountain-range which I explored on my last journey, and which is laid down on the map as far as my extreme point, or terminus, seems to me, beyond doubt, to be part of a great chain extending nearly across the continent without ever leaving the line of the equator more than two degrees. Not only were the appearances such, as far as I was able to penetrate, but all accounts of the natives and of their slaves tend to make this certain. Some of the slaves of the Apingi are brought from a distance to the eastward which they counted as twenty days' journey; and they invariably protested that the mountains in sight from their present home continue in an uninterrupted chain far beyond their own country—in fact, as far as they knew.

Judging, therefore, from my own examination, and from the most careful inquiries among people of the far interior, I think *there is good reason to believe that an important mountain-range divides the continent of Africa nearly along the line of the equator, starting on the west from the range which runs along the coast north and south, and ending in the east, probably, in the country south of the mountains of Abyssinia, or perhaps terminating abruptly to the north of the Lake Tanganyika of Captains Burton and Speke.*

In the northern slope of this great range originate, probably, many of the feeders of the Niger, Lake Tchad, and the Nile; while of the streams rising in the southern slope, it is probable that some join their waters to the Rembo Okanda, the Rembo Ngouyai, and the Congo, and others flow south into the Zambesi,

and into the great lake basin, or chain of lakes of Eastern and Central Africa; tending to corroborate the theory sagaciously laid down by that eminent geographer Sir Roderick Murchison, as far back as 1852, and afterwards confirmed by the great Livingstone.*

To this mountain-range, so far as I have followed it and ascertained its existence, I propose that the native name Nkoomoonabouali, be given, from the splendid peak which I discovered, and which forms the western point of the range. I think it probable that the impenetrable forests of this mountain-range and its savage inhabitants together put a stop to the victorious southward course of the Mohammedan conquest. South of the equator, at any rate, they have never penetrated.

Of the eight years during which I have visited this region of Africa, the present volume contains the record of only the last four—1856, '57, '58, and '59—which alone were devoted to a systematic exploration of the interior. The first four years were chiefly devoted to commercial pursuits in which I was engaged conjointly with my father. Thus when I started as a traveller, I had the very great advantages of tolerably thorough acclimation, and a knowledge of the languages and habits of the seashore tribes, which proved of infinite service to me among the tribes of the interior, with whom I was in every case able to hold converse, if not by word of mouth, at least by a native interpreter with whose language I was familiar.

A brief summary of the results of my four years' travel will perhaps interest the reader. I travelled—always on foot, and unaccompanied by other white men—about 8000 miles. I shot, stuffed, and brought home over 2000 birds, of which more than 60 are new species, and I killed upwards of 1000 quadrupeds, of which 200 were stuffed and brought home, with more than 80 skeletons. Not less than 20 of these quadrupeds are species hitherto unknown to science. I suffered fifty attacks of the

* See 'Journal of the Royal Geographical Society,' vol. xxii., 1852, President's Address, and Livingstone's 'Missionary Travels,' p. 500.

African fever, taking, to cure myself, more than fourteen *ounces* of quinine. Of famine, long-continued exposures to the heavy tropical rains, and attacks of ferocious ants and venomous flies, it is not worth while to speak.

My two most severe and trying tasks were the transportation of my numerous specimens to the seashore, and the keeping of a daily journal, both of which involved more painful care than I like even to think of.

The volume now respectfully presented to the public has been written out from my faithfully-kept journals. I have striven only to give a very plain account of a region which is yet virgin ground to the missionary and the trader—those twin pioneers of civilization—and which affords a fertile field for the operations of both.

Before closing, it is my duty as well as pleasure to acknowledge gratefully very many kindnesses received from the officers and members of the Boston Society of Natural History, whose cheerfully-given aid greatly lightened for me the tedious task of cataloguing my large collection of specimens of Natural History. Also I owe especial thanks to my friend, Dr. Jeffries Wyman, the eminent Professor of Comparative Anatomy in Harvard University, for much valuable assistance; to Dr. S. Kneeland, the able corresponding secretary of the Boston Society of Natural History; to the Geographical and Statistical Society of New York, and to the American Ethnological Society; and lastly to the many friends whose kind memories were proof against my long absence in Africa, and whose welcome on my return lent additional force to my gratitude to that God who so mercifully watched over and preserved me in my wanderings. I should not do justice to my own feelings if I did not also acknowledge the many proofs of kindness that have been bestowed upon me since my arrival in good old England; especially the hearty welcome I have received from various learned Societies, particularly the Royal Geographical Society, who, in order to show how much interest they take in zoological researches, as corro-

borative illustrations of geography, have allowed the use of their rooms for the exhibition of my collection, in order that the public may view some of the specimens brought home by me from Africa.

The long and tedious labour of preparing this book for the press leaves me with the conviction, that it is much easier to hunt gorillas than to write about them—to explore new countries than to describe them. During the twenty months which I have passed in the process of writing out my journals since my return to the United States, I have often wished myself back in my African wilds. I can only hope that the reader, when he closes the book, will not think this labour wasted; and with this hope I bid him a friendly farewell.

London, April 30th, 1861.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Purpose of my Explorations — Facilities — Nature of the Country to be explored — The Gaboon — The Mpongwe People — Their Jealousy of Travellers — Trade Peculiarities — Missionaries — Baraka — Manner in which the Missionaries teach — A Day's Work on the Station .. .. Page 1

CHAPTER II.

The Gaboon People — Mysterious Disappearance of African Tribes — Mpongwe Villages — Houses, how built — A Mpongwe Interior — Costume — An African Trader — Monopolies — The Commission Business among the Negroes — "Trust" — Extensive System of Credit — Native Jealousy — A Day with an African Trader — Time of no value — Mpongwe Coasting-trade — Their Vessels — Products of the Gaboon — The Ivory-trade .. 7

CHAPTER III.

Some Causes of the Decrease of the Mpongwe — Restrictions as to Intermarriage — Last Days of King Glass — Public Opinion on the Gaboon — Mourning for a King — "Making" a new King — Character of the Mpongwe — An African Gentleman — Food — Agriculture 17

CHAPTER IV.

Corisco the Beautiful — The Mbengas — Missionary Stations — African Wake — Set out for the Muni — An Explorer's Outfit — Plan of Operations — Poor Debtor in Africa — Lynch Law — My Canoe — The Muni — Mangrove Swamps — Lost — King Dayoko — Salutations 24

CHAPTER V.

Dayoko — African Royalty — Foreign Relations and Diplomacy in the Interior — The Value of a Wife — Negotiations — The Dry Season — The Mbousha Tribe — A Wizard — A Fetich Trial and a Murder — Progress — Excitement of the Shekianis at my supposed Wealth — The Ntambounay — The Sierra del Crystal — Lost again — Approaches of Interior Village — Agricultural Operations — Famine 35

CHAPTER VI.

Hold of a Traveller on the Natives — Fruits — The Mbondemo — Their Towns — Houses — Morals of War — Condition of Women — Women as Bearers — The Hills — A Caravan — Mutiny — Rapids of the Ntambounay — Summit of the Sierra — Contemplations interrupted by a Serpent — The first Gorilla — Appearance in Motion — Famine in the Camp — Native Stories of the Gorilla — Superstitious Notions about the Animal — Lifelessness of the Forest — A Beetrai .. .. Page 48

CHAPTER VII.

Famine — Encounter with the Fan — A Desperate Situation — Fright at my Appearance — A Fan Warrior — His Weapons — Fetiches — Women — I am closely examined — Gorilla-hunt — Signs of the Animal's Presence — Appearance of the Male — Roar — Conduct — My first Gorilla — Division of the Spoils — Superstitions — Wandering Bakalai — Mournful Songs — Their Fear of Night — Cooking — Fan Town — Cannibal Signs — Presented to his Cannibal Majesty — The King is scared at my Appearance — Description of his Majesty — Mbene's Glory — The King in his War-dress — Arms of the Fan — A grand Dance — The Music 65

CHAPTER VIII.

The grand Hunt — Fan Mode of capturing Elephants — A pitched Battle — Man killed by an Elephant — Grace before Meat among the Fan — The use of a Dead Hunter — Habits of the Elephant — *Hanou*, or Elephant-trap — Elephant Meat — Condition of Women — Marriage Ceremonies — A Fan Wedding — Musical Instrument — Corpse brought in to be eaten — Human Flesh prized — Stories of Fan Cannibalism — Encroachments Westward of the Fans — Their Origin — Colour — Tattooing — Trade — Iron-smelting — Fan Blacksmiths — Bellows and other Tools — Pottery — Agriculture — Food — Slavery — The Oshebo — Beyond — Superstitions — Sorcery — Charms — Idols 82

CHAPTER IX.

The Return Trip — Climate of the Mountain Region — Native Courage — Mode of Warfare — Heavy Rains — On the Noya — Visits to Native Chiefs — Ezongo — Attempt at Black-mail — Alapay — The Mbicho — Net-hunting — Bad Shooting of the Negroes — Attacked by the Bashikouay Ants — Toilet of the Mbicho — Superstition about the Moon — Ivory of this District peculiar — Igouma — Fan of the Country — An immense Cavern — Crossing a Mangrove Swamp 98

CHAPTER X.

Up the Moondah — Vexations of a Traveller in Africa — Mangrove Swamps — Mbicho Men run off — Bashikouay again — Missionary Station — The Bar-wood Trade — Manner of getting Bar-wood — The India-rubber Vine — How Rubber is gathered — Torturing a Woman — Adventure with a Wild Bull — Lying out for Game — Bullock and Leopard — Birds .. 116

CHAPTER XI.

Creek Navigation — Nocturnal Habits of the Negroes — A Royal Farm — Beach-travel — Canoe-building — Ogoula-Limbai — A great Elephant-hunter — In the Surf — Shark River — Prairies — Sangatanga — King Bango — An Audience of Royalty — A Ball — Barracoons — Unwelcome Guest — A Slaver in the Offing — Decline of the Slave-trade on this Coast — Idols .. .. Page 127

CHAPTER XII.

Set out for the Interior — Prairies — Odd Mistake — Hippopotami — Ngola — Negro Theology — Hunts — Torture of a Woman — Rum — The Shekiani — Appearance, Manners, and Customs — Polygamy — Marriage — Superstitions — *Bos brachicheros* — Camp in the Woods — African Humour — Solid Comfort — Hunting with a Leopard — Great Jollification — Superstition about the Leopard — Elephant-shooting — Meeting a Boa — Stalking the Wild Bull — Return to Sangatanga — I am accused of Sorcery — Idols — Bango's Treasures — Burial-ground of the Barracoons — Disgusting Sights — Status of Slaves in Africa — Oroungou Cemetery — An African Watering-place — Fetich Point 149

CHAPTER XIII.

The "Camma Country" — Coast — Surf — Trade — The Caroline — A mixed Crew — A dusky Bride — A Squall — On her Beam-ends — Native Traders — Ranpano — Sangala Troubles — Nearly a Fight — The City of Washington — Attempt at Assassination — The Camma People — Aniambia — River Navigation — Men refuse to advance — King Olenga-Yombi — A Dance — Fetich-houses — Spirit Worship — A mad Bull — Cheating the King — Live Gorilla brought in — How caught — Ferocity of the Animal — Joe escapes — Is re-captured — Habits and Peculiarities of Joe — Hippopotamus-shooting — Night-hunting — Hippopotamus-Meat — Habits of the Animal — Hide — Use of the Tusks — They capsize Boats — Peaceable if not attacked — Voice — Combative — Adventures with Hippopotami 186

CHAPTER XIV.

The Anengue Lake — Canoes — River Scenery — Nature of the Country — The Lagoons — Navigation — India-rubber Vines — Mercantile Products and Facilities — Porcupine-hunts — Quengueza, the great King — Change of Season — Variety in Animal Life — Birds of Passage — Fish — Bee-eater — Curious Habits of this Bird — Serpents — The Rivers in the Dry Season — The Lagoons in the Dry Season — Immense Numbers of Crocodiles — Damagondai — Witchcraft — A Curtain Lecture — Shimbouvenegani — An Olako — Royal Costume — Discover a new Ape — The *Nshiego Mbouvé*, or Nest-Building Ape (Troglodytes Calvus) — How they Build — Habits — Food — Description of the first Specimen — A Crocodile-hunt —

Anengue Canoes — The Ogata — Turtle — How the Crocodile gets his Prey — A Fight looms up ahead — Oshoria backs down — People of the Anengue — Family Idols — Worship — Sickness — *Bola Ivoga* — African Festivals — A clear Case of Witchcraft — A Native Doctor — Exorcising a Witch — My Town is deserted — I am made a Chief — We get a second young Gorilla — I am poisoned with Arsenic — Trial of the Poisoner — Singular Effect of Arsenic .. .. Page 218

CHAPTER XV.

Message and Hostage from Quengueza — Outfit — Makondai — Fame of Mr. Colt — Goumbi — Reception — Family Arrangements in Africa — Intermarriage — Driving out a Witch — Riches among the Camma — African Shams — A Sunday Lecture — Gorilla shot — The Poison Ordeal — Mboundou — Effects of the Poison — Native Gorilla Stories — Charms — Young Female Gorilla caught — Superstitious Belief — Trouble in the Royal Family — A Holy Place — Obindji's Town — A Royal Introduction — Houses — Decency in Obindji's Town — Surprise of the Negroes at my Appearance — Ordeal of the Ring boiled in Oil — Bashikouay — Kooloo-kamba — Another new Ape — *Gouamba*, or Hunger for Meat — Grace before Meat — A Day's Work in Africa — Checks — I am counted a Magician 247

CHAPTER XVI.

Venomous Flies — Gorilla — Cutting Ebony — The Ebony-tree — Anguilai's Town — Superstitions — Severe Sickness — Kindness of the Native Women to me — Child murdered for Sorcery — New Cure for Sterility — Ivory-eaters — Manioc — Capture a young *Nshiego Mbouvé* — Its Grief for its Mother — Biography of Nshiego Tommy — Easily tamed — His Tricks — Habits — Love for Wine and Scotch Ale — His Death — Curious Colour — Famine — Njavi Oil — Gorillas — Evidence of their vast Strength — Guaniony — Return to Obindji's — Letters and Papers from Home — Astonishment of the Negroes at my Reading — The Ofoubou River — Starvation — Njali-Coody — The Njambai Festival — Woman's Rights among the Bakalai — A Midnight Festival — A Mystery — An Attempt at Black-mail — Nature of the Njambai, or Guardian Spirit — Hunter killed by Gorilla — Native Superstitions — The Dry Season — Gouamba — The Eloway Fly — Huge Serpents — Enormous Gorilla killed — Curious Superstition about the Gorilla and a Pregnant Woman — Animals peculiar to this Region — Generosity of the Blacks — The Superstition of Roondah — Return 275

CHAPTER XVII.

The Ants of Equatorial Africa — The Bashikouay — The Red Ant — The Nchellelay — The Little Ant — The Red Leaf-Ant — The Nest-building Ant 311

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Seasons and the Fevers of Equatorial Africa .. .. Page 318

CHAPTER XIX.

Politics: the Government, Superstitions, and Slave System of Equatorial Africa 329

CHAPTER XX.

Account and Comparison of the great Apes of Africa: the Troglodytes Gorilla, the T. Kooloo-kamba, the Chimpanzee (*T. niger*), and the Nshiego Mbouvé, or *T. calvus* 341

CHAPTER XXI.

On the Bony Structure of the Gorilla and other African Apes 363

CHAPTER XXII.

The Bakalai — Extent of Region in which they are met with — Qualities — Reasons for Intermixture of Tribes — The Bakalai are Rovers — Fear of Death — Old People abandoned — Treachery — Case of Retaliation — Women-palavers — Arbitration — A Fetich Palaver — Appearance of the Bakalai — Property — Duties of a Wife — Restrictions on Marriage — Slaves — Costume — Grass-cloth — Hunters — Fishing — Great Traders — Diseases — Leprosy — Music 383

CHAPTER XXIII.

Departure for the Interior — Meeting of the People — Address of Ranpano — I am made a Makaga — Use of Quinine — A Sick Friend — Death in Goumbi — Sorcery, and how it is discovered — Great Excitement — Terrible Tragedy — The Victims — The Accusations — The Poison-cup — The Execution — Visit from Adouma — Sincerity of the Doctors (?) — Up the River — Manga-hunts — A Manga Doctor — Keeping a Creditor — Querlaouen — An African Tragedy — Fight on the River — Towards Ashira-land — The Ashira Plains — Splendid View 392

CHAPTER XXIV.

We enter Ashira-land — Astonishment of the People at my Appearance — Their Fear of my Eyes — Grand Reception — Message and Presents from the Ashira King — Kendo — King Olenda — His Address to me — I am an Object of great Wonder — My Clock a Fetich — Features of the Plain — Villages — Houses — Agriculture — Appearance of the Ashira — Dress — Grass-cloth — Loom — Curious Custom of Young Women — Operation of Dyeing — Manner of Hairdressing — Peculiarities — Fears of the Slaves — Condition of Women — Marriage — Splendid Waterfall — Mount Nchondo — A Superstition about it — A Case of Insanity — Ascent of Mount Andele — Meet a Nshiego Mbouvé — How it rests at Night — Attempt to ascend the Nkoomoo-nabouali — Gorilla killed — Difficulties of the Ascent — Starvation 408

CHAPTER XXV.

The Ashira grow Jealous of my Projects — Set out for the Apingi Country — Olenda blesses us — The Passage of the Ovigui — Rude Bridge — Features of the Country — We meet Gorillas — The Roar of the Gorilla — His Walk — Great Strength — Meet the Apingi King — I fall into an Elephant-hole — Famine — Musquitoes — We see the Rembo Apingi River — Reception among the Apingi — Address of the King — I am offered a Slave for my Supper — Wonder of the People at my Appearance — The mysterious *Sapadi*, a cloven-footed Race — My Clock is thought a guardian Spirit — I am asked to make a Mountain of Beads and Trade-goods — Fruitfulness of the Women — Appearance of the People — A Leopard-trap — Invested with the Kendo — Palm-oil — Palm-wine — Drunkenness universal — Tattooing — Dress of the Women — Lack of Modesty — I am claimed as a Husband — Weaving of Grass-cloth — Property among the Apingi — The Apingi Loom — The Ndengui — Fetich to kill Leopards — War-belt .. .. Page 428

CHAPTER XXVI.

Bible-reading — The Negroes are frightened and run away — The Ceremony of Bongo — Its Importance — Curious Phase of African Slavery — Preparations to ascend the River — Apingi Villages — Fetiches — Superstitions — Spiders — Curious Manner of catching their Prey — New Animals — Capsized — Putrid Corpse in a Village — Curious Manner of Burial — Leave the River — The Region beyond — Return to Remandji's Town — Explore the Mountains — The Isogo — Beyond the Isogo — Ultima Thule — My Shoes worn out — Starvation — Great Suffering — Shoot a Gorilla — Illness — Home-sick — The Return to the Seashore — Etita: a very singular Disease — The Remedy — Heavy Rains — An Uncomfortable Night — Fierce Attack of Bashikouay Ants — Difference of Seasons — Arrival in Biagano — Close 448

APPENDIX.

A. The Fauna of Equatorial Africa 471
B. The Languages of Equatorial Africa 474

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. The Gorilla .. .. *Frontispiece.*
2. Mpongo Woman, showing the Manner of dressing Hair .. .. .. PAGE 6
3. Head-waters of the Ntambounay 57
4. Mbondemo Man, and Woman carrying her Child 64
5. Fan Warrior 66
6. My first Gorilla 71
7. Grand Reception by the Cannibals 74
8. Ndiayai, King of the Fans 77
9. Fan Bowman 77
10. Poisoned Arrows of the Fan 78
11. Fan Knife and Battle-axes 79
12. Fan Shield and Spears 80
13. Fan Drummer and Handja-player 81
14. Elephant Battue among the Fans 83
15. The Handja, Fan musical Instrument 87
16. Fan Blacksmiths 91
17. Fan Pottery 92
18. Fan Pipes 93
19. Fan Spoon 97
20. Crossing a Mangrove-Swamp 114
21. To keep the Devil out 115
22. The Leopard and his Prey 125
23. Shekiani Spoons 161
24. Wambee: the Shekiani Banjo 163
25. Encamped for the Night 166
26. Ncheri, a diminutive Gazelle 168
27. Niaré, the wild Bull of Equatorial Africa 175
28. Camma Man and Woman 196
29. River Navigation in Equatorial Africa 199
30. Native tossed by a Wild Bull 204
31. Young Gorilla 206
32. Young Nshiego Mbouvé 232
33. Crocodile-hunting on Lake Anengue 234
34. Idol of the Slaves 238
35. Ouganga exorcising a Sorcerer 241
36. Reception at Goumbi 250
37. Mboundou Leaf 257
38. Obindji in his Easy-chair 267
39. The Kooloo-kamba 270
40. Ebony Leaves, male and female 278
41. The Mboco, or Ivory-eater 282
42. Harp of the Bakalai 294
43. Hunter killed by a Gorilla 297
44. The Bongo Antelope 306

PAGE

45. The Bashikouay Ant 311
46. Whip for the Women 334
47. Head of Corilla 356
48. Nshiego Mbouvé and Young 359
49. Head of Kooloo-kamba 360
50. Ear of Kooloo-kamba 361
51. Skeletons of Man and the Gorilla 370
52. Skulls from photographs, Plate I. 371

No. 1. Man, Caucasian.
„ 2. Gorilla, male.
„ 3. Gorilla, female.
No. 4. Kooloo-kamba.
„ 5. Nshiego mbouvé.
„ 6. Chimpanzee.

53. Skulls from photographs, Plate II. 373

No. 7. Gorilla, female.
„ 8. Gorilla, male.
„ 9. Man, Caucasian.
No. 10. Kooloo-kamba.
„ 11. Negro.
„ 12. Chimpanzee.

54. Skulls from photographs, Plate III. 375

No. 13. Nshiego mbouvé, young.
„ 14. Australian.
„ 15. Nshiego mbouvé.
No. 16. Gorilla, young.
„ 17. Gorilla, red rump.
„ 18. Gorilla, shedding teeth.

55. Decapitation scene at Goumbi 398
56. The Kendo 410
57. Ashira Tobacco 413
58. Ashira Thread and Needle 414
59. Ashira Weapons 415
60. Ashira Belles 416
61. Liamba Leaf 419
62. White-fronted wild Hog 422
63. Nshiego Mbouvé in his Shelter 423
64. Ashira Housekeeper 427
65. Bridge over the Ovigui 431
66. Death of the Gorilla 434
67. Apingi Man and Woman 442
68. An Apingi Village 450
69. The Kendo Squirrel 453
70. The Anomalurus Beldeni 455
71. Apingi Tools 464
72. Ibeka, Bakalai musical Instrument 467
73. Rattle, to drive the Devil out 470
74. Map of Equatorial Africa, showing the line of M. Du Chaillu's Explorations .. .. *at the end.*

EXPLORATIONS AND ADVENTURES

IN

EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

CHAPTER I.

Purpose of my Explorations — Facilities — Nature of the Country to be explored — The Gaboon — The Mpongwe People — Their Jealousy of Travellers — Trade Peculiarities — Missionaries — Baraka — Manner in which the Missionaries teach — A Day's Work on the Station.

I LEFT America for the Western Coast of Africa in the month of October, 1855. My purpose was to spend some years in the exploration of a region of territory lying between lat. 2° north and 2° south, and stretching back from the coast to the mountain-range called the *Sierra del Crystal*, and beyond as far as I should be able to penetrate.

The coast-line of this region is dotted here and there with negro villages, and at a few points "factories" have been established for the prosecution of general trade. The power and knowledge of the white man extend but a very few miles from the coast, and the interior was still a *terra incognita*. Of its tribes, several of whom were reported to be cannibals, nothing was known, though terrible stories were told of their dark superstitions and untameable ferocity; of its productions only a rough guess could be made from the scant supplies of ivory, ebony, bar-wood, and caoutchouc which were transmitted to the coast by the people inhabiting the river-banks. Of the natural history—which was the subject that interested me most—sufficient was known to assure me that here was a field worthy of every effort of an explorer and naturalist.

This unexplored region was the home of that remarkable ape, the fierce, untameable *gorilla*, which approaches nearest, in physical conformation, and in certain habits, to man, and whose

unconquerable ferocity has made it the terror of the bravest native hunters—an animal, too, of which hitherto naturalists and the civilized world knew so little, that the name even was not found in most natural histories. Here, too, in these dense woods, were to be found—if the natives told aright—the nest-building *nshiego-mbouvé*, an ape next in the scale to the gorilla; several varieties of other apes; hippopotami and manatees, in the rivers; and birds and beasts of many and various kinds, many entirely unknown to us, in the forests and among the hills.

To ascend the various rivers, hunt in the woods, and acquaint myself alike with the haunts and habits of the gorilla, and with the superstitions, customs, and modes of life of the black tribes, who had not hitherto been visited by white men: these were among the chief objects of my present visit to the African Coast. Another purpose I had in view was to ascertain if in the interior, among the mountainous ranges in which the rivers took their rise, there was not to be found a region of country fertile and populous, and at the same time healthy, where the missionaries, who now suffer and die on the low coast, could work in safety and to advantage, and where might be established profitable trading-stations, which would benefit alike whites and natives.

Several years' residence on the Coast, where my father had formerly a factory, had given me a knowledge of the languages, habits, and peculiarities of the Coast natives, which I hoped to find serviceable in my interior explorations, and had also sufficed to inure my constitution in some degree to the severities of an African hot season, or at least to familiarize me with the best means for preserving health and life against the deadly fevers of *the Coast*.

The Gaboon River, which takes its rise among the Sierra del Crystal mountains, empties its sluggish waters into the Atlantic a few miles north of the equator. Its mouth forms a bay, which is the finest harbour on the West Coast; and here on the right bank the French formed a settlement and built a fort in the year 1842. It was under the protection of this fort that my father for several years, through agents, carried on a trade with the natives, and here I gained my first knowledge of Africa and my first acquaintance with the Gaboon tribes.

When I returned now, after an absence of some years, my arrival was hailed with joy by my former acquaintances among

the blacks, who thought that I had come back to trade. The negroes of the West Coast are the most eager and the shrewdest traders I have ever met; and they were overjoyed at the prospect of dealing with, and perhaps cheating, an old friend like myself. Their disappointment was great, therefore, when I was obliged to inform them that I had come with no goods to sell, but with the purpose to explore the country, of which I had heard so many wonderful stories from them, and to hunt wild birds and beasts.

At first they believed I was joking. When they saw landed from the vessel which brought me no "trade," but only an outfit of all things necessary for a hunter's life in the African wilds, they began perforce to believe in my stated purpose. Then their amazement and perplexity knew no bounds.

Some thought I was out of my senses, and pitied my father, whom they all knew, for being troubled with such a good-for-nothing son.

Some thought I had ulterior objects, and were alarmed lest I should secretly try to wrest the trade of the interior out of their hands.

These Mpongwes, or Coast tribes, hold in their hands, as will be explained farther on, the trade with the back country of the Gaboon River; and the slightest suspicion that I was about to interfere with this profitable monopoly sufficed to create great terror in their trade-loving souls. They surrounded me, each with his tale of the horrors and dangers of a voyage "up the country," asserting that I should be eaten up by cannibals, drowned in rivers, devoured by tigers and crocodiles, crushed by elephants, upset by hippopotami, or waylaid and torn to pieces by the gorilla.

But when I convinced them that I had no designs upon their trade, and that my purposed travels and hunts would not affect their interests, all but a few stedfast old friends left me to my fate.

As I intended to remain a little time on the Gaboon to more perfectly acclimate myself, I took up my residence among my friends of many years, the American missionaries, whose station is at Baraka, eight miles from the mouth of the river. Here I found a welcome in the hospitable home of my friend, the Rev. William Walker, and was able to enjoy for a little while longer

the comforts of civilized life and the consolation of a Christian social circle, which were soon to be left behind me for a long time.

Baraka is the head station of the American Board of Foreign Missions on the Gaboon River, and, indeed, the only mission the board has as yet on the Western Coast. It was established in 1842 by Rev. J. L. Wilson.

Baraka is a Mpongwe word, derived from *barracoon*, a slave-factory or inclosure. Strangely enough, the very site whence now the Gospel is taught to these benighted Africans, and where their children are instructed in the knowledge and duties of Christianity and civilized life—this very place was once, and not many years ago, the site of a slave-factory, where the cruel slave-trade was carried on with much energy and success.

Baraka is situated at the summit of a beautiful hill, distant a few hundred yards from the shore, and about eight miles above the river's mouth. The native villages surround the base of the hill, and are scattered along the river-bank, and are thus easily accessible to the missionaries, who visit them at all times, and preach to the natives several times a week.

The missionary grounds are spacious, and are surrounded with a noble hedge of fragrant lime-trees. The buildings are mostly of bamboo—which is the best building-material on this part of the coast—and consist of two dwellings occupied by the missionary families; the church building, which has some fine shade-trees in front; the storehouse, the schoolhouse, a little building containing the missionary library, houses where the children attached to the mission are lodged; and, finally, the kitchen—kitchens being in the tropics necessarily separate from the dwellings—and the other necessary offices, among which figure fowl-houses, &c. Behind the houses is a fine orchard, containing various fruit-trees, all planted by the missionaries, as were also the fine cocoanut, mango, and other trees which are scattered about the premises, and beneath whose grateful shade the houses are built.

The missionary establishment begins its day with prayers, conducted, for the benefit of the children, in the Mpongwe language.

After prayers the girls and boys clear up their dormitories and the schoolrooms, and arrange everything for the day's

labours. This is carried on under the superintendence of the missionary ladies.

Next comes breakfast, when the children are arranged about the tables in their neat dresses, and taught to eat after the manner of civilized people.

A little before nine o'clock the ringing of a bell calls the children who live at home in the villages to assemble in the schoolroom; and here, presently, the work of instruction goes busily on, being begun with prayers and the singing of a hymn in the native tongue. The missionaries and their wives are here assisted by native teachers, who are able to take charge of the less-advanced classes. The children are taught in their native tongue first, and after mastering their A B C go on to reading the Scriptures in the Mpongwe. Then follow lessons in geography, arithmetic, history, and writing, and English lessons. Many of the scholars are bright and well advanced, reading English well, and having a good understanding of history and geography, and even writing in English. There is, of course, much attention given to religious instruction; and, by reading, explanations, and inculcation of Bible precepts, efforts are made to settle the rising generation firmly in the great life-principles of the religion of Christ.

It is only upon the children that the labours of the missionaries can have any important effects. The older natives are dull, lazy, and distrustful. They adhere to their vile superstitions, and are with difficulty influenced. If they come to church, it is too often out of curiosity, or to please the preacher, or from some fancied advantage to themselves. The children, on the contrary, as all children, are bright, docile, easily trained; and in these the hope of christianizing Africa rests.

On two or three afternoons in the week the girls are collected in a sewing-circle, where the ladies of the mission instruct them in the use of the needle, and practise them in making their own dresses and clothing for their brothers.

Several times during the week there are prayer-meetings, when the Word of God is explained to the heathen.

Saturday is a holiday for the children, who then play, and prepare themselves for the Sabbath. Sunday is the great day of the week; then the bell calls all who will come together in the little bamboo church. The missionary children and employés

attend, dressed in their best; and even the heathen of the village follow this custom, and are found in church wearing their best garments, perhaps their only ones. There the preacher speaks to them of the wisdom and goodness of God, and all, heathen and Christian, join in singing praises to His holy name. The audience is generally attentive and interested. But the positive success of the mission is so far not great. How should it be? To bring light out of such darkness, to remove the superstitions, the ignorance, the idleness and wickedness in which these poor heathen are steeped, is a labour of many years. Many times, doubtless, my poor friends the missionaries are discouraged at the slight result of their hard labour: but they do their best, and wisely leave the rest to God, knowing that He works in His own good time, and often effects great ends with very slight means.

Mpongwe Woman—Mode of dressing the Hair.

CHAPTER II.

The Gaboon People — Mysterious Disappearance of African Tribes — Mpongwe Villages — Houses, how built — A Mpongwe Interior — Costume — An African Trader — Monopolies — The Commission Business among the Negroes — "Trust" — Extensive System of Credit — Native Jealousy — A Day with an African Trader — Time of no value — Mpongwe Coasting-trade — Their Vessels — Products of the Gaboon — The Ivory-trade.

THE object of my stay at this time (January, 1856) was that I might become thoroughly acclimated before setting out on my interior explorations. I had known the Gaboon country and people for several years, but took occasion at this time to study closely the habits and customs, and to restudy the language, of this tribe—the Mpongwe—who, once numerous, are now, like so many of the African tribes, from various reasons, entirely disappearing.

The causes for this mysterious and, to some extent, unaccountable extermination of certain tribes, who die out, leaving no mark behind them, I shall consider in some future chapter. The fact is patent to every observer.

The Mpongwe are a branch of one of the great families of the negro race, which has moved gradually from the head-waters of the Nazareth down toward the seashore, extending its limits meantime to the north and south, until now they are found from the Gaboon River on the north to Cape St. Catherine on the south. A portion have taken possession of the seashore, and others are located inland. They have probably taken the place of other tribes who have disappeared in the strange way in which even the Mpongwe are now gradually lessening; while the Ndina tribe is nearly gone, only three persons remaining of what was once a numerous people. They die, and little more can be said.

All the divisions of the Mpongwe speak the same language, with a difference of only a few words; though others again, sandwiched between, speak an entirely different tongue. The migrations of the great African nations cannot be understood, till we know more about the interior. I know only that there are eight

different tribes now settled along the coast south of the Gaboon and in the interior, who speak the same language and have evidently a common origin.

The Mpongwe inhabit mostly the right side of the Gaboon for about thirty miles up. They live in villages, which are generally located with particular regard to the trading facilities afforded by the position, for these negroes are inveterate traders—in fact, the most intelligent and acute merchants on the coast.

The Mpongwe villages, though not extensive, are the neatest and best arranged I have seen in Africa. They have generally but one main street, on both sides of which the houses are built. Sometimes there are a few short cross-streets. In a considerable village, the main street is often 20 yards wide and 200 yards long. The houses, of course, vary in size according to the wealth of the owner. They are built of a kind of bamboo, which is obtained from a species of palm very plentiful hereabouts, and whose leaves also furnish them mats for the roofs. Indeed, this palm is one of the most generally useful products of the country to the negroes.

The houses are always of quadrangular form, and from 20 to 100 feet in length or breadth. The principal room is in the centre. The floor is of clay, which is pounded hard, and by long use becomes a hard and clean flooring. Both houses and street are neatly kept.

The walls are built up by first driving stakes into the ground, and to these stakes neatly tying the split bamboos. One set is tied outside and another inside, and the crevices which are left between are made close with the leaves of the palm-tree. Thus the walls are smooth and glossy, and perfectly clean. Near the creeks they get a large yellowish-white bamboo, which has a particularly fine appearance.

The building of such a house is a matter of considerable importance to a Mpongwe man. He has great quantities of *mpavo* —the matting for the roof—made up ready, then collects a sufficiency of the bamboo, which has sometimes to be brought a considerable distance up the river, and finally, getting all his slaves together, marks out his ground-plan, drives in his stakes, and puts up the walls. Then comes the question of doors and windows, in which each man exercises his own taste, which gives a certain pleasing variety to the outsides. As for the interior, the various rooms are fitted up with all the riches of their owner;

and on the coast it is not uncommon to see them adorned with looking-glasses, chairs, tables, sofas, and very often a Yankee clock.

There is a great contrast between such neat dwellings and the low, circular, dark, and dirty hovels of the negroes between the Niger and Senegambia, with their rude high-peaked roofs and clay walls.

They are the best-looking people I have seen, looking very much like the Mandigoes; of ordinary size and with pleasant negro features, but handsomer than the Congo tribes. The men wear a shirt, generally of English, French, or American calico, over which is wrapped a square cloth, which falls to the ankles. To this is added a *straw* hat for the head. Only the king is allowed to wear the *silk* hat, of American or European manufacture. The wealthier men and chiefs, however, are fond of dress, and, when they can afford it, delight to show themselves in a bright military costume, sword and all.

The chief, and, in most cases, only garment of the women is a square cloth, which is wrapped about the body, and covers them from above the hips to just below the knees. On their bare legs and arms they delight to wear great numbers of brass rings, often bearing from twenty-five to thirty pounds of brass on each ankle in this way. This ridiculous vanity greatly obstructs their locomotion, and makes their walk a clumsy waddle.

Both sexes are extremely fond of ornaments and of perfumery, with which they plentifully besprinkle themselves, with little regard to kind.

The most characteristic point about the Mpongwe—indeed of all the negro tribes I have seen—is their great eagerness and love for trade. My friends the Mpongwe live by trade. Their position at and near the mouth of the Gaboon gives them such facilities and such a command of the interior as they know but too well how to use and misuse to their own advantage.

Let me here give the reader an idea of African commerce. The rivers, which are the only highways of the country, are, of course, the avenues by which every species of export and import must be conveyed from and to the interior tribes. Now the river-banks are possessed by different tribes. Thus, while the Mpongwe hold the mouth and some miles above, they are succeeded by the Shekiani, and these again by other tribes, to the number of almost a dozen, before the Sierra del Crystal mountains

are reached. Each of these tribes assumes to itself the privilege of acting as go-between or middle-man to those next to it, and charges a heavy percentage for this office; and no infraction of this rule is permitted under penalty of war. Thus a piece of ivory or ebony may belong originally to a negro in the far interior, and if he wants to barter it for "white man's trade," he dares not take it to a market himself. If he should be rash enough to attempt such a piece of enterprise his goods would be confiscated, and he, if caught, fined by those whose monopoly he sought to break down, or most likely sold into slavery.

He is obliged by the laws of trade to intrust it to some fellow in the next tribe nearer to the coast. He, in turn, disposes of it to the next chief or friend, and so ivory, or ebony, or bar-wood, passes through probably a dozen hands ere it reaches the factory of the trader on the coast.

This would seem to work against the white trader by increasing the price of products. But this is only half the evil. Although the producer sold his ivory, and though it was resold a dozen times, all this trade was only a *commission* business with no advances. In fact, the first holder has *trusted* each successive dispenser with his property without any equivalent or "collateral" security. Now, when the last black fellow disposes of this piece of ebony or ivory to the white merchant or captain, he retains, in the first place, a very liberal percentage of the returns for his valuable services, and turns the remainder over to his next neighbour above. *He*, in turn, takes out a commission for *his* trouble and passes on what is left; and so, finally, a very small remainder—too often nothing at all—is handed over to the poor fellow who has inaugurated the speculation or sent the tusk.

Anyone can see the iniquity of this system; and the fatal clog it throws on all attempts at the building up of a legitimate commerce in a country so rich in many products now almost indispensable to civilized nations. The poor interior tribes are kept by their neighbours in the profoundest ignorance of what is done on the coast. They are made to believe the most absurd and horrid stories as to the ferocity, the duplicity, and the cunning of the white traders. They are persuaded that the rascally middle-men are not only in constant danger of their lives by their intercourse with the whites, but that they do not

make any profit on the goods which they good-naturedly pass on to a market; so that I have known one of these scoundrels, after having appropriated a large share of the poor remainder of returns for a venture of ivory, actually, by a pitiful story, beg a portion of what he had handed over to his unsuspicious client. Each tribe cheats its next neighbour above, and maligns its next neighbour below. A talent for slandering is, of course, a first-rate business talent; and the harder stories one can tell of his neighbours below the greater profit he will make on his neighbour above.

The consequence is that the interior tribes—who own the most productive country—have little or no incentive to trade, or to gather together the stores of ivory, bar-wood, ebony, &c., for which they get such small prices, and these at no certain intervals, but often after long periods, even years elapsing sometimes before a final settlement is found convenient. Thus they are discouraged, and perforce remain in their original barbarism and inactivity.

The trade in slaves is carried on in exactly the same way, except that sometimes an infraction of trade-laws, or some disturbance on account of witchcraft, causes a war between two tribes in the commission business, when, of course, each side takes all it can of the opposite and ships them direct to the coast—to the barracoons or slave-depôts, of which I shall have something more detailed to say farther on.

There are, however, other obstacles to the prosecution of a regular commercial enterprise even by the shrewder among the negroes. It is not permitted that any member of a tribe shall get into his hands more than his share of the trade. It occurred some years ago to a shrewd Mpongwe fellow that in trade transactions honesty might be the best policy, and he followed the suggestion so well that presently both the whites and the interior natives threw a very considerable trade into his honest hands. But no sooner was this observed than he was threatened with poisoning, accused of witchcraft, and such a hullaballoo raised about his ears that he was forced to refuse the trade offered him, and, in a measure, retire from business to save his life.

More recently still, there were three or four men in the river who had obtained by long good conduct quite a character for honesty, and also, in consequence, got a good deal of business.

At last a captain came for a load of bar-wood, and declared that he would trust only the three or four men in question, to the bitter disappointment of other traders. The vessel was quickly filled and departed; and there arose a great "palaver"—the Mpongwe cant for a quarrel—in which the kings and chiefs and all the disappointed trading fellows met together at Glass Town—the residence of my honest friends—to advise about such an outrage. The men were called up for trial. They had been educated at the American mission, and knew how to write; and the charge made against them now was that they had written to the white man's country to say that there were no good men in Gaboon but themselves.

To this the accused shrewdly replied that the white men would not believe men who should thus praise themselves.

But reply was useless. They were threatened that if they took the next ship that came, the malcontents would "make a boondgi," or work a spell of witchcraft upon them, and kill them. Fortunately, in this case, the honest fellows had learned at the mission not to fear such threats; and the French commander for once stepped in and protected them against their envious fellows, so that for this time, on the West Coast of Africa, honesty seems likely to get its reward.

Again, through the anxiety of white traders to secure "trade," there has sprung up along the coast an injurious system of "trust." A merchant, to secure to himself certain quantities of produce *yet to come down* from the interior, gives to such black fellows as he thinks he can depend upon advances of trade goods, often to very considerable amounts. In this way, on the Gaboon and on the coast, often many thousand dollars' worth of goods are in the hands of natives, for which no consideration has been received by the white trader, who meantime waits, and is put to trouble and expense, and thinks himself lucky if he does not eventually lose a part of his investment.

This system of "trust," as it is called, does great injury to the natives, for it tempts them to practise all sorts of cheats, for which they are sharp enough—indeed, much too shrewd often for the white man. Of course, *his* only dependence lies in the knowledge of his black debtor that if he cheats too badly his future supplies will be stopped entirely. But the practice develops all kinds of overtrading as well as rascality—negroes

seldom hesitating to contract to supply much greater quantities of produce than they can hope to procure during a season.

Even the slave-trade, I found, on my visit to Cape Lopez, is burdened with this evil of "trust," and some of the Portuguese slavers, I was told, get preciously cheated in their advances on shipments of slaves sold "to arrive," but which do not come to hand.

I have heard the negroes called stupid, but my experience shows them to be anything but that. They are very shrewd traders indeed; and no captain or merchant who is a new hand on the coast will escape being victimized by their cunning in driving a bargain.

Say that to-day the good ship *Jenny* has arrived in the river. Immediately every black fellow is full of trade. The ship is boarded by a crowd of fellows, each jabbering away, apparently at random, but all telling the same story.

Never was there such dearth of ivory, or whatever the captain may want!

Never were the interior tribes so obstinate in demanding a high price!

Never was the whole coast so bare!

Never were difficulties so great!

There have been fights, captain!

And fever, captain!

And floods, captain!

And no trade at all, captain!

Not a tooth!

This point settled, they produce their "good books," which are certificates of character, in which some captain or other white trader who is known on the coast vouches for the honesty—the great honesty and entire trustworthiness—of the bearer. It is not worth while for a fellow to present himself without a certificate, and the papers are all *good*, because when "the bearer" has cheated he does not apply for a "character." Now these certificates help him to cheat. When he finds the need of a new set of papers, he conducts himself with scrupulous honesty towards two or three captains. These, of course, "certify" him, and then he goes into the wildest and most reckless speculations, upheld by the "good books," which he shows to every captain that comes.

Now, while they are pretending that nothing is to be bought,

that there is no ivory on the coast, all this time the lying rascals have their hands full, and are eager to sell. They know the captain is in a hurry. The coast is sickly. The weather is hot. He fears his crew may fall sick or die, and he be left with a broken voyage. Every day is therefore precious to him; but to the black fellows all days are alike. They have no storage, no interest account, no fever to fear, and, accordingly, they can tire the captain out. This they do. In fact often, if they have an obstinate customer to deal with, they even combine and send all the trade a day's journey up river, and thus produce a fair show of commercial scarcity. At last, when high prices have been established, when the inroads of fever on his crew or the advance of the season have made the poor captain desperately willing to pay anything, the ivory comes aboard, and the cunning black fellows chuckle.

Even then, however, there are tedious hours of chaffering. A negro has perhaps only one tooth to sell, and he is willing—as he must live on this sale for a long period of idleness—to give much time to its proper disposal. He makes up his mind beforehand how much more he will ask than he will eventually take. He brings his tooth alongside; spends the afternoon in bargaining, and probably takes it back ashore at dusk, to try again the next day; till at last, when he sees he cannot possibly get more, he strikes the trade. I have known several days to be spent in the selling of a single tooth or a single cask of palm-oil.

Of course the captain protests that he is not in a hurry—that he can wait—that they shan't tire *him* out. But the negroes know better; they know the fatal advantage their climate gives them.

When it is supposed that a captain or trader will return to the coast no more after his present voyage, then he is properly victimized, as then the native has no fear of future vengeance before him; and I have known many individuals who, by the system of "trust," were all but ruined—getting scarce any return at all.

It is much to be wished that white traders would combine to put down at least this abuse. But until the spread of commerce shall break down the scoundrelly system of middle-men in this land, there will be no really prosperous trade there. And this will not happen till the merchants themselves visit the headquarters whence the produce is brought, and until the rude tribes shall be somewhat civilized by lengthened contact with the whites. At present things are in a state of utter disorganization,

and the "trust" abuse seems a real necessity. For so hardly and often have the interior tribes been cheated of all returns for their wares, that now they have come to demand at least part payment in advance; and, of course, this advance is exacted of the white trader on the coast, to lure whom great rumours are spread through the tribes of teeth of a marvellous size lying ready for purchase, &c. Too often, when an advance has been made for a specific purchase—of a tooth, say—it is, after all, seized for some intermediate party's debt on its way down, and thus the poor trader is again victimized.

So eager are the Mpongwe for trade that they have even set up a regular coasting business. Every considerable negro trader owns several canoes; but his great ambition is to buy or build a larger vessel, in which he may sail along the coast, and, getting goods on trust from white merchants, make his regular voyage, or establish his little factory on some out-of-the-way point on the shore. The splendid harbour of the Gaboon has made them tolerably fearless on the water, and their rage for trade leads them to all manner of adventures.

Their coasting-vessels are only large boats, but I have seen some of so considerable size as to hold conveniently eight to ten tons. To make one of these they cut down an immense tree, sharpen it at the ends, then burn out the interior, guiding the fire so as to burn the heart of the tree and leave them the shell they need. For this hull, which is then scraped smooth, and otherwise finished and strengthened, they next make masts and sails, the latter being of matting, and then they are ready for sea. These cockle-shells stand the wind and sea remarkably well, as is evident when the squally and blustery weather of this country is considered, and when we know that they make voyages from the Gaboon as far as Cape St. Catherine's south, and as far as Banoko and Cameroon north.

The start for one of these voyages is a great occasion. Guns are fired, and the people shout and wish a pleasant voyage; and the lucky vessel is received at her port of destination with similar ceremonies.

The great aim of a Mpongwe trader, however, is to get "trust" from a white man, with authority to go off up or down the coast and establish a factory. Then there is double rejoicing. But the poor white trader is generally sadly victimised; for his agent goes to some spot where he thinks he can get ivory and other

trade and settles down. Then, first, he mostly picks out the best and most valuable of the goods with which he has been intrusted, and secretes these for his own use. His next step is to buy himself some slaves and to marry several wives; all which being accomplished, it is at last time to think of the interests of his principal. Thus, after many months, perhaps he makes returns of his sales, or perhaps he fails altogether to make returns, if he thinks he can cheat so far with impunity.

These fellows understand all the dialects spoken on the coast, as well as English, French, Spanish, and Portuguese. On their voyages, as they go poorly provisioned, and depend more on luck than real skill, they often suffer extreme hardships, but they are seldom drowned.

The chief product of the Gaboon country is its ivory. This is said to be the finest on the western coast. It produces also bar-wood, a dye-wood, from which is obtained a dark red dye, and ebony, the last taken from the great forests of this wood which abound near the head-waters of the Gaboon River. I have seen very large sticks brought thence, but the supply is not yet large. The bar-wood tree is found in great plenty along the shores of the river and its numerous tributary creeks. It is also found on the Moondah and Danger rivers. Copal is another product of this country, but it is of inferior quality, and is not sought.

Ivory comes down the river from the interior by inland journeys in great quantities. Upwards of 80,000 pounds are taken from the Gaboon River yearly when home prices are good; for the ruling prices here are so high that traders cannot buy to advantage unless the home demand is very brisk. I suppose that the country from Banoko to Loango furnishes in brisk years at least 150,000 pounds of ivory.

But however important may be these commercial resources of the Gaboon country, I am convinced that the people will never prosper till they turn their attention more to agricultural operations, for elephants must finally disappear. This, indeed, is the great evil of all the nations of Western Africa. The men despise labour, and force their women and slaves to till the fields; and this tillage never assumes the important proportions it deserves, so that the supply of food is never abundant; the tribes, almost without exception, live from hand to mouth, and, with a fertile soil, are half the time in a state of semi-starvation.

CHAPTER III.

Some Causes of the Decrease of the Mpongwe — Restrictions as to Intermarriage — Last Days of King Glass — Public Opinion on the Gaboon — Mourning for a King — "Making" a new King — Character of the Mpongwe — An African Gentleman — Food — Agriculture.

To return to the Mpongwe, who, as the leading tribe on the Gaboon, deserve a few words more. I have said before that this, in common with most of the tribes, is slowly decreasing in numbers. Polygamy and the numerous murders, or accusations for witchcraft, do more to cause this decrease than aught else visible; much more than fevers and irregular habits.

The Coast tribe is much divided into classes, whose distinction is kept up chiefly by the restraints in intermarriage. Of Mpongwe of pure blood there are at present not more than three hundred. Next to these in rank come the descendants of Mpongwe fathers by Mbenga, Shekiani, or Bakalai women; these amount to about 800. Next come the children of Mpongwe men by their slave women. These are called *bambai;* and, though they enjoy little less consideration than the purer blood, are not permitted to marry with that privileged class. These may number 1000. Then come the children of slaves, who form a great proportion of the population, numbering not less than 1000; and, finally, the lowest of all, the *slaves,* who number, I suppose, three or four thousand.

They live chiefly on the right side of the Gaboon River, having their villages, called Kringé, Qua-ben, Louis, or Dowé Glass, Prince Glass, and two more, on Point Obendo and Parrot Island. On the left side are the villages of Roi Dennis, otherwise called King William, King George, and King Lucan. These dignitaries are petty chiefs, who govern after a fashion, and with considerable limitations, the towns named after them. The whole tribe seems to be ruled by four of the principal kings; but when disputes arise, which is constantly, there must be a *palaver* in the village, in which the old men join and advise. King Qua-ben is held to be the father of the Aguegùéza, to which family King Glass also

belongs. The Point Obendo villages belong to the Ogongo family. King William (or Rompochembo) belongs to the Ashiga family, and is the most intelligent of all the kings.

While I was in the Gaboon old King Glass died. He had long been ailing, but stuck to life with a determined tenacity which almost bade fair to cheat death. He was a disagreeable old heathen, but in his last days became very devout—after his fashion. His idol was always freshly painted and brightly decorated; his fetich was the best-cared-for fetich in Africa; and every few days some great doctor was brought down from the interior, and paid a large fee for advising the old king. He was afraid of witchcraft—thought everybody wanted to put him out of the way by bewitching him; and in this country your doctor does not try to cure your sickness; his business is to keep off the witches.

The tribe had grown tired of their king. They thought, indeed, that he was himself a most potent and evil-disposed wizard, and, though the matter was not openly talked about, there were few natives who would pass his house after night, and none who would be tempted inside by any slighter provocation than an irresistible jug of rum. Indeed, if he had not belonged to one of the most noble families of the Mpongwe tribe, I think he would perhaps have been killed, so rife was suspicion against him.

When he became ill at last everybody seemed very sorry; but several of my friends told me in confidence that the whole town hoped he would die; and die he did. I was awakened one morning early by the mournful cries and wails with which the African oftener assumes a sham sorrow than eases a real grief. All the town seemed lost in tears. It is a most singular thing to see the faculty the women of Africa have for pumping up tears on the slightest occasion, or on no occasion at all. There needs no grief or pain to draw the water. I have seen them shed tears copiously, and laughing all the while.

The mourning and wailing lasted six days. On the second the old king was secretly buried. The Mpongwe kings are always buried by a few of the most trustworthy men of the tribe in a spot which they only know of, and which is for ever hidden from all others. This custom arises from a vain belief of the Mpongwe that, as they are the most able and intelligent people of Africa,

the other tribes would like much to get the head of one of their kings, with the brains of which to make a powerful fetich. Such an advantage they are not willing to give to their neighbours. Now, as it is customary to hang a flag or a piece of cloth where a Mpongwe is buried, these old men hung also a large piece of bright cloth over a spot where the king was *not* laid. Where he *was* put I cannot tell, because the secret was not told even to me.

During the days of mourning the old men of the village busied themselves in choosing a new king. This also is a secret operation. The choice is made in private, and communicated to the populace only on the seventh day, when the new king is to be crowned. But the king is kept ignorant of his good fortune to the last.

It happened that *Njogoni*, a good friend of my own, was elected. The choice fell on him, in part because he came of a good family, but chiefly because he was a favourite of the people and could get the most votes. I do not know that Njogoñi had the slightest suspicion of his elevation. At any rate, if he had, he shammed ignorance very well. As he was walking on the shore, on the morning of the seventh day, he was suddenly set upon by the entire populace, who proceeded to a ceremony which is preliminary to the crowning, and which must deter any but the most ambitious men from aspiring to the crown. They surrounded him in a dense crowd, and then began to heap upon him every manner of abuse that the worst of mobs could imagine. Some spit in his face; some beat him with their fists; some kicked him; others threw disgusting objects at him; while those unlucky ones who stood on the outside, and could reach the poor fellow only with their voices, assiduously cursed him, his father, his mother, his sisters and brothers, and all his ancestors to the remotest generation. A stranger would not have given a cent for the life of him who was presently to be crowned.

Amid all the noise and struggle, I caught the words which explained all this to me; for every few minutes some fellow, administering an especially severe blow or kick, would shout out, "You are not our king yet; for a little while we will do what we please with you. By-and-by we shall have to do your will."

Njogoni bore himself like a man and a prospective king. He

kept his temper, and took all the abuse with a smiling face. When it had lasted about half an hour, they took him to the house of the old king. Here he was seated, and became again for a little while the victim of his people's curses.

Then all became silent; and the elders of the people rose and said, solemnly (the people repeating after them), "Now we choose you for our king; we engage to listen to you and to obey you."

A silence followed, and presently the silk hat, which is the emblem of Mpongwe royalty, was brought in and placed on Njogoni's head. He was then dressed in a red gown, and received the greatest marks of respect from all who had just now abused him.

Now followed a six days' festival, during which the poor king, who had taken with the office also the name of his predecessor, was obliged to receive his subjects in his own house, and was not allowed to stir out; six days of indescribable gorging of food and bad rum—of beastly drunkenness and uproarious festivity. Numbers of strangers came in from surrounding villages to pay their respects; and all brought more rum, more palm-wine, and more food. Everything that tended toward festivity was given away, and all who came were welcome.

Old King Glass, for whom for six days no end of tears had been shed, was now forgotten; and *new* King Glass, poor fellow, was sick with exhaustion, for day and night he had to be ready to receive and be civil to all who came.

Finally, all the rum was drunk up, the allotted days were expired, and quiet once more began to reign. Now, for the first time, his new majesty was permitted to walk out and view his domains.

By long intercourse with traders, and the commercial necessity for mild manners, the coast Mpongwe have, as a people, acquired a polish and politeness of address which astonishes strangers very greatly. They know perfectly how to make themselves at home with all the whites they meet, and understand how to flatter the peculiarities of the different nationalities, the American, English, French, and Spanish, in a very amusing and extremely shrewd way. In fact, they are a mercantile people, and recognise outward politeness as a valuable commercial quality; but, with all their smoothness, they are inwardly great rascals and keen dissimulators.

It is to be hoped that the efforts of the missionaries will have some effect upon the rising generation, among whom chiefly they must expect to labour; for of the grown negro, in whom the love of idleness and chicanery are already habits, it is next to impossible to make anything.

But it would be wrong to condemn the whole people. As future pages will show, I met everywhere in my travels men and women honest, well-meaning, and in every way entitled to respect and trust; and the very fact that a white man could travel alone, single-handed, and without powerful backers, through this rude country without being molested or robbed, is sufficient evidence that the negro race is not unkindly natured.

One of the chief men of Glass Town, a man whom I knew and loved, was a remarkable exception to the general dishonesty of the coast Mpongwe. This man was respected and trusted by all the traders of the various nations who came to the Gaboon, and enjoyed as well the esteem of his countrymen and of the whites. Though not a professing Christian, his long intercourse with the missionaries had opened his eyes to the deceits and cruelties of fetichism. He adhered to polygamy, probably because he saw no way to rid himself of his numerous family. But he was really, in manners and conduct, a black gentleman; genial, affable, polite, kind, and benevolent. No stranger or poor person ever passed his bamboo house without help from him. No one asked in vain for a share of his means or his influence. As a trader, every white man liked him; and he was never known to "make palaver," as is too much the custom among his fellows. He died when I was in the Commi country; and, as an extraordinary proof of his benevolence and enlightenment, with his last words he forbade strictly that any of his slaves should be killed over his grave: unlike one of his fellow-chiefs, Toko, who, dying but a little while before, had a great number of poor wretches tortured and killed at his funeral.

Poor Will Glass! He lies in the mission burying-ground, near the men whom he loved in life, and who had before him fallen victims to their zeal for Christ and their love for their fellow-men.

I sat one day in Will Glass's house, when he began to speak of his friends, missionaries who had returned home, and whose absence he grieved over. Especially he seemed to feel the loss

of the Rev. J. Leighton Wilson, our common friend, and now the Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. Mr. Wilson's memory is still cherished among the people of the Gaboon; and Will Glass told me how the natives in crowds escorted Mr. and Mrs. Wilson to the boat when they were about to leave the coast. "Little did I think we should never see him again," said he; then, after a pause, he added, "I shall never see him again."

And looking up, I saw two great tears rolling down the wrinkled cheeks of this old black man, who had probably known no tears for many years before. Such is the affection which that missionary and others inspired in the breasts of natives who are not even their converts.

The vegetable food of the Mpongwe, and with little variation of most of the other tribes of this region near the seashore, consists of Indian corn, the plantain, yams, sweet potatoes, cassava (manioc), tania, pumpkins, and ground or pea nuts. The last produce enormously, and considerable oil could be made if any one would give attention to their cultivation for this purpose. The forests abound in wild fruits and nuts, some of which are eaten; for instance, the pine-apple grows wild in all parts of this region, and is a delicious fruit.

Their plantations are never near their villages, and often many miles away. The consequence is, that during the dry season the Mpongwe villages are mostly deserted, all hands, men, women, and slaves, being busily engaged on their farms in preparing the soil for the crop, which must be put down by the beginning of the rainy season. This is a busy time, as generally new clearings have to be made, for which the men cut down the trees and burn them, when the women come in and put in the crop. They use no ploughs or hoes, but only a little tool like a gardener's dibble, with which they turn up a piece of sod, put in a seed, cover it over, and pass on to the next. But, rude as their agricultural knowledge is, they sometimes raise good crops.

The soil is well fitted for raising many valuable articles of commerce. Sugarcanes grow luxuriantly on the banks of the Gaboon. Coffee-plants were first introduced by the Rev. J. L. Wilson, fifteen years ago, and now bear finely, those about the mission-grounds being particularly loaded with berries.

And I have no doubt other valuable tropical plants not indigenous would succeed, if only the labour necessary for proper culture were attainable.

The Mpongwe eat the meat of almost every animal found in the forest and river—deer, antelopes, wild boar. Civilization has taught them not to eat animals of other orders like the other natives, such as chimpanzee, crocodile, monkeys, rats, and so forth; such food is eaten by their slaves. Often, when hunters succeeded in killing for me a rare and unknown bird, I was disappointed of preserving it, because they would slyly eat the meat and ruin the skin.

CHAPTER IV.

Corisco the Beautiful — The Mbengas — Missionary Stations — African Wake — Set out for the Muni — An Explorer's Outfit — Plan of Operations — Poor Debtor in Africa — Lynch Law — My Canoe — The Muni — Mangrove Swamps — Lost — King Dayoko — Salutations.

THE Gaboon, being old and beaten ground, did not need my explorations. It was useful to me as a starting-place or point of departure, because here only could I lay in such supplies of goods as I needed from time to time in making my way into the interior; and hither I returned to rest and regain health and strength after each of my tours. Beyond this we shall have nothing to do with the Gaboon henceforth.

It was my intention to proceed first on an exploration of the River Muni, and for this purpose I sailed from Gaboon for Corisco Island, where I was to get canoes and men to help me at least a part of the way up river. Corisco—the picturesque Corisco it deserves to be called—is an island situated in the bay of the same name, and at about twelve miles from the main land of Cape St. John, between that and Cape Steiras. It is a tolerably high and well-wooded island, and its shores are lined chiefly with cocoanut-palms, the produce of some cocoanuts floated hither from the isles of Prince's and St. Thomas, where they are very plentiful, whereas here the cocoanut is scarce known.

Though but a small island, Corisco has its hills and valleys, forests and prairies, and has even a little lake or pond, where ducks often come to bathe and fish. It seems a little world, and a very lovely little world. The shores are sometimes rocky and steep, presenting a firm front to the waves which rage and dash against its sides; and then again flat and sandy, forming beautiful white shell-strewn beaches backed by lovely palms, among which the little native villages are clustered, with their plantations of plantain, manioc, peanuts, and corn showing through the palm-groves.

The villages are scattered all along the shore, so that,

whichever side you sail past, you see the smoke pleasantly curling above the tree-tops. Great quantities of beautiful shells are found on the shores, and among the rocks at low tide sea-birds also abound, and on almost any steep rock overhanging the water the hunter may see fish-hawks and eagles patiently sitting and watching for their finny prey below. Great quantities of fish are caught by the natives, and at certain seasons turtle frequent the shores, and are "turned" in considerable numbers. The interior forests abound in parrots and smaller birds.

The climate of the island is healthier than that of the neighbouring coast. Water is scarce at certain seasons, though there are a few springs and little rivulets of pure water in the centre of the island which never run dry. The soil produces, besides cocoanuts, manioc, plantain, sweet potatoes, yams, and ground-nuts; limes are also abundant. Manioc is, however, the chief food of the people. Palm-oil trees grow abundantly, but not much palm-oil is made, and the natives consume all the island produces. But the palm adds another grace to a landscape of which my eyes never tired, and the bright-feathered parrots and other beautiful birds, and squirrels who constantly run about this palm and feed on its bunches of yellow nuts, make the tree a favourite with lovers of nature.

The island is not more than twelve miles in circumference. Its population, of about 1000 souls, is scattered all over the island. They are a quiet, peaceable people, hospitable to strangers and fond of white men, particularly of the missionaries who have settled among them. They belong to the Mbenga tribe, who are the most enterprising traders and the most daring boatmen of the coast. They were formerly the most warlike tribe of this part of the country, and, when I first came on the coast, were continually fighting with their neighbours. About ten years ago the Presbyterian Board of Missions sent out some missionaries, and the labours of these worthy gentlemen have almost entirely changed the character of the Mbenga. They are no longer so quarrelsome, and have lost that reputation for ferocity on which they formerly prided themselves.

This tribe inhabits not only Corisco, but also the land about the neighbouring Capes Steiras and St. John. Their language differs somewhat from the Bakalai, but has, like that, no letter R, while the Mpongwe and its dialects abound in the use of this letter.

Corisco has no cattle nor wild beasts, the only quadrupeds found being three varieties of squirrels. Snakes, however, are common, particularly a venomous black snake. The island produces little that can be traded away except vegetables. The meat of the inhabitants consists of fish and turtle. The energies of the Mbenga, finding no field in their little island, carry them to the main land, where they are in great repute as traders. In their canoes they sail up the Muni and Moondah rivers, and as far as Banoko, and many of them are regularly employed by the white merchants to do their trading.

There are three missionary stations on the island, Evangasimba, Ngobi, and Olongo. There is a school at each station, and when I was last there these schools were attended during the week by about 100 scholars, and on Sunday by about 125. Many of the children are growing up in Christian habits of life, and it is not too much to hope that the next generation will live a different life from this poor heathen and ignorant existence of their fathers. There are about 75 church members.

The missionaries have scholars in the schools from tribes on the main land, and these they hope to send out by-and-by to tell the glad tidings of salvation, each to his own people.

But much remains to be done. It is almost impossible to rout superstitious customs out of the hearts of those who have grown old in their practice. Upon such the missionaries can have but little influence. They say "Yes, yes," but they go ahead in their old ways. They respect and love the missionaries; they see the absurdity of their fetich worship; they are convinced of the wickedness of slave-killing and other cruelties; and then at the first excitement they sink back supinely into every superstitious or cruel custom. It is to the rising generation that the good missionaries have to look for the full reward of their faithful labours.

A few days before I left the island, *Tonda*, a Mbenga fellow who had travelled with me on the Muni, died, and at his funeral I was witness to a singular ceremony, akin to the "waking" of the body.

The mother of poor Tonda, who heard that I wished to see him once more, led me to the house where the body was laid. The narrow space of the room was crowded; about two hundred women were sitting and standing around, singing mourning

songs to doleful and monotonous airs. They were so huddled together that for a while I could not distinguish the place of the corpse. At last some moved aside, and behold! the body of my friend.

It was seated in a chair.

It was dressed in a black tail-coat and a pair of pantaloons.

It had several strings of beads about the neck.

Altogether, it was a ghastly sight, though the pallid face of death cannot be seen in the negro.

As I stood looking, filled with solemn thoughts, in spite of, or rather because of, perhaps, the somewhat ludicrous contrasts about me, the mother of Tonda approached.

She threw herself at the feet of her dead son, and begged him to speak to her once more.

And then, when the poor corpse did not answer, she uttered a shriek, so long, so piercing, such a wail of love and grief, that the tears came into my eyes. Poor African mother! she was literally as one sorrowing without hope; for these poor people count on nothing beyond the present life. For them there is no hope beyond the grave. "All is done," they say, with an inexpressible sadness of conviction that sometimes gave me a heartache. Truly, it is worth while to bear words of comfort and promise to such as these.

As I left the hut, thinking these things, the wailing recommenced. It would be kept up by the women, who are the official mourners on these occasions, till the corpse was buried. Then the family and friends would lay aside their ornaments for many months, would refrain from dancing and all manner of merry-making, till at last all is forgotten again.

At the funeral the friends of poor Tonda wished to bury with him a quantity of goods; but as the poor fellow was being buried according to the Christian manner, the Rev. Mr. Mackey properly objected. The good missionary preached words of hope to the many hundreds standing about the grave, and perhaps the poor lone grieving mother found some comfort in her heart when she went away. I was glad to hope so at any rate.

The Bay of Corisco, across whose mouth lies the island of the same name, is one of the loveliest bays on the whole African coast. It would be also one of the finest for mercantile purposes, were it not for its numerous shallows. It is about twelve miles deep,

by twenty-five miles across at the mouth, and contains several lesser islands and some sandy islets, which afford shelter for sea-birds, and are famous places for picking up fine sea-shells. The rivers Muni and Moondah empty their waters into the bay; and on a clear day one can see from the hill-tops of Corisco the distant highlands of the interior mainland, and the high mountains yet farther back in which the Muni has its source.

This bay was formerly much frequented in the season (July and August) by whales, who came here to drop their young; but the whale-ships have pursued them so regularly that now they are very shy, and no longer come in such quantities as formerly. I have known a vessel to get in two months sixteen or eighteen whales.

At Corisco I enjoyed the hospitality of the missionaries, and take this occasion to offer my grateful acknowledgments to the Rev. Messrs. James Mackey and Clemens for many kind attentions received from them.

It was here that I made preparations for a long journey, in which I intended to explore the Muni to its head-waters; to cross, if possible, the Sierra del Crystal, and see what kind of country and what manner of people were to be found there. I wanted particularly to visit the *cannibal* tribes in the Sierra, and to ascertain if the Congo, which had been supposed to flow northward back of these mountains, was there to be found.

My voyage was to be made alone, so far as white companions were concerned. Mbango, a chief or head-man among the Corisco people, was engaged to accompany me, to introduce me to a friend of his, an influential king on the Muni.

We set out in Mbango's canoe on the 27th of July. The canoe was hewn out of a single tree, and, though narrow, was commodious and safe enough for so rough a journey.

My crew consisted of twelve black fellows, besides Mbango, all armed with guns. I foresaw that, from the dread all the coast natives have of the cannibal tribes, I should have difficulty in carrying all my baggage. I therefore determined not to encumber myself with supplies of provisions or anything else that could be spared. My outfit consisted only of the following articles:—A chest containing 100 fathoms of prints, 19 pounds of white beads, a quantity of small looking-glasses, fire-steels and flints, a quantity of leaf tobacco. In addition to which came

my greatest dependence, viz., 80 pounds of shot and bullets, 25 pounds of powder, and my guns.

The day on which we sailed was beautiful. There was a fine breeze, and we passed in rapid succession the islets which dot the Bay of Corisco, Leval, Banian, and Big and Little Alobi. We were making fine progress, and I was in high spirits at the auspicious commencement of my trip, when one of those peculiar detentions occurred which arise out of the ill-regulated trade system of Africa, and which would be laughable were they not vexatious.

Mbango was a great trading man. Therefore Mbango had debts owing him. Now Mbango's debtors, like most debtors on the African coast, were not fond of paying, and I found that Mbango made a practice of lying in wait for them, seizing them, and robbing them of what they happened to have with them, as a kind of new way to pay old debts.

Accordingly, as we were sailing along, my steersman kept an unusually sharp look-out ahead. His care was presently rewarded. We saw a large boat sailing along down toward us carelessly, as though they had no enemies to dread. No sooner, however, were the boatmen near enough to recognize us than, with a little shout of surprise, they put about and sailed and paddled off in the utmost haste.

But Mbango also gave a little shout. He recognized in the same moment in the other boat a veteran poor debtor of his. Turning our boat after the other, he urged his men to paddle, and mean time shouted to the others to stop.

But the more he called "Stop!" the harder they paddled off.

Now our side became excited. Mbango called that he would fire upon them.

This only frightened them more.

Our men seized their guns, and (slyly shaking the powder out of the touchholes, I must say to their credit) pointed directly at the flying boat.

Now the women even seized paddles and plied them vigorously.

Then our side fired a few random shots over the heads of the flying debtors. Still they paddled on.

By this time, however, it became apparent that our boat was the fastest. Presently, indeed, we overtook the other.

I had been sitting quietly watching the fun; but now, as we hauled alongside the enemy's boat, and I saw a good deal of fierce blood up on both sides, I began to remonstrate. I did not wish to see blood spilt, nor did I care to be upset in the scuffle; but my voice was drowned in the uproar. A desperate hand-to-hand fight began at once as we ranged alongside. How we escaped upsetting I do not yet understand, but I suppose these fellows instinctively poise themselves aright. I was wet through; the canoe took in water, and murder was imminent, when suddenly the other canoe again gave us the slip.

Now the chace began again. Again we shouted, and the other side paddled as for dear life; but it was of no avail. Presently we again hauled alongside, and this time we made fast. Then came another fight, in the midst of which the boatmen, seeing they were about to be overpowered, suddenly leaped into the water and swam off. Though we were some miles from shore, they had no uneasiness as to the result. Mbango caught two of them, and took, besides, a woman prisoner; then coolly turned on his course again, saying to me with a smile that he had done a very good day's work. He explained that these people had long owed him a quantity of bar-wood, for which he had paid in advance, and, now that he had some of the party prisoners, they would soon settle up.

About a mile from the mouth of the Muni are Big and Little Alobi, two small islets. The first has a few native villages, ruled by King Mpapay, who this day presented me with a chicken and a bunch of plantains, on which I made my dinner. In return I gave his negro majesty some heads of tobacco.

Little Alobi is uninhabited, and is used by the whites as a dépôt for bar-wood, for which it is convenient, as vessels can anchor close alongside the shore.

Here we remained over night, I sleeping ashore, while Mbango's favourite slave man kept watch over the boat, Mbango threatening to "sell him to the white man's country" if anything was stolen.

Next day I had a chill, and laid over, not caring to enter the Muni but in perfect health. I took the usual doses of quinine.

The following morning several Muni River men came down to see me, having heard that I was about to go up the river; and in the afternoon we sailed with a favourite tide for the

village of Mbango's friend, Dayoko. We had a fair wind, and the boat fellows availed themselves of it to lie about and do nothing, which they perfectly know how to do. These canoes do not sail *on* the wind at all; but *before* it, with their sails of country matting, they make very good headway.

Yesterday I measured our canoe. She is thirty-five feet long, three feet wide, and about three and a half feet deep; made, as before said, out of one immense tree. The Muni, the river which I was now to ascend, empties its waters into the Bay of Corisco, in lat 1° 2′ N., and long. 9° 33′. It is formed by the confluence of three other streams, the Ntongo, a stream of forty miles' length, whose course is S.W. by W.; the Ntambounay, which runs an easterly course for thirty miles, and then turns to the south-west for forty miles more, when it disappears in the mountains; and the Noya, which runs from its rise sixty miles to the north-east, and then west for twenty miles more. The Ntambounay and the Noya have both their sources in the Sierra del Crystal. Their banks are sparsely populated by various tribes, speaking different dialects. The Muni is, like most of the rivers of the coast, bounded by mangrove swamps; but near the mouth, where we sailed to-day, the highlands were visible in the background, and made up a picturesque scene. The point forming one side of the bank at the mouth is high land, and on it several Shekiani villages are located, which look very pretty from the river.

As we ascended the river the banks became more swampy; and, at the distance of seventeen miles from the mouth, we came to a beautiful little island, formed by the junction of the Ntongo with the Muni.

The Ntongo flows from the north-east; is a considerable stream, on or near whose banks are formed villages of the Ibouay, Itaimon, and Shekiani tribes. It has probably a course or length of forty miles, and rises in the hills which form, in the interior, one of the spurs of the Sierra del Crystal. The chief product of the Ntongo country is India-rubber, of which, some years ago, considerable quantities were brought down to the coast by the natives.

Some miles above the mouth of the Ntongo, the Ndina, a creek, empties its sluggish waters into the *Muni*. The Ndina is but a swampy creek, overrun with mangrove jungles, back of

which are to be found some villages, to which the well-guided traveller is led by native paths, which no one but an experienced woodman would perceive. It was the Ndina which we were now to ascend. As the tide was against us, and was stronger than the wind, we put down our sail, which had carried us along thus far, and the crew took to their paddles.

When we had pulled about twelve miles up the creek, through a continuous mangrove swamp, in which the sluggish current of the river often lost itself, I saw that my men began to look uneasy. Presently it leaked out that they had lost their reckoning. They had thought ere now to have arrived at Dayoko's village—our destination—and began to be discouraged.

So here was a pleasant prospect of passing the night in the swamp, where we were like to be eaten up by musquitoes, whose buzz was already noisy, and whose sharp bills began to make themselves felt thus early in the afternoon.

In the midst of our perplexity a Mbenga boat came down the stream, and, on inquiry, its crew told us that Dayoko's village was yet a considerable way off. They gave us, however, the right direction—an important matter, as in the approaching gloom we were like to glide out of the main channel into some of the numerous side "reaches," or bayous, which lead in from the main stream. Thus encouraged the men again took to their paddles, and, to show their joy, began to sing one of their discordant chants, rendered doubly discordant by the echoes of the woods.

Presently we came to a very small collection of huts; and here I asked a fellow standing on the bank to guide us up to Dayoko's. He was ready to do so, but seeing probably that I was anxious to get ahead, thought to make a good bargain with me. He wanted two fathoms of cloth, two heads of tobacco, and two pipes. This was unreasonable, and I at once refused to have anything to do with him.

Nothing gives these people so poor an opinion of a white man as the discovery that they can victimize him in a bargain; and accordingly I was always careful to let no one get the better of me even in trifles. Fortunately the moon presently rose, and we were enabled to thread our way up the crooked creek, and found by-and-by the mouth of a smaller creek, at whose head Dayoko lives.

About ten o'clock we arrived at the village, having travelled that day about forty-five miles.

When we arrived the tide was out, and I had, in consequence, to wade through the stinking mud-bank which lay before and, to some extent, defended the village. All along the shores of the Ndina are composed of such mud-banks, which at low tide are dry, and emit a most offensive smell, and doubtless cause much sickness.

The noise of our approach awakened the whole village, and the men came down towards us, with their old trade muskets loaded, and ready for a fight should it prove, as often happens, a midnight raid of the enemy. These people have the luck of Cain; every man's hand seems against them, and their hand is against every man. They are constantly quarrelling, and scarce ever sleep without fear of a hostile incursion. The treacherous enemy comes down upon a sleeping village, and shoots the unsuspecting inhabitants through the chinks in their bamboo houses, then escapes under cover of the darkness. This is the style of warfare all over this part of Central Africa, except, perhaps, among some of the Coast tribes, who have gained, in manliness at least, by contact with the whites.

They were greatly rejoiced when they found us to be their friends the Mbenga. Visions of "trade" began to loom before them; they opened their arms, set up a shout of gladness, and immediately conducted us in state through the village to the house generally set apart in every considerable negro town for strangers.

Here a great fire was kindled, and presently Dayoko himself came in, his eyes not half opened, for he had but just waked up. Then came all his wives to see the white man, whose presence was already known, and pretty soon the house was filled and surrounded by most of the men and women of the village.

Then began the "salutation"—a tedious formality among the African tribes which our American people seem to copy in their "public receptions" of distinguished or notorious men. All the chief men of Dayoko, together with himself and his wives, sat round the fire, and, when all was hushed, *Mbango*, our head-man, began his oration. In this it is required that every most minute adventure and incident of the voyage up river shall be alluded to, and thus a catalogue made of everything that has happened

"from port to port." The speaker delivers himself in short sentences, each containing one of the many hundred memorable facts of the day's journey. All sit round silent and open-mouthed, and at intervals the chief men give little grunts of approbation.

At last all was told, and, to my great satisfaction, *Mbango* sat down.

Immediately all ceremony was dropped; every man carried off his friend to have a talk about trade, night seeming no objection, and the women began to prepare some food, of which I stood in much need.

About twelve o'clock (midnight) supper was ready, and I sat down before an immense basket of boiled plantains and a few boiled fish, and made a very hearty meal. This ended, I was shown to my place in the house assigned me for sleeping, when I was glad enough to wrap myself in my musquito-netting and sleep till daybreak.

CHAPTER V.

Dayoko — African Royalty — Foreign Relations and Diplomacy in the Interior — The Value of a Wife — Negotiations — The dry Season — The Mbousha Tribe — A Wizard — A fetich Trial and a Murder — Progress — Excitement of the Shekianis at my supposed Wealth — The Ntambounay — The Sierra del Crystal — Lost again — Approaches of interior Village — Agricultural Operations — Famine.

My first business on the following day was to talk to Dayoko about my expedition into the interior; in fact, to ask his permission to go, and to obtain from him an escort.

A stranger going into an African village and seeing the chief or king living in a manner as simple and as needy as any of his subjects—in fact, in no way conspicuous above the herd of blacks, and receiving even but little of the respect or precedence which is usually accorded to the most shadowy monarchs, would little expect that such a king possesses great authority in his own tribe, and wields great influence among his neighbours. Dayoko, for instance, was chiefly remarkable as the oldest living man in his village. He was a trader like the rest, a beggar like the rest, and was very glad to accept from me a propitiatory offering of an old dress-coat which, having done duty for a whole winter in New York, had been put away, with other cast-off garments, for this very purpose. So far Dayoko, when placed in contact with civilization.

But Dayoko is the oldest and most influential chief among the Mbousha tribe. His age gives him great authority among his own people, and a judicious culture of the marriage relation has given the shrewd old fox no end of fathers-in-law in every tribe within a hundred miles. Now, to have a father-in-law in Africa means to have a friend in need, a man to whom you can confidently send a bit of ivory or bar-wood to sell, and whom you call on in any emergency where he can help you. In fact, the more wives a man has the more power he gains in this way, and women are chiefly valuable because by their means amicable and commercial relations are cultivated and subsist between the

tribes. Dayoko was already an old man. He had begun to marry when quite young, had married, right and left, all about him ever since, and was now related to one or two great men in every tribe which he could by any means reach. Thus he promised to prove a most useful ally to me.

Though Dayoko's palace was no bigger than the hut of any of his well-to-do subjects, I found, as was to be expected, that he had more wives and more slaves than the others. And I found, too, that his voice in the councils was of great weight, and that, in certain cases, he possessed a veto power which rendered him supreme. I felt, therefore, that if I could gain over the king to my project I need not care for the people, or even for the chiefs who were his relatives, farther up the river.

My first aim was to convince everybody that I did not want to *trade*. This, thanks to my previous hunts on other branches of the Muni, and to my never having traded or shown a desire to make money, was not so difficult to do. I was already known as a great hunter.

Having established this point, I called Dayoko into my house and gave him the present with which a negotiation is generally opened. I gave him the coat before mentioned, about twenty yards of cotton cloth, some powder, some looking-glasses for his wives, and some gun-flints.

His majesty accepted graciously all my offering.

Then I spoke of going into the Fan country.

Dayoko thought my project impossible.

I would die on the way, and he should have my death on his soul—a consideration which seemed to affect him greatly.

I should be murdered by the cannibals and eaten.

There was war on the river, and the tribes would not let me pass.

The country was sick.

And so on.

Seeing that I exhibited no signs of repentance, the old sinner turned on a new tack. *His* country was full of beasts and birds. Why not hunt here? and he would give me as many men as I wanted.

Finally, I told him, with a great show of firmness, that go I would, if not with *his* people, then with some one else.

Hereupon he relented, fearing probably that I would leave

him, and that thus he should not make so much out of me as he calculated.

It is as well to add that I did not let any of his fellows peep into my chest. They are all greedy, and think that every white man is by nature a Crœsus, and owner of untold wealth in cloth, looking-glasses, gun-flints, powder, and tobacco. And besides, their fear of some white man beginning a direct trade with the interior tribes makes them excessively jealous of everyone who attempts to reach the interior. Dayoko's people did not cease to warn me that I must carry nothing into the up-country, to all which, of course, I said *Yes*.

It was at last determined that I should go under Dayoko's protection. So on the third day after my arrival I sent my Mbenga men back, and was now left alone among my new friends. I am to wait for a party going to Mbene's people, who live farther up river, and in whose charge Dayoko proposes to put me. If they do not come, I shall get an escort of his Mbousha men.

Meantime numbers of the neighbouring tribes come daily to see me. Most of these have never seen a white man before, and are filled with astonishment at my long hair, at my white skin—it is really tanned a very dark brown by this time—and at the clothes I wear. They stand about me in such crowds that often I am half suffocated with the stench which their uncleanly bodies give out.

While waiting, I amused myself with hunting. The country about here affords to the naturalist little but birds; but some of these are splendid. To-day (August 16th) I shot a *Nectarinia superba*, a bird well named, for its feathers of green and gold and bright pink are a superb sight as it flies about through the dark-green foliage of the woods.

I have still to wait for the people Dayoko promises. This will make some detention, as they are here on agricultural intents, and the men are out all day cutting trees, and the women cleaning the ground; everything is busy bustle. This is the dry season, and now all planting must be done, for in a few weeks the rains come on, and then it is too late.

The dry season is delightful in Africa. It is the season of flowers, of humming-birds—who flit through bushes at all hours, and charm one with their meteor-like flight—of everything pleasant.

These Mbousha people look very much like the Shekiani tribe. They have the usual negro features, and are of medium height. They are less warlike than the Shekianis, but quite as superstitious and cruel, as I had occasion to know. I heard one day, by accident, that a man had been apprehended on a charge of causing the death of one of the chief men of the village. I went to Dayoko and asked about it. He said yes, the man was to be killed; that he was a notorious wizard, and had done much harm.

So I begged to see this terrible being.

I was taken to a rough hut, within which sat an old, old man, with wool white as snow, wrinkled face, bowed form, and shrunken limbs. His hands were tied behind him, and his feet were placed in a rude kind of stocks. This was the great wizard. Several lazy negroes stood guard over him, and from time to time insulted him with opprobious epithets and blows, to which the poor old wretch submitted in silence. He was evidently in his dotage.

I asked him if he had no friends, no relations, no son, or daughter, or wife to take care of him. He said sadly, "No one."

Now, here was the secret of this persecution. They were tired of taking care of the helpless old man, who had lived too long, and a charge of witchcraft by the greegree man was a convenient pretext for putting him out of the way. I saw at once that it would be vain to try to save him.

I went, however, to Dayoko, and argued the case with him. I tried to explain the absurdity of charging a harmless old man with supernatural powers; told him that God did not permit witches to exist; and finally made an offer to buy the old wretch, offering to give some pounds of tobacco, one or two coats, and some looking-glasses for him—goods which would have bought me an able-bodied slave.

Dayoko replied that for his part he would be glad to save him, but that the people must decide; that they were much excited against him; but that he would, to please me, try to save his life.

During the night following I heard singing all over the town all night, and a great uproar. Evidently they were preparing themselves for the murder. Even these savages cannot kill in cold blood, but work themselves into a frenzy of excitement first, and then rush off to do the bloody deed.

Early in the morning the people gathered together, with the

fetich-man—the infernal rascal who was at the bottom of the murder—in their midst. His bloodshot eyes glared in savage excitement as he went around from man to man getting the votes to decide whether the old man should die.

In his hands he held a bundle of herbs, with which he sprinkled three times those to whom he spoke. Meantime a man was stationed on the top of a high tree, whence he shouted from time to time, in a loud voice, "*Jocoo! Jocoo!*" at the same time shaking the tree strongly.

"*Jocoo*" is *devil* among the Mbousha, and the business of this man was to keep away the evil spirit, and to give notice to the fetich-man of his approach.

At last the sad vote was taken. It was declared that the old man was a most malignant wizard; that he had already killed a number of people; that he was minded to kill many more, and that he must die. No one would tell me how he was to be killed, and they proposed to defer the execution till my departure, which I was, to tell the truth, rather glad of. The whole scene had considerably agitated me, and I was willing to be spared the end. Tired and sick at heart, I lay down on my bed about noon to rest and compose my spirits a little. After a while I saw a man pass my window, almost like a flash, and after him a horde of silent but infuriated men. They ran toward the river.

Then, in a little while, I heard a couple of sharp, piercing cries, as of a man in great agony, and then all was still as death.

I got up, guessing the rascals had killed the poor old man, and turning my steps toward the river was met by the crowd returning, every man armed with axe, knife, cutlass, or spear, and these weapons, and their own hands and arms and bodies, all sprinkled with the blood of their victim. In their frenzy they had tied the poor wizard to a log near the river-bank, and then deliberately hacked him into many pieces. They finished by splitting open his skull and scattering the brains in the water. Then they returned, and, to see their behaviour, it would have seemed as though the country had just been delivered from a great curse.

By night the men—whose faces for two days had filled me with loathing and horror, so bloodthirsty and malignant were they—were again as mild as lambs, and as cheerful as though they had never heard of a witch tragedy.

These tribes suppose that no cruelty is too great to practise upon a wizard; and this kind of legalised murder, though it temporarily excites their passions, does not seem to afflict them with any remorseful feelings at all.

I was glad to take refuge in the woods during the heats of the day, my house, an eight by ten bamboo structure, low-roofed and close, being uncomfortably heated. Yet the natives pass their idle hours near a large fire, and this from a desire for warmth, though the thermometer stands at 88°. It is curious to see how the negro relishes a fire. I have nowhere found them assembled, even in the hottest days, but about a great blaze; and the first thing done, when a council or assemblage of any kind is to be held, is to build a fire that would seem to be sufficient to thaw out the north pole.

August 17th being Sunday, I spent the day in my hut reading, to the great surprise of two fellows who were "town-keepers," the rest of the village having gone out to the fields to labour. I tried to explain to them that the Bible was a book given to us by the true God, and that there was but one God.

They gave me the answer I have heard so often on the coast, "Oh yes, that is true for you, but white man's God is not our God; *we* are made by a different God." And to this they stick pertinaciously.

The following day (18th) we were to start for the interior. Dayoko gave me two of his sons to be of my party—a piece of real good luck for me. Also he sent messages to all the neighbouring tribes to command good treatment for me.

The men asked to be paid before we started—a dangerous practice, as they are likely to run away. But as they were Dayoko's men, and he had treated me well, I thought best to agree. They are real extortioners. I had to pay for canoes, for mat sails, for paddles, for every least thing necessary for the outfit; and every fathom of cloth or string of beads that could be got from me on any pretext I was relieved of. I finally agreed to give to each man ten yards of cloth and a few leaves of tobacco. With this they were content. Then, to make them happier, I went to their wives, who had all been very kind to me, and gave each some tobacco to solace her in her husband's absence.

At last, and just before we were to start, when all was ready and the men were gathered, I had again to assure Dayoko that I

did not at all intend to trade, but only to hunt for the gorilla, and visit the mountains and their inhabitants. Happily, my person and pursuits are well known to all the tribes, who have given me the name of "Mona dee Chaillee," meaning "the child of Chaillee," remembering me as my father's son.

So at last we were off. My party consisted of two sons of Dayoko, myself, and several men to carry my chests and guns. Mbene, the Mbondemo chief, for whose place we are bound, is to take me into the heart of the Sierra del Crystal, and then "perhaps we shall cross over beyond," I note in my journal, for I desire and hope to reach the sources of the Congo by this route.

We started in canoes, and paddled up a creek which led into the Muni about ten miles above the Ndina's mouth. It was a most intricate piece of navigation, through mangrove swamps, which sometimes almost barred the way even to our little canoes; sometimes with the current against, and sometimes for us, and with so many turns and twists that I think I should have been puzzled to get back alone.

When, at last, we reached the Muni, the tide was setting down so strongly that we were two and a half hours paddling about four miles. After a stop at a little village situated two miles below the point where two rivers—the Noya and the Ntambounay—join and form the Muni, we began to ascend the Ntambounay. We had the tide with us; for though the water here is fresh, the influence of the tides is felt so far back as here, more especially in the dry season, when the stream is low and the current sluggish. For the first twenty miles we ascended the river in an E.S.E. direction. It continued wide, being at least 200 yards across all the way, and its banks formed a most charming landscape. The course of the stream was dotted and interrupted by many small islands, whose shores were bordered with graceful palms. Evidently we had got out of the dull and dreary region of mangrove swamps.

Towards night we reached a Shekiani village, where we had to stop all night. It was one of the most uncomfortable nights of my life. I never saw natives so excited as were these savages at the appearance of my chests and travelling-bag. Their cupidity was excited by what they thought must be fabulous riches in my possession, and I was told at once by a head-man that I could not pass to the interior without paying to this

Shekiani town a tribute of six shirts, 100 fathoms of cloth, three great-coats, and a great quantity of looking-glasses, files, and beads. This would have entirely ruined me, and of course I paid no attention to the demand.

As the excitement seemed to grow the longer I stayed, I ordered my men to lie in my hut, thinking that the fear of killing members of a friendly tribe might deter them from firing in upon me during the night. I certainly expected to be robbed, and had only a hope that the affair would be no more serious. I lay quietly down, with my double-barrelled gun by my side, ready for instant action, fully resolved to sell my life at as dear a rate as possible. Meantime Dayoko's sons went out to palaver with the chief.

I did not sleep a wink all night. All night the crowd surrounded my house, talking, shouting, singing, and in the greatest excitement. At last, about four o'clock, things became a little quieter, and towards daylight those who were not asleep were still.

As early as I could go out I called on the king, and told him that my chests contained only powder, shot, and other heavy things necessary for my journey; and also I gave his majesty a few fathoms of cloth, and distributed a few leaves of tobacco among his bigmen; at which all were much satisfied. They asked for rum, but that I never give to these natives, and so refused of course. Finally we left them, many of the people following us along the river, and wishing us good luck and speedy return. I was happy enough to get out of the scrape.

We left our large canoe at the Shekiani village, and passed up the Ntambounay into the Noonday River, making in this day, Tuesday, August 19th, a toilsome journey of twenty-nine miles, twelve of which were on the Noonday.

The Ntambounay was ascended in a direction S.E. by E. till its junction with the Noonday. Here it takes a turn N. by E., and, as we did not want to go this way, we turned into the Noonday, ascending this in a general direction to the S.E.

The landscape continued beautiful on the Ntambounay. The palms lining the river-banks, and the numerous small islands which stud its smooth and glass-like bosom, the occasional deer which started away from the water-side as our canoe swept into sight, the shrill cries of various monkeys gazing at us in astonish-

ment and terror, the clear sky and the magnificent solitude of these forests which surrounded us, and through whose trees we saw only at considerable intervals the smoke curling up, which announced a village hid in the wilderness: all this was a constant delight to every sense.

As we were lazily sailing along, I espied two eagles sitting on some high trees about eighty yards off. Willing to give my fellows a taste of my quality, I called their attention to the birds, and then brought both down with my double-barrel. They could hardly believe their eyes for surprise, such shooting being almost miraculous to them. When they had got a little over their astonishment, I heard them say, "Ah! if he had fought those Shekiani fellows last night, how many he *would* have killed!"

In the far distance the ranges of the Sierra del Crystal could be seen, the second and higher range rising above the first. The river we were ascending seemed to abound in fish, which jumped frequently out of the water in pursuit of their insect prey; and the bright-blue kingfishers shot across the water hither and thither, breaking the quiet with their shrill screams.

As we got higher up the Noonday the stream became narrow, and finally almost dwindled away. Part of its course lay through a tangled thicket or jungle of aloe-trees, whose sharp thorns tore our clothes, and wounded me so that I was covered with blood. We had here a fair sample of African "river" travel. The aloe-jungle grew, in many places, right into the narrow stream, and so filled it up that, had I not seen it, I should never have believed that a canoe could pass through. In several places we had to get out and carry the canoe over fallen trees which entirely barred our progress, and all through it was a battle with the jungle, and a passage through a swamp rather than fair navigation. Yet this is the only highway of this country, by which the natives bring all their ivory, ebony, and India-rubber to the coast; for even this is better than travelling *through* the almost impenetrable jungle on foot, in which case their poor women have to bear the heavy loads on their shoulders.

Dark came on before we had reached Mbene's town, which was the nearest settlement, and I had the ugly prospect before me of passing the night in this deadly swamp. Fortunately I

had fallen in, at the Shekiani town, with a son of King Mbene; and this good fellow, now, seeing my men wearied out and unable to go farther, volunteered to hurry on to his father's town and bring assistance. How far it was we knew not; but he went off.

We waited an hour, but no help arrived. Then I sent out two of my men to meet the party and hurry them on. Two hours more passed, and I had begun to despair of help, when loud shouts ringing through the woods gave us notice of the approach of our friends; and presently rushed in among us King Mbene himself, his face radiant with smiles, and shouting a welcome to me. He was followed by a large party of men and women, who took up my boxes and other things; Mbene took one of my guns, and, thus relieved, we hurried on to the town or encampment of my royal friend, which proved to be about six miles off.

The people had been here so little time that they had not had time to cut a road to the river, so that the few miles we traversed from the river-side were of the roughest. Happily, elephants are plentiful hereabouts, and when we could we walked in their huge tracks—the rushing of a herd effecting quite a clearing in the woods, though everything grows up again with marvellous rapidity.

I thought to come to a town. My astonishment was great when I found, instead of the usual plantations of plantain-trees which surround the collection of hûts which make up an African village, an immense mass of timber thrown down helter-skelter, as though a hurricane had passed through this part of the forest. It appeared that Mbene's people had their village at some distance off, but came here to make new plantations, and this was their way of making a clearing. It is the usual way among these tribes. The men go into the forest and choose a site for the plantation; then cut down the trees in any way, just as luck or fancy may direct; let everything lie till the dry season has sufficiently seasoned the great trees, when they set fire to the whole mass, burn it up, and on its site the women then plant their manioc, maize, and plantains.

It was only with the greatest difficulty, and with many tears from thorns and trips from interposing boughs, that I got through this barrier, than which they could not have made a better wall

of defence for their village. For once get an enemy entangled in such a piece of ground, and they could pepper him at their convenience, without fear of retaliation.

At last, when my patience was entirely gone, and my few clothes were literally hanging in ribbons about me, we arrived at the camp. Here we were received in grand African style. Guns were fired, the people shouted and danced, everybody was as jolly as though everybody's brother had just come back rich, and I was immediately installed under a shed, whither the king graciously followed me with a present—very welcome indeed—of a goat and some bunches of plantains.

The plantain is the bread of all these tribes. Lucky would they be if they always had such bread to eat; but their thriftless habits leave them without even the easily-cultivated plantain, and force them to eke out a wretched subsistence from the wild roots, nuts, and berries which are found in the forests.

I had seen Mbene before, and several of his people recognized me, having seen me when, some years ago, I attempted an exploration of this region in company with the Rev. Mr. Mackey. These good fellows now manifested extraordinary joy, and welcomed me to their town with all sorts of dances and songs, and offers of service.

Mbene's village or encampment is situated at the foot of the first granite-range of the Sierra del Crystal. The forest-clad hillsides were visible in the distance, and were to me a delightful spectacle, for I saw that I was now approaching the goal of my desires. The people had not as yet built themselves houses, but were living in camp, under rude sheds composed of leaves spread thickly over four forked sticks planted in the ground. Here each head of a family gathered his wives, children, and slaves about him, and rested in safety and peace. One of the best constructed of these sheds—one whose sticks stood upright, and whose leafy roof was water-tight—was given me, and here I presently fell soundly asleep, after first placing my two chests near my head.

On rising the next morning, I found that we were really not more than ten or fifteen miles from the hills. Yesterday evening we could see two ranges; the lower 500 or 600 feet high, and the farther and higher from 2000 to 3000 feet high. It is beyond these hills that the Fans—the cannibal tribe—live, and the gorilla has here also his home.

Mbene excused himself for what he thought a shabby reception of me. He said that his people had but just come here; that the men had been busy all the dry season cutting down trees and clearing the woods. He said that they had had very little to eat; had been obliged to beg food of the neighbouring tribes, and half the time had nothing to eat but the nut of a sort of palm, of which they also make a kind of wine. This nut is very bitter; I could never eat it. It is shaped like an egg, with rounded ends. To prepare it it is divested of its husk and soaked in water for twenty-four hours, when it loses in part its exceedingly bitter taste, and becomes tolerably palatable to a hungry man. Sometimes hunger presses them to eat the nut without soaking it—I have been compelled to do so—and it is then excessively disagreeable.

I saw at once that it would not do for me to stay long with Mbene, for I could not live as these people do; and of my own stores, though I had a few crackers and sea-biscuit left, these would not last long, and ought to be kept for possible sickness.

The negro tribes of this region are half the time in a state of starvation by their utter improvidence. They seem unable to cope with want, even with so fertile a country as theirs to help them. Such encampments as this of Mbene's are common among all the tribes. Their agricultural operations are of the rudest kind, and, from the necessity of seeking out the most fertile soil as well as from general habit, they prefer to go to a distance from their villages to clear and plant the ground. They never plant two successive years in the same place, and have, therefore, much labour in clearing the ground every time. And, after all, it is not uncommon for a village to lose all the fruits of its labours by the incursions of a herd of elephants, who trample down what they do not eat up. This happens especially to plantain plantations.

The encampment is called an *olako*, this word signifying also a new site for a village or any place of temporary sojourn. An *olako* is a romantic scene to look at, particularly in the night, when every family has its fire, near which its beds are made under the *shades* before described. But hunger spoils the prettiest romance; and I would have given up the camp willingly for a good roast fowl or a sufficient supply of bread.

I told Mbene that as his place had no food to offer I must go farther; explained to him my objects; and finally it was agreed

that his brother Ncomo should accompany me with a party as far as the *Fan* tribe. So much was settled without difficulty; but still several weeks passed ere my company was ready to start. Meantime I made myself as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. The king's wives supplied me with mats for my bed, and under these I put dry leaves enough to make a soft couch. On each side of the bed I built a fire to keep off the musquitoes, which were very troublesome, and thus I tried to sleep at night. My weary days were spent in hunting.

I ought to add that, with usual African hospitality, my kingly friend offered me a wife on my arrival at his place. This is the common custom when the negroes wish to pay respect to their guests, and they cannot understand why white men should decline what they consider a mere matter of course. I endeavoured to explain to Mbene and his wives what our own customs were in regard to marriage; but neither men nor women seemed to understand or appreciate the Christian idea of marriage.

The musquitoes penetrated through the smoke of my fires, and bit me so that I could scarce sleep on the first night after my arrival, and, to make matters yet more unpleasant, the rain poured on me through a leaky place in my leafy shelter, so that I arose next morning wet, sore, hungry, but withal feeling unusually well.

I went to make arrangements with Ncomo for an early start. Found that his women had gone out to beg food for their trip. Mbene gave me a chicken for my dinner—an unusual luxury. But I had to shoot my fowl before eating it. The natives build no perches for their poultry, and the consequence is that the chickens fly to roost in the topmost branches of the trees, where they are safe from predatory attacks of all kinds, either by their owners or by wild beasts.

When I declined Mbene's offer of a "wife," he said, "Oh well, she can at any rate wait on you and cook for you;" and so I am lucky enough to have a good cook. The negroes use a good deal of pepper in their cooking, which I think healthy for this climate; otherwise my chicken-soup was good enough, and, with the addition of some plantain boiled, and some remains of the goat which had been given to me yesterday, I made a very good dinner—probably the last I shall get for a good many days, unless we are unusually lucky and kill some deer or elephant on our road.

CHAPTER VI.

Hold of a Traveller on the Natives — Fruits — The Mbondemo — Their Towns — Houses — Morals of War — Condition of Women — Women as Bearers — The Hills — A Caravan — Mutiny — Rapids of the Ntambounay — Summit of the Sierra — Contemplations interrupted by a Serpent — The first Gorilla — Appearance in Motion — Famine in the Camp — Native Stories of the Gorilla — Superstitious Notions about the Animal — Lifelessness of the Forest — A Beetrai.

TO-DAY (August 20th) I sent back Dayoko's men, and am now in Mbene's power and at his mercy. He is a very good fellow, and I feel myself quite safe among his rough but kindly people. I have found it the best way to *trust* the people I travel among. They seem to take it as a compliment, and they are proud to have a white man among them. Even if a chief were inclined to murder, it would not be profitable in such a case, for the exhibition of his white visitor among the neighbouring tribes does more to give him respect and prestige than his murder would.

They speak of me now as "Mbene's white man." Before I was "Dayoko's white man." The title has comfort and safety in it, for it would be a great insult to Mbene for any stranger to molest *his* white man, and it is to his own honour to feed him as well as he can.

Of course, one must have tact enough to satisfy the chief with occasional little presents, given him generally in private, so that his people may not beg from him, and given, also, not as though you wished to conciliate—for it will not do to show any symptoms of fear however much cause there may be—but apparently as friendly gifts.

This is the only safe way to get ahead in this country, and I never found a chief whose "white man" I was for the time but would help and further my plans and journeys.

Dayoko's men are to return to Mbene's camp in three months to look for me, and I have to be back, if possible, by that time.

The women have brought in a supply of the bitter palm-seeds and of other fruits, mostly more palatable than that bitter abomination, but unfortunately not so plentiful. Among these

is a round nut the size of a large walnut, containing three or four oily kernels, each of the size of a peanut; when these were roasted they were not disagreeable. And there was a remarkably magnificent fruit which I never saw before, resembling in general shape a bunch of grapes, each grape olive-shaped, and the whole of a bright scarlet colour. It was really a splendid sight to see these glowing bunches hanging from the trunks of the trees which bear them. The seed is larger than that of the olive; the skin not so thick as that; and the pulp is quite juicy and of a pleasant flavour.

The *Mbondemo* tribe is allied to the *Mbisho*, *Mbiki*, Mbousha, Ibouay, *Acoa*, and Shekiani tribes. The speech of all these tribes is nearly alike. They can all understand each other. Also they have the same general customs and superstitions, and the same nomadic habits. The *Mbondemo* live or have their towns in the mountains of the interior east of Cape Lopez, and in that tract of country which extends from north of the Muni to the Moondah River.

Since I first knew Mbene he had moved his village twice, his present removal making the third. I asked what reasons moved him to these changes. The first time, he said, a man had died there, and the place was "not good" after that. The second time he was forced to move because they had cut down all the palm-trees, and could get no more *mimbo* (palm-wine), a beverage of which they are excessively fond, though they take no pains to preserve the trees out of the soft tops of which it is made. But these are very plentiful all over the country; and it seems easier for them to move than to take care of the trees surrounding their settlements, useful as they are to them; for they furnish not only the wine they love, but the very bitter nut I mentioned before, which often keeps them from starvation; while of its trunk, split up, they make the sides of their houses. A country which has plenty of palm-trees, plenty of game, a good river, and plenty of fish, is the ideal region of a Mbondemo settler or squatter.

The Mbondemo villages differ materially in their arrangements from those of the seashore tribes I have already described. The houses are mostly of uniform size, generally from twelve to fifteen feet long, and eight or ten feet wide. They are built on both sides of a long and tolerably wide street, and invariably join

each other. The chief's house and the palaver-house are larger than the others. The ends of the street are barricaded with stout sticks or palisades, and at night the *doors* or gates of the village are firmly closed, and persons approaching, if they cannot explain their intentions, are remorselessly shot down or speared. The houses have no windows, and doors only on the side towards the street; and when the door of the street is locked, the village is, in fact, a fortress. As an additional protection, however, they often cut down thorny brushwood and block up the surrounding approaches; and, also, they always locate the village on the top of the highest hill they can find in the region where, for the time being, they squat. All this shows—what is the truth—that they are a quarrelsome, though not a brave race. They are continually in hot-water with their neighbours, and never know when they are to be attacked.

Interiorly the Mbondemo house is divided by a bark partition into two rooms; one the kitchen, where also everybody sits or lies down on the ground about the fire; the other the sleeping apartment. This last is perfectly dark; and here are stowed their provisions and all their riches. To ascertain how large a family any Mbondemo householder has, you have only to count the little doors which open into the various sleeping apartments: "So many doors so many wives," it was explained to me. The houses are made of bark and a kind of jointless bamboo, which is got from the trunk of a particular palm. The strips are tied to posts set firmly into the ground, with rope made from the vines of the forest. The roofing is made of matting. The houses are neither so large, so substantially built, nor so good-looking as those of the Mpongwe.

To-day (21st) my men have been getting ready their guns for enemies or game. The tribes of Africa have so many petty causes of quarrel, that they are always in danger of a fight. They are so bound together by ridiculous superstitions of witchcraft, and by the entangling alliances of polygamy, and greatly also by their want of good faith in trade, that no man can say where or why an enemy is waiting for his life.

I have already spoken of the system of intermarriages by which a chief gains in power and friends. But there are other means of securing allies. For instance, two tribes are anxious for a fight, but one needs more force. This weakling sends one of its men

secretly to kill a man or woman of some village living near, but having no share in the quarrel. The consequence is, *not*, as would seem most reasonable, that this last village takes its revenge on the murderer, but, strangely enough, that the murderer's people give them to understand that this is done because *another* tribe has insulted them, whereupon, according to African custom, the two villages join, and together march upon the enemy. In effect, to gain a village to a certain side in a quarrel, that side murders one of its men or women, with a purpose of retaliation on somebody else.

Their women they keep only to minister to their pride, influence, pleasure, and sloth. A man pays goods or slaves for his wife, and regards her therefore as a piece of merchandise. Young girls—even children in arms—are married to old men for political effect. The idea of love, as we understand it, seems unknown to these people. The inhabitant of the seacoast has no hesitation in bartering the virtue of his nearest female relatives, nor are the women averse from the traffic, if only they be well paid. And I will add that many of the whites who come to the coast, sailors and others, do more to debauch and demoralize these poor, ignorant natives than even their own ignorance and brutality would do.

Adultery with a black man is punishable by fine among all the tribes, and this law, which is strictly executed, is the cause of a most singular state of things. Husband and wife combine to rob some fellow with whom the woman pretends to carry on an intrigue, making sure of being discovered by the husband, who thereupon obtains a recompense sufficient to heal his wounded honour, and upon which he and his wife and accomplice are able to live for some time.

Unlawful intercourse with the women of a neighbouring tribe or village is the cause of nearly all the "palavers," and wars, and fights in Africa. If a tribe wants to fight, they *make* this the cause by getting one of their women to intrigue with a man of the other tribe or village; and if they do not want to fight even, they are often forced into it.

Then the system of intermarrying involves half-a-dozen tribes in the quarrel of two. Each chief calls on his fathers-in-law to assist, and thus the country is thrown into uproar; property is unsafe, and becomes almost valueless to them; agricultural

operations are impeded, and whole villages gradually disappear from the scene of contention, either by migrating, starving out, or being killed out.

The women not only provide all the food, they are also the beasts of burden in this part of Africa. My party from Mbene's town consisted of Mbene's two sons, *Miengai* and *Maginda*, a young man named *Pouliandai*, and half-a-dozen stout women to bear my heavy chests and other luggage, and food for the journey.

We started at length on the morning of August 24th. The natives had done what they could to gather food beforehand for the trip, but the result was poor enough. My own supplies were by this time completely exhausted. The half-dozen crackers I had in reserve were for sickness or a great emergency. Besides this, they had succeeded in getting several large bunches of plantains and a good many of the bitter palm-nuts, and that was all the commissariat.

I took along 70 pounds of shot, 19 pounds of powder, and 10 pounds of arsenic for killing and preserving my specimens; also my chests, containing cloth, tobacco, beads, &c., to buy food and give presents to the natives we should meet. I made *Miengai* carry the shot, as the women had already enough. But my men were all loaded with trade on their own account, consisting of brass kettles, iron pots, jugs, &c., and about 100 pounds of salt, put up in little packages of three or four pounds.

The packing of the women is a subject of great importance. They carry their loads in heavy, rude baskets, suspended down the back; and it is necessary that these should be carefully arranged, with three or four inches of soft tree-fibre next to the back to prevent chafing.

When all was arranged—when everybody had taken leave of all his friends, and come back half-a-dozen times to take leave over again, or say something before forgotten—when all the shouting, and ordering, and quarrelling were done, and I had completely lost patience, we at last got away.

In about five miles' travel we came to the banks of the Noonday River, which is here a narrow, but clear and beautiful stream, so clear that I was tempted to shoot a fish of curious shape I saw swimming along as we stood on the bank.

I fired a charge of small shot into him; but no sooner had I

pulled the trigger than I heard a tremendous crash on the opposite bank, above six or seven yards across, saw some small trees torn violently down, and then came the shrill trumpetings of a party of frightened elephants. They had been standing in a dead silence on the opposite bank in the jungle, whether watching us or not we could not tell. I was sorry I fired, as we crossed the stream just here, and we might have killed one but for this fright they got, which sent them out of our reach.

After crossing the Noonday, and travelling ten miles in a north-east direction, we reached a range of granite hills, which are a part of the Sierra del Crystal mountains. The hills were very steep, and to ascend them in as good style as possible we sat down and took our dinners first. I ate a few boiled plantains, not very strengthening, but the best we could get, and then we essayed the crooked and poorly-marked path up-hill, which wound its devious course about immense boulders of granite and quartz, which, scattered along the declivity, gave the country a very strange look.

This range was about 600 feet high, and the summit formed a table-land three miles long, which also was strewed with the immense quartz and granite boulders.

Passing this table-land, we came to another tier of hills, steeper and higher than the first, which also had to be surmounted. In this kind of travelling I find that the natives have a great advantage over me. They use their bare feet almost as monkeys do theirs. Long practice enables them to catch hold of objects with their toes, and they could jump from rock to rock without fear of falling, while I, with thick shoes on, was continually slipping, and got along very slowly.

We were yet on the first plateau when *Miengai* suddenly made me a sign to keep very still. He and I were in advance. I thought he had discovered a herd of elephants, or perhaps a tiger. He cocked his gun, and I mine, and there we stood for five minutes in perfect silence. Suddenly *Miengai* sent a "hurrah" rolling through the forest, which was immediately answered by shouts from many voices at no great distance, but whose owners were hid from us by the rocks and trees. Miengai replied with the fierce shout of the Mbondemo warriors, and was again answered. Going a little farther on, we came in sight of the encampment of

a large party, who proved to be some of Mbene's people just returning from a trading expedition to the interior.

It was a curious picture. They lay encamped about their fires to the number of about a hundred—young and old, men and women; some gray and wrinkled, and others babes in arms. They had evidently travelled far, and were tired out. They had collected India-rubber, and had in charge some ivory, and were now about to take these goods to Mbene or some other river chief, to be sent down from hand to hand to the "white-man market."

Here even I noticed the laziness of the black men, and the cruel way in which the women are obliged to work. The Mbondemo men lay about the fires, handling their spears and guns, and talking or sleeping, while the women were doing the cooking and making the camp comfortable, and such of the children as could walk were driven out to collect firewood for the night. The poor things seemed to be very weary, but they got no mercy.

Being tired ourselves, we built our camp-fires near the party, and I had the opportunity next day to see them get under way. The men carried only their arms, and most of them were armed to the teeth. The women and larger children carried, in the usual baskets, suspended along the back, the food—of which they seemed to have a good supply—the ivory and India-rubber, and besides—still in the basket—such of the babies as could by no means get along alone. The old people were not exempt from light burdens, though they had to totter along with the help of long sticks.

The whole party were very thinly clothed, even for Africa. They had with them an old chief, to whom they seemed to pay much reverence, and *he* was constantly waited upon by his wives, of whom he seemed to have several with him. I gave them a little salt, for which they seemed very grateful.

Next morning we broke up before daylight, after eating a very scanty breakfast of a few cooked plantains. It rained all day, and consequently we tramped all day in the mud, wet through, and chilly. About noon we met another large party of travelling Mbondemo returning from the interior. They had never seen a white man before, and stared at me with all the eyes they had, though they did not seem frightened. I fear my appearance gave them but a poor idea of white people. I was clothed in

only a blue drilling shirt and trowsers, both wet, and the latter muddy. They begged for some tobacco "to warm themselves," and a few leaves which I gave them made them perfectly happy. They seemed to suffer from the rain much more than I did, especially the women, who I took care should have their share of the tobacco.

Among this party were two fellows, named Ngolai and Yeava, who were from Mbene's village, and well known to Mbene's sons. These offered to go with us if we would give them food, as theirs was nearly gone, and Miengai and Maginda promising this much, they at once joined our party.

After a walk of about eighteen miles in the rain, through thick woods, and over a rough hilly country (and in a general direction of E.S.E.), we came to our camp, and to my delight found very large and commodious huts ready for us. This is a highway, it seems, of this country, though no signs of a road are visible, and different parties of traders had built and kept up these very neat and comfortable sheds. They were built of sticks, as in Mbene's village, but were better roofed, and larger. Large leaves were laid over the sticks, and being carefully disposed shinglewise kept out the rain completely.

We built great fires and made ourselves comfortable. I had three fires lit about my bed of brush, hung up my wet clothes to dry, and, after comforting myself with a little brandy, went to sleep in much more than usual snugness, not knowing the "palaver" which was in store for me on the morrow.

When we got up, much refreshed, my men came and said they were tired, and would not go a step farther if I did not pay them more cloth.

They seemed in earnest, and I was, as may be imagined, in considerable trouble of mind. To return now, when I had got so far along, was not to be thought of. To be left alone would have been almost certain death, and to give what they demanded was to rob myself and set a bad precedent to my guides. Finally, I determined to put on a bold front. I went into the crowd, told them—pistols in hand—that I should not give them any more cloth; that neither could I permit them to leave me, because their father, Mbene, had given them to me to accompany me to the *Fan* tribe. So far, I told them, they must go with me, or else—here I motioned with my pistols—there would be war between

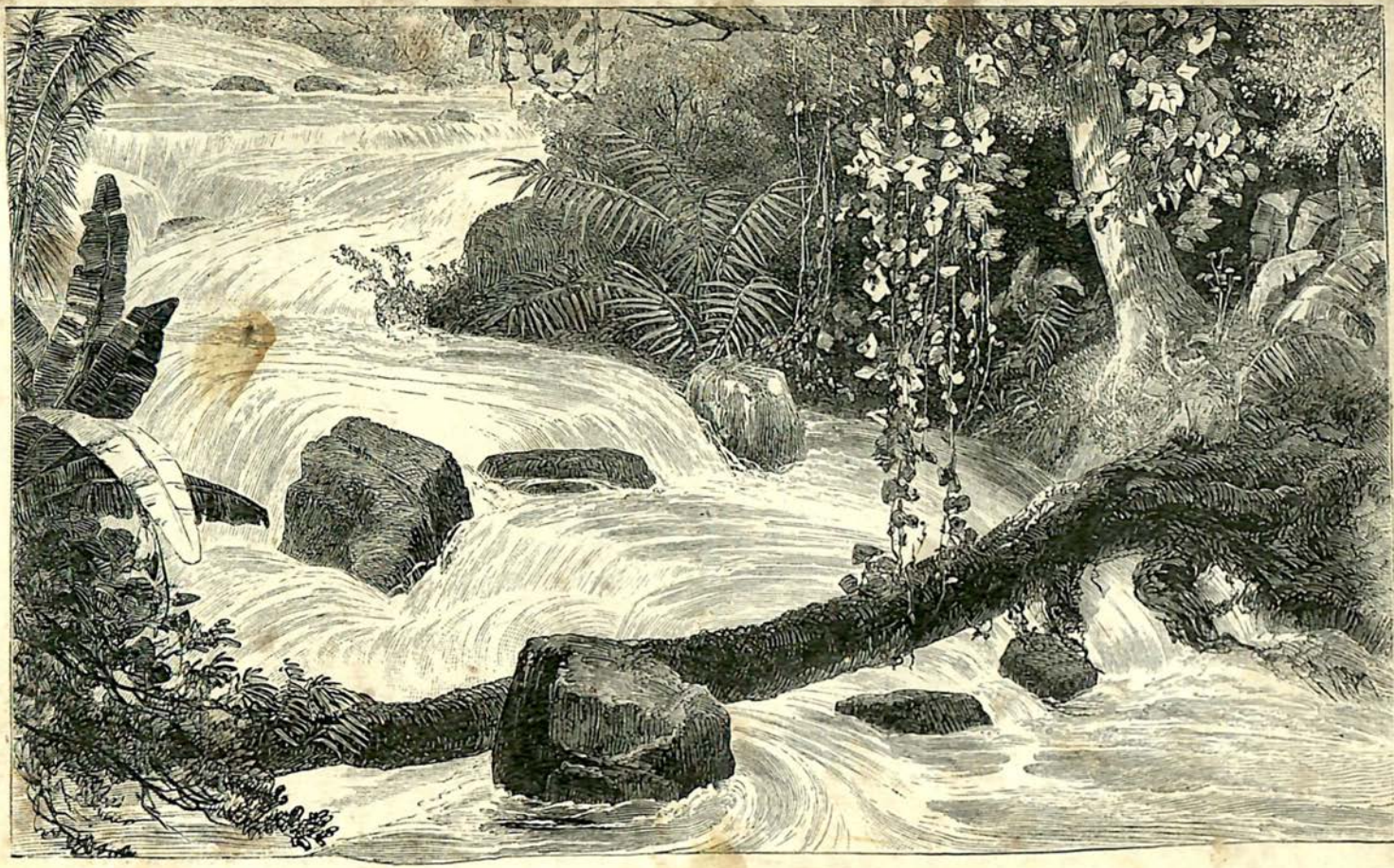
us. But, I added, if they were faithful, I would give each something additional when the trip was done.

After a consultation among themselves, they finally said that they were pleased with what I said, and were my friends. Hereupon, with great lightness of heart at my escape from an ugly dilemma, I shook hands with them, and we set out on the journey.

It was ten o'clock before we made a start on this day. We were now approaching the second mountain-range of the Sierra del Crystal, and passing through a wild country, densely wooded, rough, and strewn along the higher ground with immense boulders, which gave an additional wildness to the scene. Up, and up, and up we struggled, through a forest more silent than I recollect to have noticed in Africa before or since. Not even the scream of a bird or the shrill cry of a monkey to break the dark solitude—and either would have been welcome; for, though I generally abominate monkey, which, roasted, looks too much like roast-baby, I was now at that point of semi-starvation when I should have very much delighted in a tender bit even of gorilla.

Nothing was heard but the panting breathings of our party, who were becoming exhausted by the ascent, till, at last, I thought I heard a subdued roar as of a fall of water. It grew plainer as we toiled on, and finally filled the whole air with its grand rush; soon turning a sharp corner of a declivity and marching on a little way, the fall literally burst upon our sight—one of the grandest views I ever saw. It was not a waterfall, but an immense mountain-torrent dashing down-hill at an angle of twenty-five or thirty degrees, for not less than a mile right before us, like a vast, seething, billowy sea. The river-course was full of the huge granite boulders which lie about here as though the Titans had been playing at skittles in this country; and against these the angry waters dashed as though they would carry all before them, and, breaking, threw the milky spray up to the very tops of the trees which grew along the edge.

Where we stood at the foot of the rapids the stream took a winding turn down the mountain; but we had the whole mile of foaming rapid before us, seemingly pouring its mass of waters down upon our heads.



HEAD-WATERS OF THE NTAMBOUNAY.

These were the head-waters of the Ntambounay.

Drinking a few handfuls of its pure, clear, cool water, we travelled onward, still up hill and partly along the edge of the rapids. In another hour we reached a cleared space where a Mbondemo village had once stood, and where we were surrounded with some of the springs which contribute their waters to the torrent below us. And this was the summit.

From this elevation—about 5000 feet above the ocean level—I enjoyed an unobstructed view as far as the eye could reach. The hills we had surmounted the day before lay quietly at our feet, seeming mere molehills. On all sides stretched the immense virgin forests, with here and there the sheen of a watercourse. And far away in the east loomed the blue tops of the farthest range of the Sierra del Crystal, the goal of my desires. The murmur of the rapids below filled my ears, and, as I strained my eyes toward those distant mountains which I hoped to reach, I began to think how this wilderness would look if only the light of Christian civilization could once be fairly introduced among the black children of Africa. I dreamed of forests giving way to plantations of coffee, cotton, and spices; of peaceful negroes going to their contented daily tasks; of farming and manufactures; of churches and schools; and, luckily raising my eyes heavenward at this stage of my thoughts, saw pendent from the branch of a tree beneath which I was sitting an immense serpent, evidently preparing to gobble up this dreaming intruder on his domains.

My dreams of future civilization vanished in a moment. Luckily my gun lay at hand. I rushed out so as to "stand from under," and, taking good aim, shot my black friend through the head. He let go his hold, and, after dancing about a little on the ground, lay dead before me. He measured a little over thirteen feet in length, and his fangs proved that he was venomous.

And now that Christian civilization of which I had mused so pleasantly a few minutes before received another shock. My men cut off the head of the snake, and, dividing the body into proper pieces, roasted it and ate it on the spot; and I—poor, starved, but *civilized* mortal!—stood by, longing for a meal, but unable to stomach this. So much for civilization, which is a very good thing in its way, but has no business in an African forest when food is scarce.

When the snake was eaten, and I, the only empty-stomached individual of the company, had sufficiently reflected on the disadvantages of being bred in a Christian country, we began to look about the ruins of the village near which we sat. A degenerate kind of sugarcane was growing on the very spot where the houses had formerly stood, and I made haste to pluck some of this and chew it for the little sweetness it had. But as we were plucking my men perceived what instantly threw us all into the greatest excitement. Here and there the cane was beaten down, torn up by the roots, and lying about in fragments which had evidently been chewed.

I knew that these were fresh tracks of the gorilla, and joy filled my heart. My men looked at each other in silence, and muttered *Nguyla*, which is as much as to say in Mpongwe *Ngina*, or, as we say, gorilla.

We followed these traces, and presently came to the footprints of the so-long-desired animal. It was the first time I had ever seen these footprints, and my sensations were indescribable. Here was I now, it seemed, on the point of meeting face to face that monster of whose ferocity, strength, and cunning the natives had told me so much; an animal scarce known to the civilized world, and which no white man before had hunted. My heart beat till I feared its loud pulsations would alarm the gorilla, and my feelings were really excited to a painful degree.

By the tracks it was easy to know that there must have been several gorillas in company. We prepared at once to follow them.

The women were terrified, poor things! and we left them a good escort of two or three men to take care of them and reassure them. Then the rest of us looked once more carefully at our guns—for the gorilla gives you no time to reload, and woe to him whom he attacks! We were armed to the teeth. My men were remarkably silent, as they were going on an expedition of more than usual risk; for the male gorilla is literally the king of the African forest. He and the crested lion of Mount Atlas are the two fiercest and strongest beasts of this continent. The lion of South Africa cannot compare with either for strength or courage.

As we departed from the camp, the men and women left behind

crowded together, with fear written on their faces. Miengai, Makinda, and Ngolai set out in one party, and myself and Yeava formed another, for the hunt. We determined to keep near each other, that in emergency we might be at hand to help each other. And for the rest, silence and a sure aim were the only cautions to be given.

As we followed the tracks we could easily see that there were four or five of them; though none appeared very large. We saw where they had run along on all fours, the usual mode of progression of these animals; and where, from time to time, they had seated themselves to chew the canes they had borne off. The chace began to be very exciting.

We had agreed to return to the women and their guards, and consult upon final operations, when we should have discovered their probable course; and this was now done. To make sure of not alarming our prey, we moved the whole party forward a little way to where some leafy huts, built by passing traders, served for shelter and concealment. And having here bestowed the women—who have a lively fear of the terrible gorilla, in consequence of various stories current among the tribes of women having been carried off into the woods by the fierce animal—we prepared once more to set out in chace, this time hopeful to catch a shot.

Looking once more to our guns, we started off. I confess that I never was more excited in my life. For years I had heard of the terrible roar of the gorilla, of its vast strength, its fierce courage, if, unhappily, only wounded by a shot. I knew that we were about to pit ourselves against an animal which even the leopard of these mountains fears, and which, perhaps, has driven the lion out of this territory; for the king of beasts, so numerous elsewhere in Africa, is never met in the land of the gorilla. Thus it was with no little emotion that I now turned again toward the prize at which I had been hoping for years to get a shot.

We descended a hill, crossed a stream on a fallen log, and presently approached some huge boulders of granite. Alongside of this granite block lay an immense dead tree, and about this we saw many evidences of the very recent presence of the gorillas.

Our approach was very cautious. We were divided into two

parties. Makinda led one and I the other. We were to surround the granite block behind which Makinda supposed the gorillas to be hiding. Guns cocked and in hand, we advanced through the dense wood, which cast a gloom even in midday over the whole scene. I looked at my men, and saw plainly that they were in even greater excitement than myself.

Slowly we pressed on through the dense brush, fearing almost to breathe lest we should alarm the beasts. Makinda was to go to the right of the rock, while I took the left. Unfortunately, he circled it at too great a distance. The watchful animals saw him. Suddenly I was startled by a strange, discordant, half human, devilish cry, and beheld four young gorillas running toward the deep forests. We fired, but hit nothing. Then we rushed on in pursuit; but they knew the woods better than we. Once I caught a glimpse of one of the animals again, but an intervening tree spoiled my mark, and I did not fire. We ran till we were exhausted, but in vain. The alert beasts made good their escape. When we could pursue no more we returned slowly to our camp, where the women were anxiously expecting us.

I protest I felt almost like a murderer when I saw the gorillas this first time. As they ran—on their hind legs—they looked fearfully like hairy men; their heads down, their bodies inclined forward, their whole appearance like men running for their lives. Take with this their awful cry, which, fierce and animal as it is, has yet something human in its discordance, and you will cease to wonder that the natives have the wildest superstitions about these "wild men of the woods."

In our absence the women had built large fires and prepared the camp, which was not so comfortable as last night's, but yet protected us from rain. I changed my clothes, which had become wet through by the frequent torrents and puddles we ran through in our eager pursuit, and then we sat down to our supper, which had been cooked meantime. And now I noticed that, by the improvidence of the women, who are no better managers than the men (poor things!), all my plantains were gone—eaten up; so that I had to depend for next day—and in fact for the remainder of our passage to the Fan tribe—on two or three biscuits which, luckily, I yet possessed.

As we lay about the fire in the evening before going to sleep

the adventure of the day was talked over, and of course there followed some curious stories of the gorillas. I listened in silence to the conversation, which was not addressed to me, and was rewarded by hearing the stories as they are believed, and not as a stranger would be apt to draw them out by questions.

One of the men told a story of two Mbondemo women who were walking together through the woods, when suddenly an immense gorilla stepped into the path, and, clutching one of the women, bore her off in spite of the screams and struggles of both. The other woman returned to the village, sadly frightened, and related the story. Of course her companion was given up for lost. Great was the surprise, therefore, when, a few days afterward, she returned to her home. She related that the gorilla had misused her, but that she had eventually escaped from him.

"Yes," said one of the men, "that was a gorilla inhabited by a spirit."

Which explanation was received with a general grunt of approval.

They believe, in all this country, that there is a kind of gorilla —known to the initiated by certain mysterious signs, but chiefly by being of extraordinary size—which is the residence of certain spirits of departed negroes. Such gorillas, the natives believe, can never be caught or killed; and, also, they have much more shrewdness and sense than the common animal. In fact, in these "possessed" beasts, it would seem that the intelligence of man is united with the strength and ferocity of the beast. No wonder the poor African dreads so terrible a being as his imagination thus conjures up.

One of the men told how, some years ago, a party of gorillas were found in a cane-field tying up the sugarcane in regular bundles, preparatory to carrying it away. The natives attacked them, but were routed, and several killed, while others were carried off prisoners by the gorillas; but in a few days they returned home uninjured, with this horrid exception: the nails of their fingers and toes had been torn off by their captors.

Some years ago a man suddenly disappeared from his village. It is probable that he was carried off by a tiger; but as no news came of him, the native superstition invented a cause for his absence. It was related and believed that, as he walked through the wood one day, he was suddenly changed into a hideous large

gorilla, which was often pursued afterwards, but never killed, though it continually haunted the neighbourhood of the village.

Here several spoke up and mentioned names of men now dead whose spirits were known to be dwelling in gorillas.

Finally was rehearsed the story which is current among all the tribes who at all know the gorilla: that this animal lies in wait in the lower branches of trees, watching for people who go to and fro; and, when one passes sufficiently near, grasps the luckless fellow with his powerful feet, and draws him up into the tree, where he quietly chokes him.

Many of the natives agree, I say, in ascribing to the animal this trait of lying in wait for his enemies and drawing them up to him by his "lower hands," as they may properly be called. But I have little doubt that this story is incorrect. Of course, the secluded habits of this animal, which lives only in the darkest forests, and carefully shuns all approach to man, help to fill the natives with curious superstitions regarding it.

This day we travelled fifteen miles, ten of which were easterly, and five to the south-east.

The next day we went out on another gorilla-hunt, but found no traces at all. I came in very tired; ate all my sea-bread; and though we tried our best, we did not manage to reach a certain settlement which Makinda had assured me was near. I was now at the end of my provisions. I have never been able to eat the wild nuts which the natives miserably subsist on in such straits, and began to feel anxious to reach some village. For travelling on an empty stomach is too exhausting to be very long endured, as former experience had taught me.

We rose early next morning, and trudged off breakfastless. There was not a particle of food among us. Singularly enough, I thought yesterday was Saturday, and only discovered to-day that it was Tuesday. We crossed several streams, and travelled all day through a forest of an almost chilling gloom and solitude, ascending, in the midst, the steepest and highest hill we have so far met with. I suppose it to be part of the third range of the Sierra.

I felt vexed at the thoughtlessness of my men, who ought to have provided food enough to last us. But I ought to praise the poor fellows, for, though long hungry themselves, they gave me the greater part of the few nuts they found. But there

is no nourishment for my poor civilized blood in these rude things.

This is one of the hardest days' travel I ever accomplished. We made twenty miles in a general direction of east, though some deductions must be made for deviations from a straight line.

The forest seemed deserted. Not a bird even to kill. We heard the chatter of a few monkeys, but sought in vain to get near them for a shot. When we camped I took a swallow of brandy and went to sleep, as the best way to forget my miseries.

The next morning I woke up feeble, but found that the fellows had killed a monkey, which, roughly roasted on the coals, tasted delicious, though I think, under average circumstances, the human look of the animal would have turned me from it. To add to our satisfaction, Makinda presently discovered a bee-hive in the hollow of a tree. We smoked the bees out and divided the honey, which was full of worms, but was nevertheless all eaten up. We were so nearly famished that we could scarce wait for the hive to be emptied. No sooner was the honey spread out on leaves and laid on the grass, than everyone of the men was ready to clutch the biggest piece he could lay his hand on and eat away. There might have been a fight, to prevent which I interposed, and divided the whole sweet booty into equal shares, reserving for myself only a share with the rest. This done, everyone—myself included—at once sat down and devoured honey, wax, dead bees, worms, dirt, and all, and our only sorrow was that we had not more.

We had a hard time getting through old elephant-tracks, which were the best road through the jungle. Saw no animals, but met with several gorilla-tracks.

Towards two o'clock the men began to be very jolly, which I took to be a sign of our approach to a village. Presently they shouted, and, looking up towards the face of a hill before us, I saw the broad leaves of the plantain, the forerunner of an African town. Since we left Mbene's town these were the first human habitations we had met with, and I was not a little refreshed by the sight.

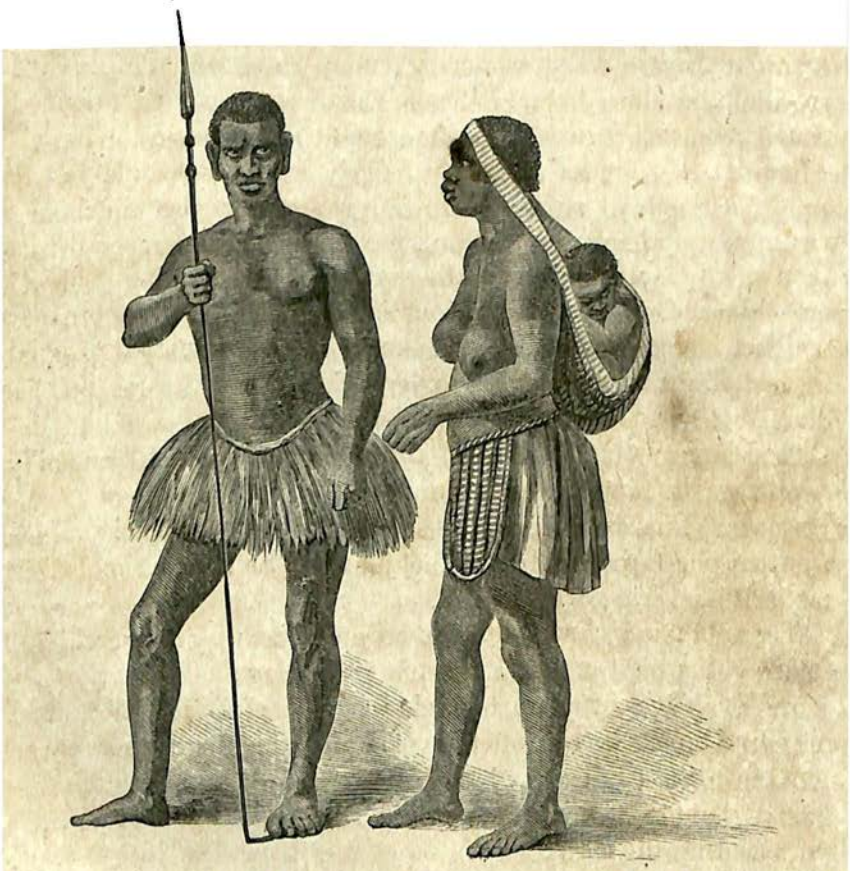
But alas! as we approached we found no one coming out to meet us, as is the hospitable way in Africa, and when we got to the place we found it entirely deserted. It was an old town of

Mbene's people. Presently, however, some *Mbicho* people living near, relatives of Mbene's, came to see us, and gave us some plantains. But I could not get what I needed most—a fowl.

The *Mbichos* were in great amazement. None had ever seen a white man before. They thought me very singular.

We spent the evening in our houses drying and warming ourselves. It was much better than the forest, even though it was only a deserted town.

I judged myself here about 150 miles from the coast. With the exception of a Mbicho town near by, we were now surrounded on three sides by *Fan* villages, and shall make the acquaintance of these cannibals in a very short time.



Mbondemo Man and Woman, showing manner of carrying Children and Burdens.

CHAPTER VII.

Famine — Encounter with the Fan — A desperate Situation — Fright at my appearance — A Fan Warrior — His Weapons — Fetiches — Women — I am closely examined — Gorilla-hunt — Signs of the Animal's presence — Appearance of the Male — Roar — Conduct — My first Gorilla — Division of the Spoils — Superstitions — Wandering Bakalai — Mournful Songs — Their Fear of Night — Cooking — Fan Town — Cannibal Signs — Presented to his cannibal Majesty — The King is scared at my appearance — Description of his Majesty — Mbene's Glory — The King in his War-dress — Arms of the Fan — A grand Dance — The Music.

NEXT day Mbene came, which gave me great relief, for he is a steadier and more influential man than his sons. He was exhausted from his travels, and when I told him we needed food, he immediately set off to a Fan village a few miles off for a supply. Unable to wait for his return, I started off with my men to meet him, hoping perhaps to shoot something by the way. My hunger accelerated my movements, and pretty soon I found myself half a mile ahead of my companions and in sight of a chattering monkey, who dodged me whenever I took aim at him, and whom I vainly tried to get down off his perch on the high tree where he lived.

After watching this animal for some time, I happened to look down before me, and beheld a sight which drove the monkey out of my mind in an instant. Judge of my astonishment when before me I saw a *Fan* warrior, with his two wives behind him. I was at first alarmed, but immediately saw that all three were quaking with deadly terror. The man's shield shook and rattled, to such a degree was he frightened; his mouth stood open—the lips were fairly white; one of his three spears had fallen to the ground, and the other two he held in a manner betokening abject fear.

The women had been carrying baskets on their heads, but these had been thrown to the ground, and they stood in perfect silence and terror looking at me.

They all thought, it appeared afterwards, that I was a spirit who had just come down out of the sky. As for me, my first

thought, when I took in the situation, was—Suppose these people grow desperate with fear, then I may have a poisoned arrow launched at me. And if they got over their terror ere my companions arrived, then I was likely to have a spear sent through me, unless I were quicker than my antagonist and shot him, which I by no means desired to do; for, aside from the hatred of unnecessary bloodshed, I should by such a course have endangered my life among his countrymen.

I smiled and tried to look pleasant, in order to reassure them a little; but this only made matters worse. They looked as though upon the point of sinking to the ground.

Fan Warrior.

Then I heard the voices of my men behind coming up, and presently I was safe, and the Fan people were relieved of their terror. Miengai smiled to see it, and told the man he need not regard me as a spirit, for I was his father's white man, come from the seashore on purpose to visit the Fan. Then I gave the women some strings of white beads, which did more than anything else to ease their fears.

On our return we found that Makinda had brought some plantains but no fowl. I had now been a week without tasting flesh, except only the wretched monkey we shot on the way, and felt very much in need of something hearty.

For the rest of the day we held levee in my house. Great crowds of *Fan* from the neighbouring villages came to see me. The men did not appear very much frightened, but the women and children were excessively so. But all kept at a very respectable distance. One glance from me toward a woman or child sufficed to make these run off.

If I was not frightened, I was at least as much surprised by all I saw as the Fan could be. These fellows, who now for the first time saw a white man with straight hair, were to me an equal surprise, for they are real, unmistakeable cannibals. And they were, by long odds, the most remarkable people I had thus far seen in Africa. They were much lighter in shade than any of the coast tribes, strong, tall, well made, and evidently active; and they seemed to me to have a more intelligent look than is usual to the African unacquainted with white men.

The men were almost naked. They had no cloth about the middle, but used instead the soft inside bark of a tree, over which in front, was suspended the skin of some wild-cat or tiger. They had their teeth filed, which gives the face a ghastly and ferocious look, and some had the teeth blackened besides. Their hair or "wool" was drawn out into long thin plaits; on the end of each stiff plait were strung some white beads, or copper or iron rings. Some wore feather caps, but others wore long queues made of their own wool and a kind of tow, dyed black and mixed with it, and giving the wearer a most grotesque appearance.

Over their shoulders was suspended the huge country knife, and in their hands were spears and the great shield of elephant-hide, and about the necks and bodies of all were hung a variety of fetiches and greegrees, which rattled as they walked.

The Fan shield is made of the hide of an *old* elephant, and only of that part which lies across the back. This, when dried and smoked, is hard and impenetrable as iron. The shield is about three feet long by two and a half wide.

Their fetiches consisted of fingers and tails of monkeys; of human hair, skin, teeth, bones; of clay, old nails, copper chains, shells; feathers, claws, and skulls of birds; pieces of iron, copper,

or wood; seeds of plants; ashes of various substances; and I cannot tell what more. From the great variety and plenty of these objects on their persons, I suppose these *Fan* to be a very superstitious people.

The women, who were even less dressed than the men, were much smaller than they, and, with the exception of the inhabitants of Fernando Po, who are called Boobies, I never saw such ugly women as these. These, too, had their teeth filed, and most had their bodies painted red, by means of a dye obtained from the bar-wood. They carried their babies on their backs in a sling or rest made of some kind of tree-bark and fastened to the neck of the mother.

Such were the strange people who now crowded about me, examining every part of my person and dress that I would allow to be touched, but especially wondering at my hair and my feet. The former they could not sufficiently admire. On my feet I had boots; and as my trowsers lay over these, they thought, naturally enough, that these boots were my veritable feet, and wondered greatly that my face should be of one colour and the feet of another. I showed myself to as good advantage as I knew how, and surprised them very much—as I wished to do—by shooting a couple of swallows on the wing in their presence. This was thought a wonderful feat. They all went off at four o'clock, promising to return to-morrow and bring me some fowls.

These *Fan* belong, I should think, to a different family of the negro race from the coast natives, or indeed any tribes I have seen before. Their foreheads do not seem so compressed; but it is curious that in many the head runs up into a kind of peak or sugar-loaf. This indicates a low scale of intelligence; but it must be said, to these people's credit, that they are in some things much more ingenious than their neighbours. They extract iron from the ore, and show great ingenuity, with such poor implements as they have, in making their weapons, as the illustrations I give of those in my collection will show.

The next day my men started for a gorilla-hunt. I saw them load their guns, and wondered why the poor cheap "trade" guns do not burst at every discharge. They put in first four or five "fingers" high of coarse powder, and ram down on this four or five pieces of iron-bar or rough broken iron, making the whole charge eight to ten fingers high. But they are not great marks-

men, and my skill with the rifle often called out expressions of wonder, and almost of superstitious fear from the best among them.

I killed some birds to-day, but I spent the day chiefly in looking about the town and neighbourhood—really doing nothing. As I walked along a Fan woman gravely asked me why I did not take off my clothes? She felt sure they must be a great hindrance to me, and if I would leave off these things I should be able to walk more easily.

The next day we went out all together for a gorilla-hunt. The country hereabouts is very rough, hilly, and densely crowded; consequently, hunting is scarcely to be counted sport. But a couple of days of rest had refreshed me, and I was anxious to be in at the death of a gorilla.

We saw several gorilla-tracks, and about noon divided our party, in the hope of surrounding the resting-place of one whose tracks were very plain. I had scarce got away from my party three hundred yards when I heard a report of a gun, then of three more, going off one after the other. Of course I ran back as fast as I could, and hoped to see a dead animal before me, but was once more disappointed. My Mbondemo fellows had fired at a female, had wounded her, as I saw by the clots of blood which marked her track, but she had made good her escape. We set out at once in pursuit; but these woods are so thick, so almost impenetrable, that pursuit of a wounded animal is not often successful. A man can only creep where the beast would run.

Night came upon us while we were still beating the bush, and it was determined to camp out and try our luck again on the morrow. Of course, I was only too glad. We shot some monkeys and birds, built our camp, and, while the men roasted their monkey-meat over the coals, I held my birds before the blaze on a stick. Fortunately we had food enough, and of a good kind, for next day.

We started early, and pushed for the most dense and impenetrable part of the forest, in hopes to find the very home of the beast I so much wished to shoot. Hour after hour we travelled, and yet no signs of gorilla. Only the everlasting little chattering monkeys—and not many of these—and occasionally birds. In fact, the forests of this part of Africa—as the reader has seen by

this time—are not so full of life as in some other parts to the south.

Suddenly Miengai uttered a little *cluck* with his tongue, which is the native's way of showing that something is stirring, and that a sharp look-out is necessary. And presently I noticed, ahead of us seemingly, a noise as of some one breaking down branches or twigs of trees.

This was the gorilla, I knew at once, by the eager and satisfied looks of the men. They looked once more carefully at their guns, to see if by any chance the powder had fallen out of the pans; I also examined mine, to make sure that all was right; and then we marched on cautiously.

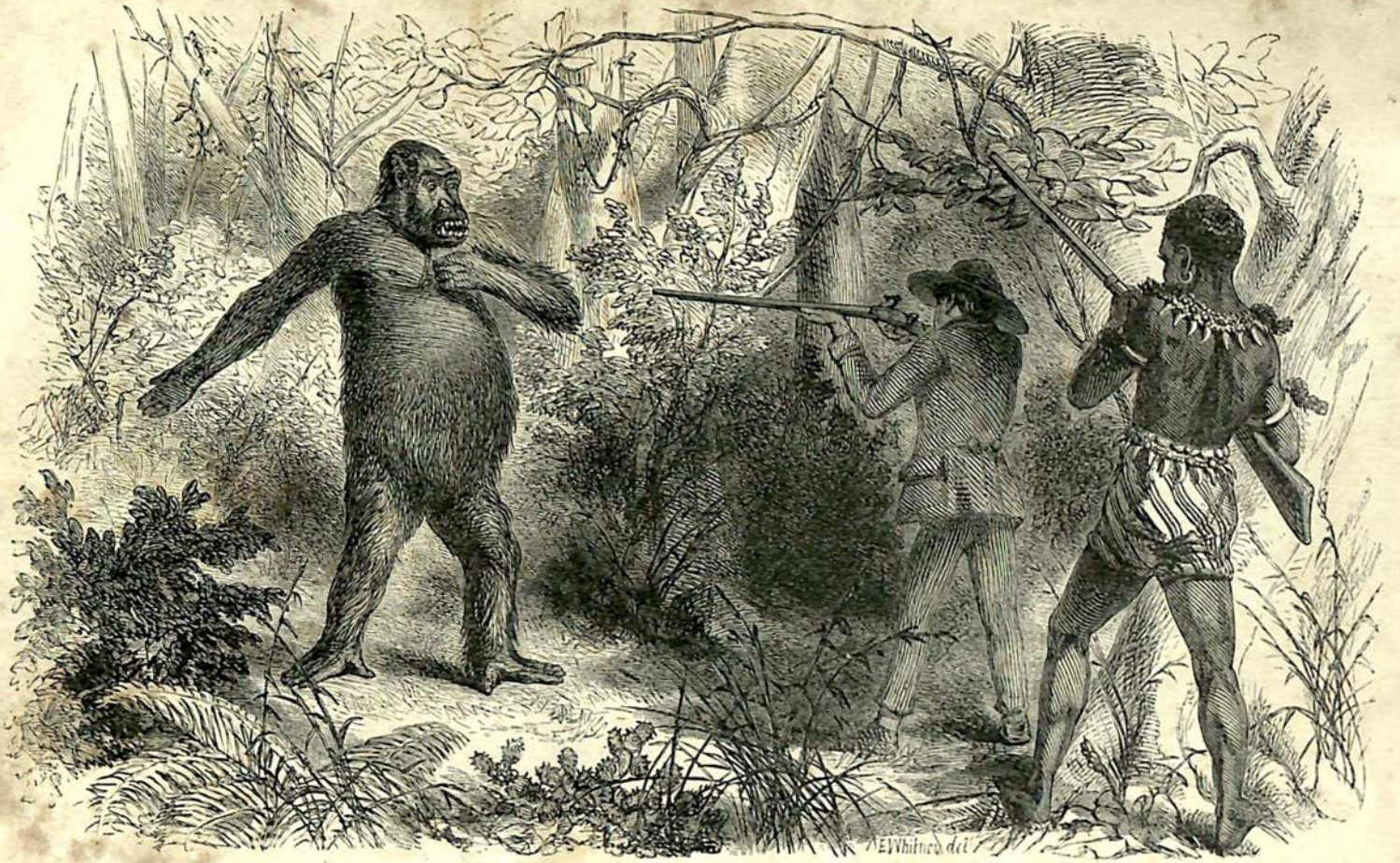
The singular noise of the breaking of tree-branches continued. We walked with the greatest care, making no noise at all. The countenances of the men showed that they thought themselves engaged in a very serious undertaking; but we pushed on, until finally we thought we saw through the thick woods the moving of the branches and small trees which the great beast was tearing down, probably to get from them the berries and fruits he lives on.

Suddenly, as we were yet creeping along, in a silence which made a heavy breath seem loud and distinct, the woods were at once filled with the tremendous barking roar of the gorilla.

Then the underbrush swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently before us stood an immense male gorilla. He had gone through the jungle on his all-fours; but when he saw our party he erected himself and looked us boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight I think I shall never forget. Nearly six feet high (he proved four inches shorter), with immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, with fiercely-glaring large deep gray eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me like some nightmare vision: thus stood before us this king of the African forest.

He was not afraid of us. He stood there, and beat his breast with his huge fists till it resounded like an immense bass-drum, which is their mode of offering defiance; meantime giving vent to roar after roar.

The roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. It begins with a sharp *bark*, like an angry dog, then glides into a deep bass *roll*, which literally



MY FIRST GORILLA.

and closely resembles the roll of distant thunder along the sky, for which I have sometimes been tempted to take it where I did not see the animal. So deep is it that it seems to proceed less from the mouth and throat than from the deep chest and vast paunch.

His eyes began to flash fiercer fire as we stood motionless on the defensive, and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful fangs were shown as he again sent forth a thunderous roar. And now truly he reminded me of nothing but some hellish dream creature—a being of that hideous order, half-man half-beast, which we find pictured by old artists in some representations of the infernal regions. He advanced a few steps—then stopped to utter that hideous roar again—advanced again, and finally stopped when at a distance of about six yards from us. And here, just as he began another of his roars, beating his breast in rage, we fired, and killed him.

With a groan which had something terribly human in it, and yet was full of brutishness, he fell forward on his face. The body shook convulsively for a few minutes, the limbs moved about in a struggling way, and then all was quiet—death had done its work, and I had leisure to examine the huge body. It proved to be five feet eight inches high, and the muscular development of the arms and breast showed what immense strength it had possessed.

My men, though rejoicing at our luck, immediately began to quarrel about the apportionment of the meat—for they really eat this creature. I saw that they would come to blows presently if I did not interfere, and therefore said I would myself give each man his share, which satisfied all. As we were too tired to return to our camp of last night, we determined to camp here on the spot, and accordingly soon had some shelters erected and dinner going on. Luckily, one of the fellows shot a deer just as we began to camp, and on its meat I feasted while my men ate gorilla.

I noticed that they very carefully saved the brain, and was told that charms were made of this—charms of two kinds. Prepared in one way, the charm gave the wearer a strong hand for the hunt, and in another it gave him success with women. This evening we had again gorilla stories—but all to the same

point already mentioned, that there are gorillas inhabited by human spirits.

We returned to our deserted village next day, and found a division of travelling Bakalai in possession. These people, with whom fortunately I could speak, had lived on the Noya, some distance from here. They were now moving, to be near some of their tribe. I asked why they left their former village, and learned that one morning one of their men, while out bathing in the river, had been shot. Hereupon they were seized with a panic, believed the town attacked by witches, and at once resolved to abandon it and settle elsewhere. They had all their household goods with them—chests, cloth, brass kettles, wash-basins, pans, &c., as well as a great quantity of yams, plantains, and fowls.

They were glad to get some tobacco from me, and I was glad to trade a little away for provisions.

At sunset every one of them retired within doors. The children ceased to play, and all became quiet in the camp where just before had been so much life and bustle. Then suddenly arose on the air one of those mournful, heart-piercing chants which you hear among all the tribes in this land—a wail whose burden seems to be, "There is no hope." It was a chant for their departed friends; and as they sang tears rolled down the cheeks of the women, fright marked their faces and cowed their spirits—for they have a belief that at the sunset hour the evil spirits walk abroad among them.

I listened to try to gather the words of their chants; but there was a very monotonous repetition of one idea—that of sorrow at the departure of some one.

Thus they sang:

"*We chi noli lubella pe na beshe.*
Oh, you will never speak to us any more,
We cannot see your face any more;
You will never walk with us again,
You will never settle our palavers for us."

And so on.

I thanked God that I was not a native African. These poor people lead dreadful and dreary lives. Not only have they to fear their enemies among neighbouring tribes, as well as the various accidents to which a savage life is especially liable, such

as starvation, the attacks of wild beasts, &c., but their whole lives are saddened and embittered by the fears of evil spirits, witchcraft, and other kindred superstitions under which they labour.

After they had chanted for half-an-hour, they came over to my house with various fowls and other food to buy "white man's tobacco" to cheer them on their journey. I was very glad to trade with them, and bought fowls, plantains, sugarcane, and pineapples. In Western Africa, men, women, and children, all smoke. They never chew, unless they learn the practice of the whites; but smoking seems to be a very grateful occupation to them.

To-night I found Miengai and Makinda, the unworthy sons of King Mbene, stealing my plantains. They had got off once before, so this time I pitched into them with my fists, and gave them as much punishment as I thought would answer them as a warning.

The next morning all was bustle in camp. The Bakalai were cooking a meal before setting out on their travels. It is astonishing to see the neatness with which these savages prepare their food. I watched some women engaged in boiling plantains, which form the bread of all this region. One built a bright fire between two stones. The others peeled the plantains, then carefully washed them—just as a clean white cook would—and, cutting them in several pieces, put them in the earthen pot; this was then half filled with water, covered over with leaves, over which were placed the banana peelings, and then the pot was placed on the stones to boil. Meat they had not, but roasted a few ground-nuts instead; but the boiled plantains they ate with great quantities of Cayenne pepper.

Next day we had promised to go among the *Fans* to live, so to-day we went hunting again. I had no padlock to my house, and was in a quandary how to leave what would certainly be stolen—all my provisions. Fortunately, I bethought me of some sealing-wax, and went to work to seal up my door with pieces of twine, to the great amusement of the rascally Miengai, who saw his game baulked, but could not help laughing. This evening, as I sat in my house, tired, I perceived a smell of burning meat. Stealing out, I found my fellows sitting about a fire and roasting an animal which I could not recognize. Their duty is to bring

me all they kill, but they evidently did not. They seemed much ashamed, and I told them they need not come to me for more powder.

The next morning we moved off for the Fan village, and now I had the opportunity to satisfy myself as to a matter I had cherished some doubt on before, namely, the cannibal practices of these people. I was satisfied but too soon. As we entered the town I perceived some bloody remains which looked to me to be human; but I passed on, still incredulous. Presently we passed a woman who solved all doubt. She bore with her a piece of the thigh of a human body, just as we should go to market and carry thence a roast or steak.

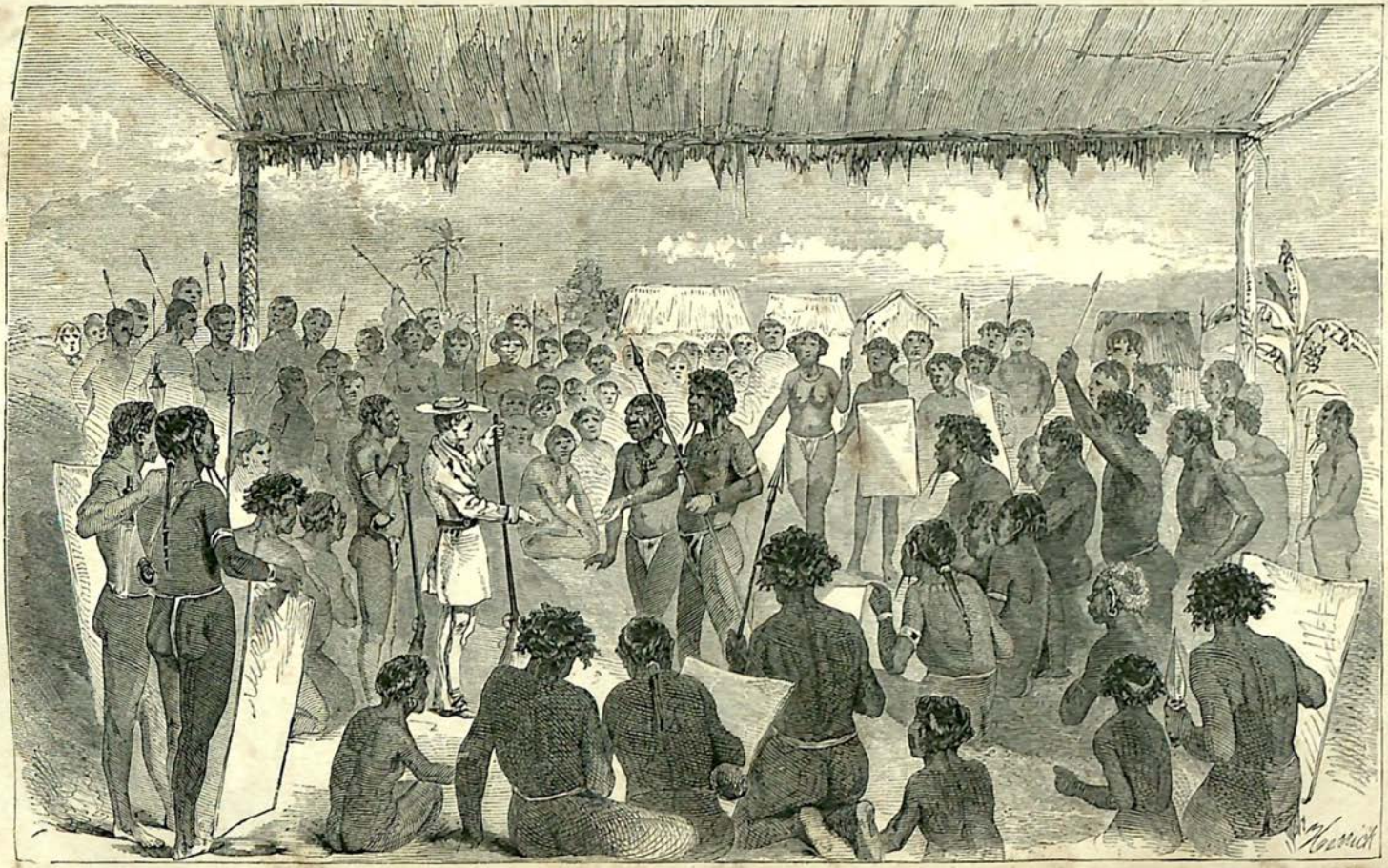
The whole village was much excited, and the women and children greatly scared at my presence. All fled into the houses as we passed through what appeared the main street—a long lane—in which I saw here and there human bones lying about.

At last we arrived at the palaver-house. Here we were left alone for a while, though we heard great shoutings going on at a little distance. I was told by one of them afterwards that they had been busy dividing the body of a dead man, and that there was not enough for all. The *head*, I am told, is a *royalty*, being saved for the king.

Presently they flocked in, and before long we were presented to the king. This personage was a ferocious looking fellow, whose body, naked with exception of the usual cloth about the middle, made of the bark of a tree, was painted red, and whose face, chest, stomach, and back, were tattooed in a rude but very effective manner. He was covered with charms, and was fully armed, as were all the Fans who now crowded the house to see me.

I do not know if the king had given himself a few extra horrid touches to impress me; but if so, he missed his mark, for I took care to retain a look of perfect impassiveness.

All the Fans present wore queues, but the queue of *Ndiayai* the king was the biggest of all, and terminated in two tails, in which were strung brass rings, while the top was ornamented with white beads. Brass anklets jingled as he walked. The front of his middle-cloth was a fine piece of tiger-skin. His beard was plaited in several plaits, which also contained white beads, and stuck out stiffly from the face. His teeth were filed



GRAND RECEPTION BY THE CANNIBALS.

sharp, and coloured black, so that the mouth of this old cannibal, when he opened it, put me uncommonly in mind of a tomb.

The queen, who accompanied her lord, and who was decidedly the ugliest woman I ever saw, and very old, was called Mashumba. She was nearly naked, her only article of dress being a strip of the Fan cloth, dyed red, and about four inches wide. Her entire body was tattooed in the most fanciful manner; her skin, from long exposure, had become rough and knotty. She wore two enormous iron anklets—iron being a very precious metal with the Fan—and had in her ears a pair of copper ear-rings two inches in diameter, and very heavy. These had so weighed down the lobes of her ears that I could have put my little finger easily into the holes through which the rings were run.

I think the king was a little shaken at sight of me. He had been originally much averse to the interview, from a belief that he would die in three days after seeing me. Finally Mbene persuaded him.

Mbene was in his glory. He had charge of a white man, and among a people whom he himself feared, but who he saw feared, in turn, *me*, whom he knew very well. He told the Fan king that he had brought him a spirit, who had come many thousands of miles across *the big water* to see the Fans.

The king replied that this was well, and sent off his queen—the ugly one—to prepare me a house. And after a few more civilities, but very little formality of any kind, his majesty withdrew.

Presently I was conducted to my house. The village was a new one, and consisted mostly of a single street about 800 yards long, on which were built the houses. The latter were small, being only eight or ten feet long, five or six wide, and four or five in height, with slanting roofs. They were made of bark, and the roofs were of a kind of matting made of the leaves of a palm-tree. The doors run up to the eaves, about four feet high, and there were no windows. In these houses they cook, eat, sleep, and keep their store of provisions, the chief of which is the smoked game and smoked human flesh, hung up to the rafters.

All the Fan villages are strongly fenced or palisadoed, and by night they keep a careful watch. They have also a little native dog, whose sharp bark is the signal of some one approaching from without. In the villages they are neat and

clean, the street being swept, and all garbage—except, indeed, the well-picked bones of their human subjects—is thrown out.

After visiting the house assigned me, I was taken through the town, where I saw more dreadful signs of cannibalism in piles of human bones, mixed up with other offal, thrown at the sides of several houses. I find that the men, though viewing me with great curiosity, are not any longer afraid of me, and even the women stand while I approach them. They are a more manly and courageous race than the tribes towards the coast.

Then we returned to the king, where we were presented to his four wives, who showed uncommon dislike to my presence. Mbene is in great glee, as wherever he goes he is surrounded with Fan fellows, who praise him for being the friend of the spirit. Indeed, he has always been proud of this, and tells now, with no little pleasure, to the astonished Fan, that two before me have visited him, which is a fact.

Towards evening we retired to our houses. I called the king into mine, and gave him a large bunch of white beads, a looking-glass, a file, fire-steel, and some gun-flints. His face was fairly illuminated with joy, and he took his leave, highly pleased. Presently afterwards one of the queens brought me a basket full of bananas. Some of these were already cooked, and these I at once refused, having a horrid loathing of the flesh-pots of these people. I stated at once my fixed purpose to have all cooking done for me in my own kettles, and mean to be involved in no man-eating—even at second-hand.

Shortly after sunset all became silent in the village, and everybody seemed inclined to go to sleep. I barred my door as well as I could with my chest, and lying down on the dreadful bed which was provided for me, placed my gun by my side ready for use. For though they be ever so friendly, I cannot get it out of my head that these people not only kill people, but eat them, and that some gastronomic caprice might tempt them to have me for a dinner while I am among them.

I said dreadful bed. It was a frame of bamboos, each about an inch in diameter. Of course it was rough; and I found my bones aching so in the morning, that I might as well have slept on a nail-heap or on a pile of cannon-balls. But I slept, and was not interrupted, though, on going out next morning, I saw a pile of ribs, leg and arm bones, and skulls (human) piled up at

NDIAYAI, KING OF THE FANS.

the back of my house, which looked horrid enough to me. In fact, symptoms of cannibalism stare me in the face wherever I go, and I can no longer doubt.

I had told the king that I should like to see him dressed in war array, so this morning (September 1st) he called upon me with his queen and a cortége of his chiefs. The body was again painted red; he wore a shield of elephant's hide, and was armed for the offensive with three spears and a little bag of poisoned arrows. His head was splendidly decorated with the red feathers of a *touracaw* (corythaix); his teeth were painted very black; and his whole body was covered with greegrees and fetiches, to protect him from death by spears, guns, and witches.

Everybody admired the head-dress of Mashumba, the queen. It was a cap of white beads. These beads form the most desired ornaments of the blacks, and, with tobacco and powder, are the best trade a traveller can take into the interior.

Ndiayai remarked that, while surrounded by his warriors, he feared nothing, and spoke of the bravery of his people; and I am ready to believe them an unusually warlike tribe. They pointed out one man to me who bore the name of "*Leopard*" because of his bravery. He had killed many of their enemies, and also many elephants.

Fan Bowman.

They have a great diversity of arms. Among the crowd to-day I saw men armed with cross-bows, from which are shot either iron-headed arrows, or the little, insignificant-looking,

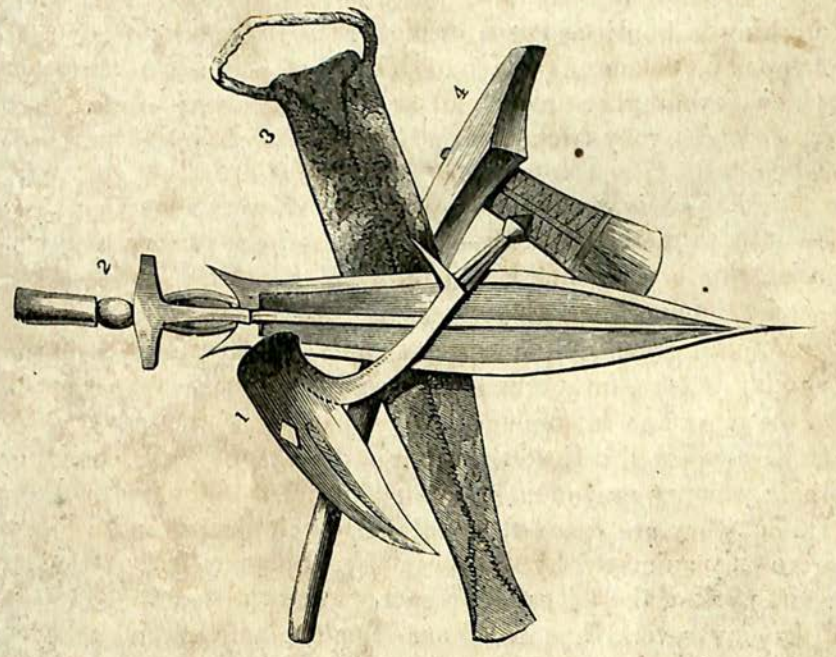
but really most deadly, poison-tipped arrows. These are only slender, harmless reeds, a foot long, whose sharpened ends are dipped into a deadly vegetable poison which these people know how to make. The arrows are so light that they would blow away if simply laid in the groove of the bow. To prevent this, they use a kind of sticky gum, a lump of which is kept on the under side of the bow, and with which a small spot in the groove is lightly rubbed. The handle of the bow is ingeniously split, and by a little peg, which acts as a trigger, the bow-string is disengaged, and, as the spring is very strong, sends the arrow to a great distance, and, light as it is, with great force. But the merest puncture kills inevitably. They are good marksmen with their bows, which require great strength to bend. They have to sit on their haunches, and apply both feet to the middle of the bow, while they pull with all their strength on the string to bend it back.

The larger arrows have an iron head, something like the sharp barbs of a harpoon. These are used for hunting wild beasts, and are about two feet long. But the more deadly weapon is the the little insignificant stick of bamboo, not more than twelve inches long, and simply sharpened at one end. This is the famed poison-arrow—a missile which bears death wherever it touches, if only it pricks a pin's-point of blood. The poison is made of the juices of a plant which was not shown me. They dip the sharp ends of the arrows several times in this sap, and let it get thoroughly dried into the wood. It gives the point a red colour. The arrows are very carefully kept in a little bag, made neatly of the skin of some wild animal. They are much dreaded among the tribes about here, as they can be thrown or projected with such power as to take effect at a distance of fifteen yards, and with such velocity that you cannot see them at all till they are spent. This I have often proved myself. There is no cure for a wound from one of these harmless-looking little sticks—death follows in a very short time.

Poisoned Arrows.

Some of the Fans bore on their shoulders the terrible war-axe figured below, one blow of which quite suffices to split a human skull. Some of these axes, as well as their spears and other iron-work, were beautifully ornamented with scroll-work, and wrought in graceful lines and curves which spoke well for their artisans.

The war-knife, which hangs by the side, is a terrible weapon for a hand-to-hand conflict, and, as they explained to me, is designed to thrust through the enemy's body; they are about three feet long. There is another huge knife also worn by some of the men now in the crowd before me. This is over a foot long, by about eight inches wide, and is used to cut down through the shoulders of an adversary. It must do tremendous execution.



Fan Knife and Axes.
1. Tomahawk. 2. Knife. 3. Sheath. 4. War-axe.

Then there is a very singular pointed axe, which is thrown from a distance, as American Indians are said to use the tomahawk. The figure (1) will give the reader an idea of the curious shape of this weapon. When thrown it strikes with the *point* down, and inflicts a terrible wound. They use it with great dexterity. The object aimed at with this axe is the head. The

point penetrates to the brain, and kills the victim immediately; and then the round edge of the axe is used to cut the head off, which is borne off by the victor as a trophy.

The spears, which are six to seven feet in length, are thrown by the natives with great force, and with an accuracy of aim which never ceased to surprise me. They make the long slender rod fairly whistle through the air. Most of them can throw a spear effectively to the distance of from twenty to thirty yards.

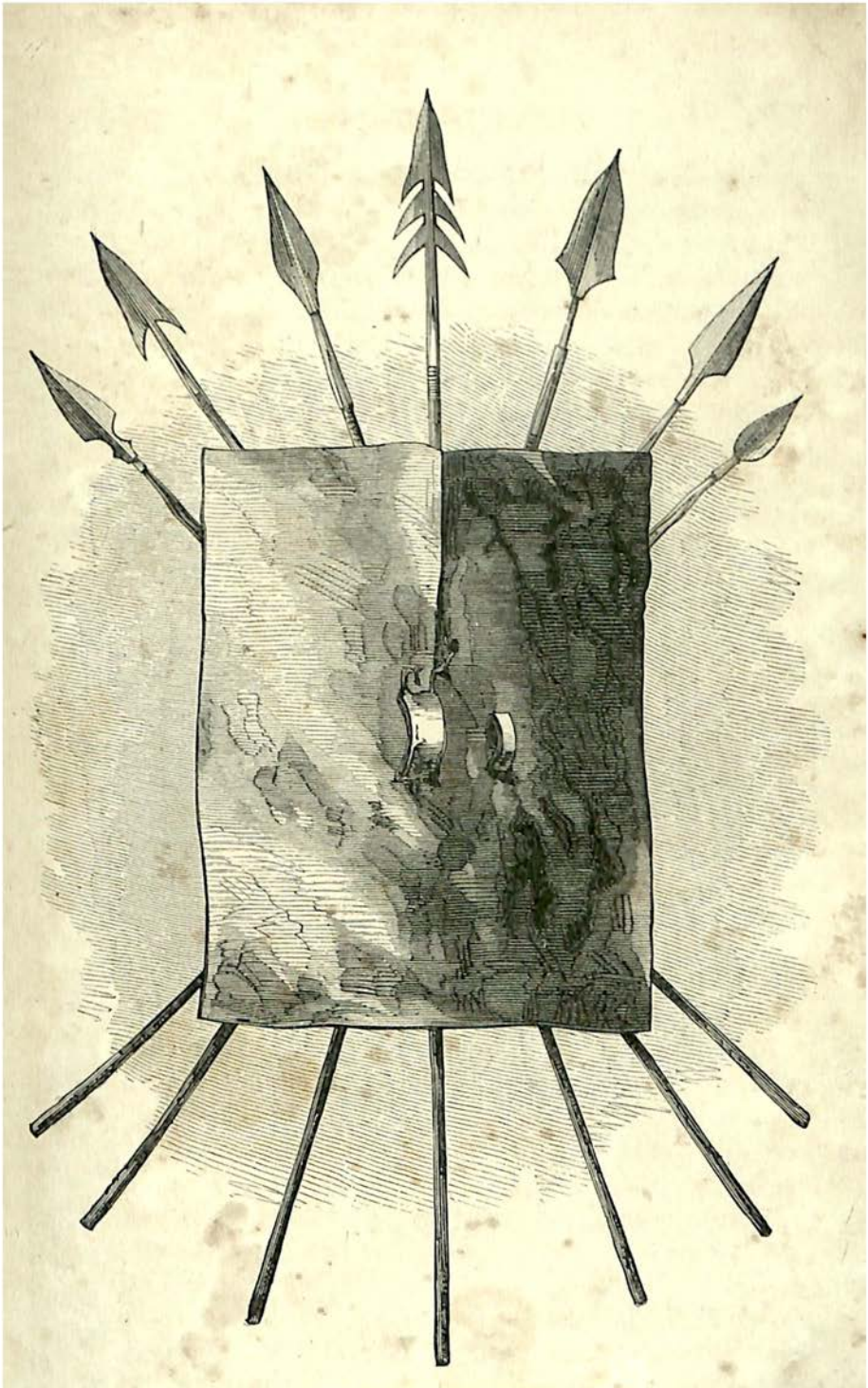
Most of the knives and axes were ingeniously sheathed in covers made of snake-skins, or human skin taken from some victim in battle. Many of these sheaths are ingeniously made, and are slung round the neck by cords, which permit the weapon to hang at the side out of the wearer's way.

Though so warlike, they have no armour. In fact, their working in iron is as yet too rude for such a luxury. The only weapon of defence is the huge shield of elephant's hide; but this is even bullet-proof; and as it is very large—three and a half feet long by two and a half broad—it suffices to cover the whole body.

Besides their weapons, many of the men wore a smaller knife—but also rather unwieldy—which served the various offices of a jack-knife, a hatchet, and a table-knife. But, though rude in shape, they used it with great dexterity.

It was a grand sight to see so many stalwart, martial, fierce-looking fellows, fully armed and ready for any desperate foray, gathered in one assemblage. Finer-looking men I never saw; and I could well believe them brave, did not the completeness of their armoury prove that war is a favourite pastime with them. In fact, they are dreaded by all their neighbours, and, if they were only animated by the spirit of conquest, would soon make short work of the tribes between them and the coast.

To-day several hundred Fans from the surrounding villages came in to see me. Okolo, a great king among them, gave me his knife, saying it had already killed a man. To-night there is a great dance in honour of the arrival of a spirit (myself) among them. This dance was the wildest scene I ever saw. Everybody was there; and I, in whose honour the affair was, had to assist by my presence. The only music was that of a rude drum—an instrument made of a certain kind of wood, and of deer or goat skins. The cylinder was about four feet long, and



FAN SHIELD AND SPEARS.

Presently a kind of hunting-horn was sounded, and the chase began. Parties were stationed at different parts of the *barrier* or "tangle," as we will call it, which had an astonishing extent, and must have cost much toil to make. Others stole through the woods in silence and looked for their prey.

When they find an elephant they approach very carefully. The object is to scare him and make him run toward some part of the barrier—generally not far off. To accomplish this, they often crawled at their full length along the ground, just like snakes, and with astonishing swiftness.

The first idea of the animal is flight. He rushes ahead almost blindly, but is brought up by the barrier of vines. Enraged, and still more terrified, he tears everything with his trunk and feet. But in vain; the tough vines, nowhere fastened, give to every blow, and the more he labours, the more fatally he is held.

Meantime, at the first rush of the elephant the natives crowd round; and while he is struggling in their toils they are plying him with spears, often from trees, till the poor wounded beast looks like a huge porcupine. This spearing does not cease till they have killed their prey.

To-day we killed four elephants in this way. It was quite an exciting time to the natives, though I confess of less interest to me after I had seen the first killed. It seemed monotonous and somewhat unfair; nevertheless, there is sufficient danger about it. The elephants about here have the reputation of holding man in slight fear, and the approach and attack are work for the greatest courage and presence of mind. Even then fatal accidents occur. To-day a man was killed. I was not present at the accident, but he seems to have lost his presence of mind, and when the elephant charged with great fury at a crowd of assailants, he was caught, and instantly trampled under foot.

When his companions saw that he was dead, they in turn grew furious, and actually pursued the elephant, which was making its escape, charged upon it, and so beset it with spears, that in a few minutes it was dead. I never saw men so excited with rage. They began even to cut the dead animal to pieces for revenge.

They have certain precautionary rules for these hunts, which show that they understand the animal. For instance, they say

you must never approach an elephant but from behind, as he cannot turn very fast, and you have time to make your escape after firing. Great care is necessary that the vines, which are so fatal to the elephant, do not also catch his pursuers. I was told that it was not unfrequent for a man to be thus hopelessly entangled, and then deliberately killed by the elephant. Often it becomes necessary for the hunters to retreat, and, as they can scarce outrun the great heavy animal, at such times all hands take refuge in trees, which they climb with astonishing swiftness —almost like monkeys. Even then, however, a man must select a stout tree; and *Ndiayai* told me of a case where a small sapling was pulled down by an enraged beast, and the occupant had a narrow escape for his life.

Now followed the rites with which they offer thanks for a good day's hunt to the idol who, in their belief, guides their fortunes. Without these preliminary rites, no meat is touched.

First comes the whole party and dances around the elephant, while the medicine or greegree men cut off a portion—invariably from one of the hind legs—of each elephant. This was the meat intended for an offering to the idol. This meat was put into baskets, afterward to be cooked under the direct superintendence of the greegree man and the men who killed the particular animal. Finally, the whole party danced about the baskets and sung songs to their idol, begging for another such good hunt as this one.

The king was of opinion that if this ceremony were neglected they would get nothing next time; but thought their songs and dances would please the idol, who would give them even more elephants in future.

The sacrificial meats are taken into the woods, where it is probable they regale some panther—if the shrewd medicine-man does not himself come and eat them. And the body of the poor fellow who was killed to-day is, I am told, to be sent to another Fan village, *to be sold and eaten.* This seems the proper and usual end of the Fans.

The elephants were cut up the next day, and the meat was all hung up to be *smoked,* which these natives understand how to do.

The persistence with which the elephant in this part of the country sticks to a spot which affords him such leaves as he best

likes, is very remarkable. It is in part, probably, from a scarcity of his favourite trees. I have seen them remain for days in the immediate vicinity of such a set of fences as I have described, where the natives, of course, each day killed some. Sometimes, too, they will almost enter the towns, pulling down the small trees, and breaking branches off the larger, to get the food which best suits their taste. Often, however, they leave a neighbourhood at the first attack, when the natives follow and make new fences.

They have another way to kill elephants, which I saw used in the woods this day, and have often seen since. They discover a walk or path through which it is likely that a herd or single animal will soon pass. Then they take a piece of very heavy wood, which the *Bakalai* call *hanou*, and trice it up into a high tree, where it hangs, with a sharp point, armed with iron, pointing downward. It is suspended by a rope, which is so arranged that the instant the elephant touches it—which he cannot help doing if he passes under the *hanou*—it is loosed, and falls with tremendous force on to his back, the iron point wounding him, and the heavy weight generally breaking his spine.

It is generally supposed that the elephant is found only in the plains; but, from various observations in this region, I conclude that the animal also frequents the mountains and rough high country. Their tracks are frequently met with among the mountains, and several times I have scarcely been able to believe my eyes when I saw plainly the footprints of the huge animal in spots which it could only have attained by the ascent of almost precipitous hill-sides—ascents which we found it difficult to make ourselves.

The elephant-meat, of which the Fan seem to be very fond, and which they have been cooking and smoking for three days, is the toughest and most disagreeable meat I ever tasted. I cannot explain its taste, because we have no flesh which tastes like it; but it seems full of muscular fibre or gristle, and when it has been boiled for two days, twelve hours each day, it is still tough. The flavour is not unpleasant; but, though I have tried at different times to accustom myself to it, I found only that my disgust grew greater.

It rained all the time we were in the bush, which made me rather glad when the time came for our return to the town, where I once more got on dry clothes, and slept in a dry place.

As we were returning, I learned from the king a very curious particular of the Fan customs, of which I did not suspect any of these West African tribes. It appears that they never marry their girls before they have arrived at the age of puberty, and that they have a care for the chastity of their young women. In most of the tribes it is common for children of three or four years to be married to men grown—who, of course, have thenceforth a claim on all the relatives of this baby-wife—and it is not at all infrequent to find a female child betrothed at birth. I had already remarked, what I suppose is the natural result of the Fan custom, that these people have more children by far than either the Shekiani, Bakalai, Mbicho, Mbondemo, Mbousha, or any of the interior tribes I have seen north of the equator. Those tribes are gradually but surely disappearing, but the Fans seem likely to survive.

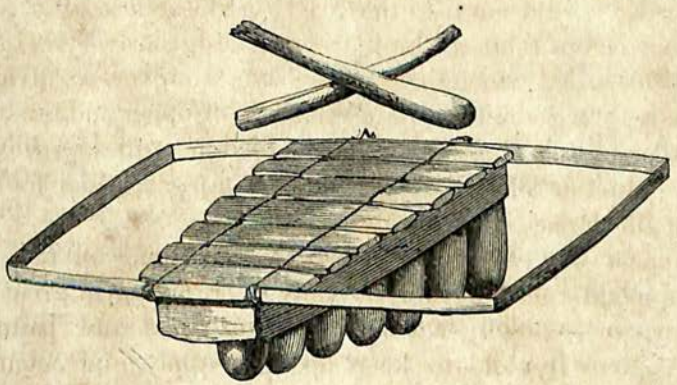
The Fan marriage ceremonies are very rude, but are an occasion of great jollity. Of course, the husband has to buy his wife, and the shrewd father makes a bargain with him as well as he can, putting on a great price if the man's love is very ardent; so that I was told it sometimes took years before a man could buy and marry his wife. If trade with the seashore were better it would not be so hard; but as "trade" is the most precious thing, "trade goods" are always expected as payment for a wife. Hence their bravery as hunters; for ivory is one of the chief articles they send down to the coast; and though, after a hunt like that before related, the meat is shared, the ivory belongs to those who killed the animal, who have, however, to divide the proceeds with their immediate relatives. Copper and brass rings, white beads, and the copper pans called neptunes on the coast, are the chief articles of trade which are a legal tender for a wife among the Fans.

When a wedding is in prospect the friends of the happy couple spend many days in obtaining and laying in great stores of provisions—chiefly smoked elephant-meat and palm-wine. They engage hunters to keep up the supply, and accumulate enough to feed the great numbers who are expected to come. When all is ready, the whole town assembles, and, without any ceremony, but merely as a public sale, as it were, the father hands his daughter to her husband, who has generally already paid her price.

The "happy pair" are, of course, dressed finely for the occasion. The bridegroom is attired in a feather head-dress of glowing colours; his body is oiled; his teeth are black and polished as ebony; his huge knife hangs at his side; and if he can kill a leopard or panther, or other rare animal, its skin is wrapped about his middle in a graceful way. The bride is very simply dressed, or rather she is (like all the Fan women) not dressed at all. But for this occasion she is *ornamented* with as many bracelets as she can get, of brass or copper, and wears her woolly locks full of white beads.

When all are assembled, and the bride is handed over to her lord, a general jollification ensues, which lasts sometimes for many days. They eat elephant meat, get tipsy on palm-wine, dance, sing, and seem to enjoy themselves very much, until at last wine grows scarce, and the crowd returns to an involuntary sobriety.

Their dances I have already alluded to, as well as the drum which figures on such occasions, and which is the more highly valued the greater noise it makes. But I found them also playing upon an instrument of another kind, and of so ingenious a construction that it is not altogether unworthy of more civilized people. This, which they call the handja, consists of a light reed frame, 3 feet long by 1½ broad, into which are set and securely fastened a set of hollow gourds covered by strips of a hard



The Handja.

red wood found in the forests. Each of these cylinders is of a different size, and all are so graduated that the set form a regular series of notes. A handja generally contains seven. The per-

former sits down, lays the frame across his knees, and strikes the strips lightly with a stick. There are two sticks, one hard, the other soft, and the principle is the same on which music has been produced in France from a series of glasses. The tone is very clear and good; and though their tunes are very rude, they can play them with considerable skill. Each gourd has a little hole on the side, covered with the skin of a spider.

While I was talking to the king to-day (9th), some *Fans* brought in a dead body which they had bought in a neighbouring town, and which was now to be divided. I could see that the man had died of some disease. I confess I could not bear to stay for the cutting up of the body, but retreated when all was ready. It made me sick all over. I remained till the infernal scene was about to begin, and then retreated. Afterwards I could hear them from my house growing noisy over the division.

Eating the bodies of persons who have died of sickness is a form of cannibalism of which I had never heard among any people, so that I determined to inquire if it were indeed a general custom among the Fans, or merely an exceptional freak. They spoke without embarrassment about the whole matter, and I was informed that they constantly buy the dead of the Osheba tribe, who, in return, buy theirs. They also buy the dead of other families in their own tribes, and, besides this, get the bodies of a great many slaves from the Mbichos and Mbondemos, for which they readily give ivory, at the rate of a small tusk for a body.

Until to-day I never could believe two stories—both well authenticated, but seeming quite impossible to anyone unacquainted with this people—which are told of them on the Gaboon. A party of Fans who came down to the seashore once actually stole a freshly-buried body from the cemetery, and cooked it and ate it among them; and at another time a party conveyed a body into the woods, cut it up, and smoked the flesh, which they carried away with them. The circumstances made a great fuss among the Mpongwe, and even the missionaries heard of it, for it happened at a village not far from the missionary grounds, but I never credited the stories till now, though the facts were well authenticated by witnesses.*

* These stories seem so incredible, and even the fact that these people actually buy and eat the corpses of their neighbours — resting as it does upon

In fact, the Fans seem regular ghouls, only they practise their horrid custom unblushingly and in open day, and have no shame about it. I have seen here knives covered with human skin, which their owners valued very highly.

To-day the queen brought me some boiled plantain, which looked very nice; but the fear lest she should have cooked it in some pot where a man had been cooked before—which was most likely the case—made me unable to eat it. On these journeys I have fortunately taken with me sufficient pots to do my own cooking.

They are the finest, bravest-looking set of negroes I have seen in the interior, and eating human flesh seems to agree with them, though I afterwards saw other Fan tribes whose members had not the fine air of these mountaineers. As everywhere else, location seems to have much to do with it. These were living among the mountains, and had all the appearance of hardy mountaineers.

The strangest thing about the Fans (next to their hideous cannibalism) is their constant encroachments upon the land westward. Year by year tribes of Fan are found nearer the seashore; town after town is being settled by them on the banks of the Gaboon; and in the country between the Gaboon and the Moondah they have come down to within a few miles of Point Obendo. In fact they seem a stirring race, and more enterprising than the Bakalai, Mbondemo, Mbicho, and even the Mpongwe; and I think will leave these gradually behind and take possession themselves of the whole line of seashore—when they *may* degenerate, though it is to be hoped they will not.

It has been supposed that these Fans are, in fact, the *Giaghi* or *Jaga*, who formerly invaded the kingdom of Congo, and who seem to have been much such a people. The fact is, however, that in my later journeys to the head-waters of the Nazareth, and into the interior, south of the present location of the Fans, I could find no tribes who knew anything of such a people.

my statement alone—has excited so much evident disbelief among friends in this country to whom I have mentioned this custom, that I am very glad to be able to avail myself of the concurrent testimony of a friend, the Rev. Mr. Walker, of the Gaboon mission, who authorises me to say that he vouches for the entire truth of the two stories above related.

Now the migration of the Fans is so slow a process that, whichever way they move, it is impossible they should not be remembered by the tribes among whose villages they have scattered their own; and were they, indeed, the Jaga of the south, I must have come on their traces somewhere. Moreover, all the Fans, when asked whence they came, point to the north-east. No matter how many different men or villages you put this question to, the answer is always the same.

The Fans are in colour dark brown rather than black, but have curly or woolly hair. They are lighter in colour than the Bakalai, Shekiani, and other surrounding tribes. They tattoo themselves more than any of the other tribes I have met north of the equator, but not so much as some to the south. The men are less disfigured in this way than the women, who take great pride in having their breasts and abdomen entirely covered with the blue lines and curves. Their cheeks also are fully marked in various figures, and this, with the immense copper and iron rings which weigh down the lobes of their ears, gives them a hideous appearance.

They have considerable ingenuity in manufacturing iron. The articles of trade which they wish for most seem to be white beads—used for ornaments everywhere in this part of Africa—and vessels of copper and brass. The "neptune"—a plate of yellow copper, which has long been one of the standard articles of trade imported hither by the merchants, and which is found very far in the interior—the Fans cut up, and it seems to pass as a kind of medium of exchange.

Iron ore is found in considerable quantities through the Fan country cropping out at the surface. They do not dig into the ground for it, but gather what lies about. To get the iron they build a huge pile of wood, heap on this a considerable quantity of the ore broken up, then comes more wood, and then fire is applied to the whole. As it burns away, wood is thrown on contin ally, till at last they perceive, by certain signs, that they have made the iron fluid. All is then permitted to cool, and they have now *cast* iron. To make this malleable and give it temper, they put it through a most tedious serious of heatings and hammerings, till at last they turn out a very superior article of iron and steel, much better than that which is brought to them from Europe. It is a fact that, to make their best knives

and arrow-heads, they will not use the European or American iron, but prefer their own. And many of their knives and swords are really very finely made, and, for a rude race, beautifully ornamented by scroll-work on the blades.

As blacksmiths, they very far surpass all the tribes of this region who have not come in contact with the whites. Their warlike habits have made iron a most necessary article to them; and though their tools are very simple, their patience is great, and, as the reader will perceive from the pictures of their arms, they produce some very neat workmanship.

The forge is set up anywhere where a fire can be built. They have invented a singular bellows, composed of two short, hollowed

Fan Blacksmiths.

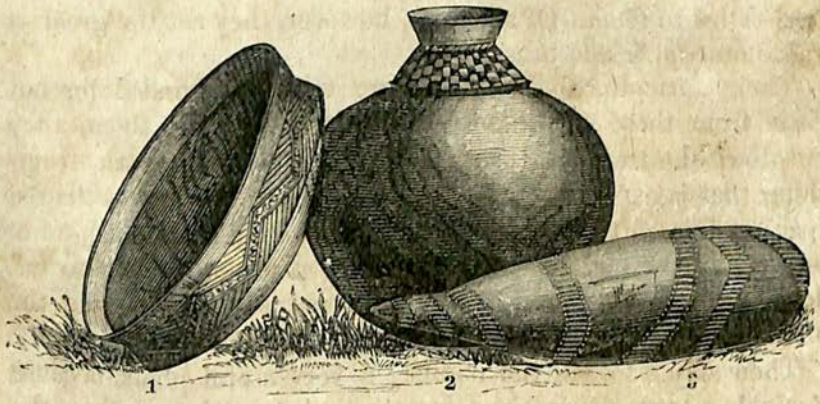
cylinders of wood, surmounted by skins accurately fitted on, and having an appropriate valve and a wooden handle. The bellows-man sits down, and moves these coverings up and down with great rapidity, and the air is led through small wooden pipes into an iron joint which emerges in the fire.

The anvil is a solid piece of iron of the shape seen in the illustration. The sharp end is stuck into the ground, and the

blacksmith sits alongside of his anvil and beats the iron with a singular hammer, which is simply a piece of iron weighing from three to six pounds, and in shape a truncated cone. It has no handle, but is held by the smaller end, and, of course, the blows require much more strength. It is a little curious that, with all their ingenuity, they should not have discovered so simple a thing as a handle for a hammer.

Time is of no value to a Fan, and the careful blacksmith spends often many days and even weeks over the manufacture of a small knife, while weeks and months are used to turn out a finished war-knife, spear, or brain-hatchet. The small, graceful, and often intricate lines with which the surfaces of all their best weapons are very beautifully ornamented, are all made by the hand and a chisel-like instrument, struck with the hammer. They evince a correct eye, and a good deal of artistic taste.

They have also some skill in forming pottery, though the only objects of clay they use are the cooking-pot and the pipe. The former is in shape much like our common iron cooking-pot. It is remarkable chiefly for the very regular shape they give it merely by hand, for of the lathe they are, of course, ignorant. When the clay is moulded it is set in the sun to dry, and



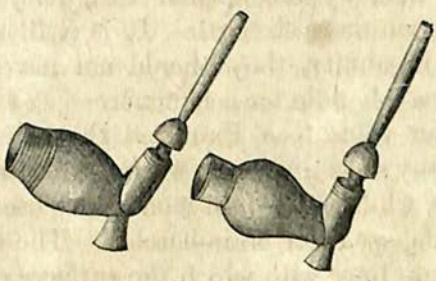
Fan Pottery.

1. Cooking-pot. 2. Water-jar. 3. Palm-wine Bottle.

afterwards thoroughly baked in the fire. Pipes are made in the same way, but the stems are always of wood. Many of the Fan had *iron* pipes, which they seemed to prefer to those of clay.

Water is carried or kept in gourds, and in jugs made of a

kind of reed tightly woven and afterward coated with a kind of gum. This gum is first softened in the fire, and then thickly laid over the outside of the vessel. When completed, it forms



Fan Pipes.

a durable, water-tight vessel; but it is necessary, before using it, to keep it standing in water for a fortnight, to take away the disagreeable taste of the gum.

They smoke leaves which looked to me like a kind of wild tobacco, and which seem to grow plentifully here.

The meat of the elephant is their chief subsistence, while the ivory is their only export article, and, therefore, very important to them, as thereby they get their brass, copper, kettles, looking-glasses, flints, fire-steels, and beads, which have become almost necessities to them. Of all these, however, they set the greatest value on copper and brass.

Their agricultural operations are very rude, and differ but little from those of the surrounding tribes. Like them, they cut down the trees and brush to make a clearing, burn everything that is cut down, and then plant their crop in the cleared space. The only agricultural instrument they have is a kind of heavy knife or cutlass, which serves in place of an axe to cut down trees, and for many other purposes, such as digging the holes in which they plant their manioc or plantains.

Their staple food is the manioc, a very useful plant, because it yields a large return, and is more substantial food than the plantain. It is cultivated by cuttings; and one little stem, stuck carelessly into the ground in their manner, produces in a season two or three large roots the size of a yam. They also boil the leaves and eat them, and they make excellent "greens."

Besides manioc they have plantains, two or three kinds of yams, splendid sugarcane, and squashes, all of which they

cultivate with considerable success; but the manioc is the favourite. Enormous quantities of squashes are raised, chiefly for the seeds, which, when pounded and prepared as they know how to do, are much prized by them, and by me too. At a certain season, when the squash is ripe, their villages seem covered with the seeds, which everybody spreads out to dry. When dried, they are packed in leaves and placed over the fireplaces in the smoke, to keep off an insect which also likes them. The process of preparation is very tedious. A portion of seeds is boiled, and each seed is divested of its skin. Then the mass of pulp is put into a rude wooden mortar and pounded, a vegetable oil being mixed with it. When all is well mixed, a portion is finally cooked over a charcoal fire, either in an earthen pot or in a plantain leaf. It is then very sweet, and I think nourishing, and certainly quite pleasant.

Of the mortars above mentioned every Fan family possesses at least one. They are of wood, and are in fact troughs, being two feet long by two or three inches deep and eight wide. Besides these, every village owns and uses in common two or three immense mortars (also of wood), which are needed to pulverize the manioc-root. When it is reduced to flour it is made into little cakes, which may be kept for several days. They are also very fond of red pepper, which plant is found in abundance near all the villages.

While on the subject of food, I ought to say that they do not sell the bodies of their chiefs, kings, or great men. These receive burial; and consequently they do not eat *every* body that dies.

Slavery does not seem very prominent among them, though a great many of the Fans themselves are yearly sold for slaves to the coast traders on account of witchcraft accusations, debts, adultery, &c. Of late years the French "emigrant" ships have been filled with Fans to a very great extent.

On September 10th, Ndiayai, the king, took me over to an Osheba town some miles away, whose king was his friend. The town, the people, the arrangements, everything looked just as in the Fan town. I should not have known they were of a different tribe had not Ndiayai assured me it was so. I imagine they are not very far apart, however. Like the Fans, the Osheba look warlike, and are tall; their women are smaller, and hideously ugly, and tattooed all over their bodies. A large part of their intercourse with the Fan village consists in the interchange of

dead bodies, and I saw as many human bones lying about the Osheba village as among the Fans.

King Bunbakai, the Osheba chief, seeing that his friend Ndiayai did not die after having seen me, concluded to come out and have a look at me himself. He was a sociable old fellow, dressed in the Fan style, and every way acting as a Fan king might. We stayed with him several days, as I had come in great part to see what lay farther east toward the interior, and how I should get farther. But I was now come to my *ultima thule*. After every inquiry, made with the help of my Mbondemo followers, I could get only this information:—that beyond the Osheba village, two or three day's journeys off, there lived other tribes, also cannibals, whose names my informants did not know. It was said, however, that they were warlike, and used poisoned arrows. When I desired to advance in that direction the people seemed unwilling, even afraid to accompany me; assuring me that on account of the wars at present in existence between tribes there, any party attempting to visit either side would run the risk of being waylaid with poisoned arrows by the other.

I had a great desire to go on, but confess that these stories and some other considerations cooled my ardour. I was completely at the mercy of the Fans, and should be still more so if I advanced, for Mbene's men would not go farther. And I could not forget that the Fans, though apparently well disposed toward me, had a great penchant for human flesh, and might—by one of those curious freaks which our tastes play us—be seized by a passionate desire to taste me. To fall sick among them would be to tempt them severely and unjustifiably. Then I had not goods enough to carry me among a strange people and also bring me back; and I feared that, left in poverty, I should fail to receive among them the respect and obedience which the beads, tobacco, and powder, copper and brass rings of a white man always obtain for him. Moreover, the Fan language is such a collection of *throat* sounds that I not only could not get to understand it, but could not for some time distinguish any words. The Osheba is yet worse; and harsher, ruder, or more guttural sounds I never heard made. Now, as Mbene's men would not go with me, nor even stay long here, I was like to be left without an interpreter; and to go among any new tribes beyond the mountains entirely unable to hold communication with them

would have been labour almost altogether in vain. I therefore determined to make some longer stay with King Ndiayai, and then return by a new route to the seashore.

So vague and unsatisfactory were the rumours I heard of country and people in the farther interior that I shall not make any guess at the condition of that vast region. Only I think it quite likely that, as the Fan and Osheba tribes point eastward as the place of their origin, their manners and customs, with such knowledge as they have of iron and of poison, and such changes in life as the different circumstances of the country may necessitate, may be characteristic of the tribes beyond.

The Fans are a very superstitious people. *Witchcraft* seems to be a very common thing to be accused of among them, and the death-penalty is sternly executed. They set little value on life; and as the dead body has its commercial value, this consideration too, probably, has its weight in passing sentence of death.

Polygamy is a fertile source of quarrels and bloodshed among them; and the growing desire for "white man's goods," to pay for which, in the present miserable system of trade, they cannot get sufficient ivory, induces them to send many of their criminals to the coast to be sold to the slavers. As before mentioned, they have but few slaves—a circumstance which is probably in part accounted for by the fact that they eat the prisoners taken in war, whereas other tribes only enslave them.

They have a great reverence for charms and fetiches, and even the little children are covered with these talismans, duly consecrated by the doctor or greegree man of the tribe. They place especial value on charms which are supposed to have the power to protect their owner in battle. Chief among these is an iron chain, of which the links are an inch and a half long by an inch wide. This is worn over the left shoulder, and hanging down the right side. Besides this, and next to it in value, is a small bag, which is suspended round the neck or to the side of the warrior. This bag is made of the skin of some rare animal, and contains various fragments of others, such as dried monkey's tails, the bowels and claws of other beasts, shells, feathers of birds, and ashes of various beasts. All these are of the rarer animals, in order that there may not be too many charms of one kind, which would diminish their value and power.

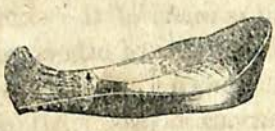
The chief village of each family of the Fans has a huge idol,

to whose temple all that family gather at certain periods to worship. This worship consists of rude dances and singing. The idol-houses are mostly surrounded by a number of skulls of wild animals, prominent among which I recognized the skull of the gorilla. To take away or disturb these skulls would be counted sacrilege, and worthy of death. I do not think they offer human sacrifices.

The non-cannibal tribes do not intermarry with their cannibal neighbours, as their peculiar practices are held in too great abhorrence. Trade is, however, likely to break down this barrier. Within two or three years the ivory of the Fans has so far excited the cupidity of their neighbours that two or three chiefs, among whom Mbene was one, have been glad to take Fan girls to wife, in order thus to get the influence of a Fan father-in-law. The poor Fans, who are farthest of all from the coveted white trade, are but too glad to get a son-in-law nearer the seashore; and I have little doubt but in a few years they will even succeed in intermarrying with other tribes to a considerable extent.

Notwithstanding their repulsive habit, the Fan have left the impression upon me of being the most promising people in all Western Africa. They treated me with unvarying hospitality and kindness; and they seem to have more of that kind of stamina which enables a rude people to receive a strange civilization than any other tribe I know of in Africa. Energetic, fierce, warlike, decidedly possessing both courage and ingenuity, they are disagreeable enemies; and I think it most probable that the great family or nation of which they are but a small offshoot, and who should inhabit the mountainous range which subsequent explorations convince me extends nearly if not quite across the continent—that these mountaineers have stayed in its course the great sweep of Mohammedan conquest in this part of Africa.

It should be added here that the Fan are known on the coast as the *Paouen*.



Fan Spoon.

CHAPTER IX.

The return Trip — Climate of the Mountain Region — Native Courage — Mode of Warfare — Heavy Rains — On the Noya — Visits to Native Chiefs — Ezongo — Attempt at Black-mail — Alapay — The Mbicho — Net-hunting — Bad Shooting of the Negroes — Attacked by the Bashikouay Ants — Toilet of the Mbicho — Superstition about the Moon — Ivory of this District peculiar — Igouma — Fan of the Country — An immense Cavern — Crossing a Mangrove Swamp.

WE now began to make ready for our return to the sea. I was to go as far as his village with Mbene, and thence take my new route. Mbene had since our arrival obtained a daughter of King Ndiayai for his wife; a point of great exultation to this politic old negro, who rejoiced that so rare an honour should fall to him, and hoped to receive large consignments of ivory from his father-in-law's people, on which he would pocket a profitable percentage. Mbene, therefore, had relatives to take leave of—not a very affecting circumstance, however.

The Fans seemed very sorry that I was about to leave them, and all expressed a wish for my return. Ndiayai gave me a native knife as a token of remembrance, which was as much as receiving a be-diamonded snuff-box from another sovereign—for knives are precious in Africa. I offered a large price to another man for a superb knife he had, but could not get it. His father had given it to him, he said, and he could not part with it.

So at last we were fully ready, and left the Fans and their mountains. These mountains have a climate which is by no means African in the popular conception. Since we have been here we have had rain during every night; and it has been so much clouded that I do not think the sun has shone clearly for three consecutive hours on any day in as many weeks. The country seems well watered, and the soil is exceedingly fertile. The climate is, of course, much healthier than it is on the rivers near the coast, and the people in consequence are more robust and energetic. It is a most promising country for the labour and settlement of white men at some time, or of civilized black men.

Mbene had spent some days before our start in collecting provisions. But, though we had a good supply, he asked me to stop at a Mbicho village not far on our route for more. I consented, and found that he was more desirous of exhibiting me to *another* father-in-law of his, the Mbicho chief, Imana by name, who was greatly pleased to find his son-in-law in such creditable company, and presented me with two fowls and two bunches of plantains in token of his pleasure, besides supplying our whole party with abundant provisions next morning, when we went rejoicing on our way, the men singing songs as they marched through the woods.

The Mbicho are like the Mbondemo in looks, and their language is also like the Shekiani. They are not a very numerous tribe.

Our party from here consisted of twenty men, thirteen women, and two boys. I caused the women to be relieved of their loads, to their surprise, and that of their idle husbands, who could not understand why I should object to a woman doing all the drudgery. As we marched along gaily enough, about 2 P.M. one day my men seemed suddenly uneasy. I asked what was the matter, and received for reply that a party of Shekianis were approaching, they thought, and then there would be trouble, as some Shekiani men had had a palaver lately with Mbene. I felt very uncomfortable, for, on listening, I too heard sounds as of men approaching, and I knew that if there was a fight it would be of the cruel, treacherous kind which the negroes affect—not open, but a sudden surprise, which would give no chance for me to interfere and prevent bloodshed. I therefore determined to stop the palaver if I could, but meantime to stick to my party as the safest way. We got ready our guns, and then cautiously advanced. After about half-an-hour's suspense we discovered the enemy—not a party of Shekianis, but a large party of chattering monkeys, of which we immediately shot half-a-dozen, which were roasted by the men for their suppers.

The warriors of this part of Africa—with the exception of the Fans and Osheba—are not overstocked with courage. They applaud tricks that are inhumanly cruel and cowardly, and seem to be quite incapable of open hand-to-hand fight. To surprise man, woman, or child in sleep, and kill them then; to lie in ambush in the woods for a solitary man, and kill him by a single

spear-thrust before he can defend himself; to waylay a woman going to the spring for water, and kill her; or to attack on the river a canoe much smaller and weaker than the attackers: these are the warlike feats I have heard most praised, and seen oftenest done in this part of Africa. No rude or barbarous people seems fairly brave. Even the North American Indians dealt in surprises, fought, like these negroes, from behind trees, and were cruel rather than brave; so that my ideas of a fair fight were not understood or appreciated by the negroes.

The night of September 19th was one of the most uncomfortable of my journey. It rained in the evening when we began to arrange our camp, and I built two large fires to keep me dry, and got under shelter as well as I could. But about nine o'clock it came on to rain so heavily that it was scarcely possible to keep our fires alight. I had to use my neighbour's wood, which was readily given me. It rained thus till four o'clock, pouring down in one continuous stream, as though another Deluge had come.

Then we all fell asleep, wet as we were, and when we waked up saw the sun peeping at us through the dark, glistening, rain-refreshed foliage of the trees.

The rainy season had by this time fairly set in in these mountains, and the thunder, lightning, and heavy showers are common both day and night. We find great comfort in using the shelters erected, and conscientiously kept in repair by the caravans or trading-parties of negroes who pass over this track. They give at least some shelter from the everlasting rains. We have found them kept in good repair wherever we have been. It is customary for every party to do what repairs are necessary.

On the 29th we saw many elephant-tracks but no animals; and as we were now bound in we did not stop to hunt. On the 30th we crossed the Noonday River, and now a messenger was sent forward to announce our arrival. We arrived at the town about 8 P.M., amid salvoes of old muskets and very general rejoicing, and singing and dancing. I was tired, and was glad to get to bed in a house once more after eating something. But unfortunately two or three of the king's babies, who were separated from me only by a few feet, cried all night, so that I did not get much sleep.

Mbene's people had not time now to attend even their own

children. The rainy season had fairly come, and their crop was not yet in the ground, and they had to strain every nerve to get done. Accordingly, the next day everybody but the children went into the fields; and the poor little ones—all who had been weaned—had but a dreary time of it playing around in the mud, and greedily munching the few ground-nuts their mothers had left them.

I found now that I must not stay long with Mbene; for, though he had enough to eat for himself, I could not live on nuts, and he found it hard to get plantains or fowls for me. The poor fellow was sorry, and even ashamed at his poverty, which in this case he could not help, as he had but moved his village lately, and they were only to plant now; so I determined to bid good-bye to him without loss of time. I gave him such presents as satisfied him for his trouble and his faithfulness to me, rewarded my men according to promise and also to their gratification, and then made arrangements with Mbene to transport me to the banks of the Noya River instead of the banks of the Ntambounay River, by which I had come, for I desired to see this river also.

So for the last time Mbene and I broke together the plantain of friendship, and then I went on my way, followed by protestations of love from him which I was glad enough sincerely to reciprocate.

We were now journeying toward the Noya. About five o'clock on the first day we had a storm, whose approach caused us to stop and build ourselves a comfortable camp. Thanks to the huge leaves with which Providence has provided so many of the trees and shrubs of the African forests, this was an easy matter; and we lay comfortably sheltered, and near a cheering fire, while the thunder rolled, and a heavy rain poured down, and occasional flashes of lightning revealed grand masses of the gloomy old forest. Gradually the storm passed over; and as we lay there talking, one by one the men sank back in silence asleep. I was soon asleep myself, leaving all care to those who had the watch, and whose duty it was to see to the fires.

About midnight, the screams of several leopards awoke me; but they were not very near us, our fires probably keeping them off. I had four distinct fires about my shed, and these I now carefully poked up and fed, that no hungry leopard might be tempted to rush across the lines; and then returned to sleep.

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The next day we saw numerous elephants' tracks; but the great beasts avoided us, and fled in haste when they heard us coming. They had probably been hunted, and had a watch out. We saw, too, a strange water-snake, whose body was black, with rings of bright yellow along the whole length. My men were much alarmed when they saw it, for they said its bite was mortal; they tried to kill it with their spears, but it managed to escape them. They told me that besides being poisonous it was very good to eat, and gave as a caution that the head must be cut off immediately it is killed, in order, I suppose, to prevent its fangs from fastening on any part of the body.

At last, after some hard travelling, the forest being very dense and often swampy, while numerous streams, bridgeless, of course, had to be crossed on crazy logs, we came to a small creek leading into the Noya, which was only two or three hundred yards distant. We seized on two canoes we found empty on the creek; and as these would not hold all our party, I put in all my goods and as many men as I could make room for, and made the others promise to wait till we sent a canoe for them, which was likely to be soon. Sure enough, scarce had we emerged into the Noya, a noble stream refreshing to look upon after the wretched creeks which had been crossed for two days at very frequent intervals, than we met a couple of women fishing in two canoes. I promised them some leaves of tobacco if they would go and bring along the men, and they were only too glad to do so.

Thus we descended the Noya. The banks are clothed in this part with trees of a pleasant shape and a dark evergreen verdure, which made a favourable contrast to the immense gloomy mangrove-swamps which line all these rivers near the seashore. Here and there we saw little native villages peeping through the woods, looking so quiet and pleasant that for the moment I could forget the horrors of witchcraft, polygamy, and other cruelties which rule even in these peaceful groves.

Towards afternoon we came to the village of a chief, Mbene's friend, who had sent a message to me to stop at his place on my way down. We were received with acclamations; all the people turned out to see me, and there was the usual singing, dancing, and cutting capers. The chief took me immediately to his own house, the best in the town; but I was not destined to remain quiet, for presently the house and all the neighbourhood began to

fill up with people eager to take a look at me. I was this time doubly a hero; for they had heard of my trip to the Fan country, and had prophesied that I should be killed and eaten by those terrible people, of whom all these tribes seem to stand in great awe. Now that I was come back in safety, they openly proclaimed that I must be the lucky owner of a fetich of very remarkable powers. The king complimented me on my safe return, and asked why I cared to see the cannibals and go to their country.

When I answered that I went there to shoot birds and animals strange to me, there went up a general shout of astonishment, and I fear I lost somewhat of the confidence and admiration of the hearers, for they could scarce give credence to what appeared so foolish. Nevertheless, Wanga, the chief, invited me to stay as long as I pleased with him.

I got up early the next morning to take a look at the country, and try to shoot some birds for my collection and also some pigeons for breakfast. It was a fine clear morning, and I now for the first time noticed the beautiful situation of Wanga's town, which I had been too weary to appreciate the night before. It lay on the edge of a bluff, perhaps one hundred and fifty feet high, which overhung the Noya, and from whose summit I had a view of this river's course for several miles up and down. Immediately behind the town was a heavy forest of grand old trees, many of vast size both for height and thickness. The underbrush was tolerably dense, and huge vines stretched from tree to tree, like gigantic snakes. Among these vines I noticed the India-rubber vine, and found it to be very plentiful in this region.

The natives looked at me as I was stuffing the birds I had killed, and were lost in wonder at what seemed to them very remarkably foolish.

I spent several days in the villages near here, and was everywhere received with kindness and also with curiosity. They had never seen a white man before, and of course were full of surprise, and alarm too, for a time. Others, who were more experienced, asked curious questions about the manners and customs of the white people. When I told them that a man was put into prison for having two wives, both men and women set up a shout of wonder, but seemed to think that, though the white

man's country must be a great country, the white men were themselves more lucky than wise.

Wanga had promised me a new set of guides if I would stay some days with him; accordingly, I sent Mbene's men back, with proper acknowledgments, and prepared for a start with my new guides.

We were to go down the Noya for a few miles and then take the land, leaving our canoes to return.

I wanted very much to go off privately, but that would not do. The king and the whole village, male and female, about two hundred people, came down to bid me good-bye, and I had to shake hands all round, which took more time than I cared to spare for the purpose. But it was the last pleasure I was ever likely to do to a people who had received me with very great kindness. One feels a strange softness about the heart on leaving one of these simple African villages, where, stranger in a strange land, he has yet been treated kindly, and all his wants supplied. The people seem really sorry to see you go; and as you leave, thinking that in all human probability you will never meet these kind people again, you feel sorrier than you expected.

We descended the Noya for a few miles, hailed at every turn by the inhabitants of villages who wished us to stop; and then abandoned our canoes and took to the land. For some miles it was very swampy, and the loads of my men made travelling difficult and tedious. I had now with me the entire results of this expedition, and this formed no light burden, even for the stout, finely-made negro fellows I had. The people along the Noya are a fine-looking race, not above, but up to the "middle height," with rather intelligent features, and not very black. They seem to live very happily in their villages, though, of course, all the vices and superstitions of Africa infect them, and often make brutes of them.

Presently we came to high land, and then the landscape regained somewhat of the beauty it had about Wanga's village, while we were able to push ahead faster over the solid ground. Towards sunset we reached a place called Ezongo, where the inhabitants, seeing our heavy loads, and supposing that I brought them vast and unheard-of amounts of trade, turned out with the greatest amount of enthusiasm to welcome me.

Their ardour cooled somewhat when they learned the contents

of my packages, and I found in the course of the evening that the rascally chief or king of Ezongo, thinking I must place a great value on things I had gone so far to get, had determined to hold me till I paid a heavy price to get away.

I was very angry at this outrage; and for a while things looked as though I should have trouble. I determined not to submit to an imposition which would leave me empty-handed and defenceless, even if it would have answered to let any one of these fellows impose on me under any circumstances. There seemed likely to be a palaver. I determined to fight for my rights, but was, of course, anxious to get all settled peaceably. The king, urged on by his people, who seemed a greedy set of rascals, insisted on his price. At last, my Mbicho guides from the Noya tried to settle the matter. They were wise enough to get the king to come to me with them alone. I gave the rascal a coat and an old shirt, and told him what was literally true—that I was very poor, and could not pay what his people wanted, and that he must be on my side. He went out at once and harangued the turbulent extortioners. I watched the result with considerable anxiety; but at last, seeing that he would succeed, paid my Wanga-town guides, and prepared to set out for Yoongoolapay, a village whose chief I had seen on the coast some time before, when he made me promise to pay him a visit on my return from the interior.

I was now really so reduced in trade that I had only a few white beads left to pay to my guides, and was glad enough to be getting down towards the territory of a man who knew me, and would probably trust me.

We arrived at our destination late in the afternoon, and were received with great demonstrations of joy. My old friend, King Alapay, was very glad to see me, and asked me to stay some days, which, being very much worn out with constant exposure and anxieties, I determined to do. His village is situated upon a high hill overlooking the surrounding country, and a beautiful stream skirts the foot of the hill. It is a charming situation, and the people who hold it I found very kind, peaceable, and hospitable.

A considerable number of independent Mbicho villages lie here within a circuit of a few miles, and live in great harmony with each other, all having prudently intermarried to such a degree

that they are really one large family. I was made welcome among them all, and spent some very pleasant days in hunting, and particularly in that kind of sport called here ashiga-hunting, or net-hunting—a practice very common among the Bakalai tribes.

This singular sport is very much practised in this part of Africa, and, as it is generally successful, is a local amusement, and brings out the best traits of the natives. I was always very fond of it.

The nets are made of the fibre of the pineapple plant, and also with the fibres of a kind of tree, which are twisted into stout threads. They are from sixty to eighty feet long and four to five feet high, and every village owns several. But as few villages have sufficient to make a great spread, generally several unite in one grand hunt and divide the proceeds, the game caught in any net being the share of its owners.

The first day we went out, half-a-dozen villages met together at an appointed place, the men of each bringing their nets. Then we set off for a spot about ten miles off, where they had a clearing in the dense woods which had been used before. We moved along in silence, so as not to alarm the animals who might be near our ground. The dogs—for dogs are used for this hunt—were kept still and close together.

Finally we arrived on the ground, and the work of spreading the toils began. Each party stretched a single net, tying it up by vines and to the lower branches of trees; but as all worked in one direction, and each took care to join his and his neighbour's net together, we in a very short time had a line of netting running in a wide half-circle, and at least half-a-mile long.

This done, a party went out on each side to guard the sides and prevent escape, and the rest of us were then ready to beat the bush. We started at about a mile from the nets, and, standing about fifty yards from each other, advanced gradually, shouting and making what noise we could, at the same time keeping our guns in readiness to pop down anything which should come in our way. The sport would have been less exhausting had not the jungle been so dense. Though this very spot was frequently used for net-hunting, and therefore more cleared than the neighbouring wilder wood, yet we were obliged to proceed almost step by step, and every native was armed, be-

sides his gun, with a kind of heavy cutlass or *machete*, with which it was necessary literally to hew out a way, the vines making a net-work which only the beasts of the forests could glide through without trouble.

As we advanced, so did the men who guarded the flanks, and thus our party gradually closed on the prey, and presently we began to hear shots. I heard the shots, but could see nothing, and had only to hold my own gun in readiness, and pray that my neighbour might not shoot me by mistake; for they are fearfully reckless when on a chace.

At last we came in sight of the nets. We had caught a gazelle of a very minute size—a pretty little animal—which does not grow to be larger than a pointer. It is very graceful, and ought to make a pretty pet, though I have never seen one tamed. There were several other little quadrupeds, and a large antelope was held and shot before I came up; and another antelope, being shot at and missed, rushed forward and got entangled in the net.

Having drawn this cover, we gathered up the nets and the dogs—who enjoyed the sport vastly—and walked off to try another place.

I do not wonder at all at the bad shots the natives make. Wherever I have been among them my shots have excited astonishment; and this not so much because my guns are better, as because I have good powder, and they do not know how to load a gun. The negro idea is to put in as much powder as he dares, and on top of this as much old iron as he can afford to throw away in one shot. If the powder was of only average strength they would blow themselves to pieces, but the traders on the coast make it very mild by adulterations; and I have actually seen bits of iron of various shapes rammed into a gun till it was loaded to within a few inches of the muzzle. Consequently, the recoil is heavy; they dare not hold the guns to their shoulders, and blaze away very much at a venture.

Walking over to another part of the forest, about three-quarters of an hour distant, we again spread our nets. Here we had better luck, catching a number of antelopes, deer, and some smaller animals. This seemed enough for one day, of which I was very glad, for I was tired out.

Before breaking up, all the game caught was laid together, that all might see it. And now I had opportunity to notice the

curious little dogs, about a foot high, and sharp-eared, who had been of such material assistance driving the animals into our toils. They were standing looking at their prizes with eager and hungry eyes. They do not look very intelligent, but are of the greatest use in this sport, because when they bark the game is never far off, and thus they warn the hunters. Often they go out on hunts for themselves; and it is no unusual thing for half-a-dozen dogs to drive an antelope to the neighbourhood of their village, where they give tongue, and the hunters come out and kill their quarry.

When we returned to the village, one antelope was put aside for me, being a new species, and the rest of the meat was immediately divided. We were all very hungry, and cooking began at once. I confess I could hardly wait for the dinner, which was one worthy an emperor's palate, consisting of plantains cooked in various ways, and venison of the tenderest, stewed in lemon-juice, and also roasted. Only coffee was wanting, for my coffee gave out some days ago.

I was glad to go to sleep early, but was scarce soundly asleep when I was turned out of the house by a furious attack of the *bashikouay* ants. They were already all over me when I jumped up, and I was bitten terribly. I ran out into the street and called for help. The natives came out, and lights were struck, and presently I was relieved. But now we found that the whole village was attacked. The great army was pouring in on us, doubtless excited by the smell of meat in the houses; and my unfortunate antelope had probably brought them to my door. All hands had to turn out to defend ourselves. We built little cordons of fire, which kept them away from places they had not yet entered, and thus protected our persons from their attacks; and towards morning, having eaten everything they could get at, they left us in peace. As was to be expected, I found my antelope destroyed—literally eaten up.

The vast number, the sudden appearance, the ferocity and voracity of these frightful animals never cease to astonish me. Last night they poured in literally by millions and billions, and only when many fires were lighted were they forced from that direct and victorious course which they generally hold. Then, however, they retreated in parties, and with the greatest regularity, vast numbers remaining to complete the work of destruction.

The country about Yoongoolapay's village is quite hilly, some of the hills being almost worthy to be called mountain-peaks. Everywhere a dense forest covered the earth. There were plentiful signs of iron here in the red colour of the earth and the abundance of ferruginous quartz scattered all over the ground. Blocks of a peculiar blackish stone formed the river-beds, and also the sides of the hills, which were divided by these layers into regular steps or terraces. Of these stones and the quartz I gathered specimens, but they were lost, with much more, by a fire which destroyed the finest collection of subjects of natural history I had gathered in Africa.

The negroes of the villages differ in little from those on the coast whom the reader has already been introduced to, except that they are *dirtier*. There is nothing more disgusting than the toilet of one of these Mbicho fellows, except it be the toilet of his wife. The women seem to lay on the oil and red earth thicker than their husbands; seem to wear dirtier cloths about their middles, and are actually less endurable when gathered in a crowd about a fire, as is their wont, than the men. Almost every day a party of men and women crowd into my hut to see my stuffing operations, and scarcely are they there than I have to leave it, the odour is so insufferably sickening.

But they are kind-hearted, and, though tempted sometimes to steal, the mere fact that I, a stranger and a white man, supposed to be the possessor of untold wealth, could travel through all these tribes alone and remain unmolested, is evidence enough that the black fellows of this part of Africa are not such a very bad set.

I noticed in this village a custom or superstition which is common to all the tribes I have visited, and the reason, or supposed reason for which I have never been able to persuade anyone to tell me. On the first night when the new moon is visible all is kept silent in the village; nobody speaks but in an under-tone; and in the course of the evening King Alapay came out of his house and danced along the street, his face and body painted in black, red, and white, and spotted all over with spots the size of a peach. In the dim moonlight he had a frightful appearance, which made me shudder at first. I asked him why he painted thus, but he only answered by pointing to the moon, without speaking a word.

There are other and varying ceremonies in different tribes to welcome the new moon; but in all the men mark their bodies with charmed chalk or ochre; and no one has ever been prevailed on to tell me the meaning of the rites or the particulars of the belief. I suppose the common men do not know it themselves.

After a stay of a week with Alapay, I determined to move on, and gave the king to understand that he must give me men to carry my baggage, which was now very considerable; for I had added some birds and animals to it here, and had already a great deal when I arrived.

A day was accordingly appointed, and the king proposed to go along with me, of which I was but too glad. The poor villagers came in a body and asked me to stay longer; and on the morning of my departure all hands assembled to bid me good-bye. I gave each some leaves of tobacco, with which they were immensely delighted, and then shook hands all round. Our departure took place amid the firing of guns and the shouts of the people, some of whom were almost moved to tears. The African's affections are easily excited; and these people had been so kind to me, they felt as though they had a great interest in me.

Our path lay through an immense forest—a grand solitude, gloomy and, even at midday, unpenetrated by the sun. Here the silence was only made more striking by the occasional shrill scream of a parrot or the chatter of a monkey. We saw no other animals, though elephant-tracks abounded, and the leopard is known to frequent these woods.

It is a most singular thing that no hippopotami are found between the Gaboon and the Moondah, whereas south of the equator they abound in all the rivers and lakes, particularly in the Nazareth and the Cape Lopez rivers. Also, they reappear at a certain distance north of the equator, so that there is this narrow tract or belt which they avoid. The same may be remarked of the ostrich; while the elephant of this narrow belt should be a variety, if one may judge of the ivory, which is that peculiar and highly-valued kind which, on being first cut, is greenish rather than white; and when turned white retains its colour and does not quickly turn yellow, as is so common with ivory. The biggest ivory of the coast comes from this belt under the

equator. I have seen a tusk whose weight was 110 pounds, but this was an extraordinary instance; the most weigh from twenty to fifty pounds. They are mostly of a shining coffee-colour outside, and I have seen some which were as black as coal.

Alapay's wife (his *head*-wife) made me a quantity of igouma, or cassava-bread, the day before we started, so that with a little fish and some plantains I was not likely to starve, even if we did not enter any villages on the way. The *igouma* is made by pounding and making a paste of the cassava. This paste is boiled, and becomes then very thick and firm. It is now shaped into loaves a foot long and four or five inches in circumference, and permitted to dry, when it becomes hard and tough, and may be kept several weeks, though it sours and becomes unfit for a civilized stomach generally after two or three days. But it will not do to be squeamish in Africa, which, with all its tropical richness of vegetation, is as good a place to starve in as any man could desire.

In the afternoon, shortly after eating our dinner of *igouma* and dried fish, we came to a Mbicho village, where the people all turned out to get a look at me, as they had never seen a white man before. They were a wild set, and evidently regarded me as a very strange monster.

Some hours after leaving this village we came to a high ridge or plateau, along which were strewn some of the most extraordinary boulders I ever saw; immense blocks of granite covering the ground in every direction, and many of them between thirty and forty feet high by one hundred long or more. This hill or ridge was the highest I had seen between the Moondah and the Muni; and I think if it had not been for the trees which obstructed even this view, I should have been able to see the ocean.

Near to the largest of these granite masses, a huge rock rising some fifty feet out of the ground, I saw the entrance—between solid rocks—to a fine large cavern, much used by the natives as a house to stop in over night when they are travelling back and forth, and very comfortable, as it is open to the light, and its vast opening admits such a flood of sunlight and air that it is not likely to be used as a lair for wild beasts. We saw the remains of various fires inside; but I am bound to say we saw also the tracks of various leopards and other dangerous beasts on the outside, for which reason I did not care to sleep there.

While exploring the cavern I thought several times I heard a trickling which seemed almost like the noise of rain; in fact, when we got out I was surprised to find not a cloud in the sky. Turning for an explanation to Alapay, he led me along a path which evidently led to the trickling, which soon grew in our ears to the sound of rushing waters. Presently we came to the edge of a steep declivity, and here I saw before and around me a most charming landscape, the centre of which was a most beautiful waterfall. A stream which meandered along the slope of the plateau, and which had until now escaped us, had here made its way through a vast granite block which barred its course, and, rushing through the narrow round hole in this block, fell in one silvery cascade for fifty feet down to the lower level. Clear, sparkling, and pure as water could be, it rushed down to its pebbly bed—a sight so charming to my eyes, long wearied of the monotony of the interior forests, that I sat for some time and literally "feasted my eyes" upon it.

Then came an attempt to have a view from the bottom. After some difficult climbing we got to the bottom, and, looking up, beheld, under the fall, a hole in the perpendicular face of the rock, which formed evidently the mouth of a cavern.

I determined to enter this. We lit some torches. I took my revolver and gun, and, accompanied by two men, made good my entrance without getting wet. Once inside, where probably man had never before stood, we excited the astonishment of vast numbers of huge vampire bats, which fluttered around our lights, threatening each moment to leave us in darkness, while the motion of their wings filled the cavern with a kind of dull thunderous roar.

When we had advanced about one hundred yards from the mouth we came to a stream or puddle of water extending entirely across the floor and barring our way. My men, who had gone thus far under protest, now desired to return, and urged me not to go into the water or beyond, because all sorts of wild beasts and snakes were sure to be lying in wait for us. At the word snakes I hesitated, for I confess to a great dread of serpents in the dark or in confined places, where a snake is likely to get the advantage of a man.

Peering into the darkness beyond, I thought I saw two bright sparks or coals of eyes gleaming savagely at us. Without

thinking of the consequences, I levelled my gun at the shining objects and fired. The report for a moment deafened us. Then came a redoubled rush of the great hideous bats; it seemed to me as though millions on millions of these animals were suddenly launched out on us from all parts of the surrounding gloom; our torches were extinguished in an instant, and, panic-struck, we all made for the cavern's mouth—I with visions of enraged snakes springing after and trying to catch up with me. We were all glad enough to reach daylight once more, and I think my men could not have been persuaded to try the darkness again.

The scene outside was as charming as that within was hideous. I stood long looking at one of the most beautiful landscapes I saw in Africa. Before me, the little stream, whose fall over the cliff behind me filled the whole forest with a gentle roar, ran on between steep banks which sometimes seemed almost to meet and hide it. Away down the valley we could see its course, traced like a silver line over the plain, finally losing itself to our sight in a denser part of the forest. The valley itself was a pleasant wooded plain, which it seemed the hand of man had not yet disturbed, and whence the song of birds and the chatter of monkeys, and hum of insects came up to us in a confusion of sounds very pleasant to the ear.

We could not loiter long over this scene, however. I was anxious to get to the seashore, and we set off again to make as good progress before dark as possible. The forest abounded in vines, which were every moment getting in our way, and briars, which were even worse, so that travelling in the dark, if we had to do it, was likely to be very unpleasant. The whole of this country abounds in little rivulets and streams, which take their rise in these first hills which we were crossing this afternoon and run down towards the seashore, some losing themselves ere getting there, and others emptying their tiny loads of fresh water into the great Atlantic.

I suppose the elephants like plenty of water; we found ourselves almost continually crossing or following elephants' tracks. Indeed, my men walked very cautiously, expecting every moment to find ourselves face to face with a herd. But they are very shy in this part of the country, being much chased for the ivory; and keep a good watch for their enemy, man.

At last the country became quite flat, the elephant-tracks ceased, and presently, as we neared a stream, we came to a mangrove-swamp. It was almost like seeing an old friend, or an old enemy, for the reminiscences of musquitoes, tedious navigation, and malaria which the mangrove-tree brought up in my mind, were by no means pleasant. From a mangrove-tree to a mangrove-swamp is but a step. They never stand alone.

Presently we stood once more on the banks of the little stream whose clear, pellucid waters had so charmed me a little farther up the country. Now it was only a swamp. Its bed, no longer narrow, was spread over a flat of a mile, and the now muddy waters meandered slowly through an immense growth of mangroves, whose roots extended entirely across and met in the middle, showing their huge rounds above the mire and water, like the folds of some vast serpent.

It was high tide, and there was not a canoe to be had. To sleep on this side among the mangroves, and be eaten up by musquitoes, was not a pleasant prospect, and to me there seemed no other. But my men were not troubled at all. We were to cross over, quite easily too, on the roots which projected over the water's edge, and which lay from two to three feet apart at irregular distances. It seemed a desperate venture; but they set out, jumping like monkeys from place to place, and I followed, expecting every moment to fall in between and stick in the mud, perhaps to be attacked by some noxious reptile whose rest my fall would disturb. I had to take off my shoes, whose thick soles made me more likely to slip. I gave all my baggage, and guns and pistols to the men, and then commenced a journey whose like I hope never to take again. We were an hour in getting across—an hour of continual jumps and hops. In the midst of it all a man behind me flopped into the mud, calling out "Omemba!" in a frightened voice.

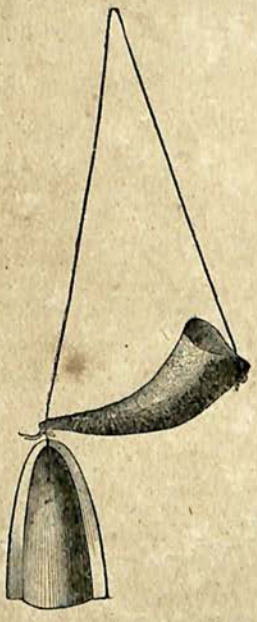
Now "omemba" means *snake*. The poor fellow had put his hand on an enormous black snake, and, feeling its cold, slimy scales, let go his hold and fell through. All hands immediately began to run faster than before, and to shout and make all kinds of noises to frighten the serpent. But the poor animal also took fright, and began to crawl away among the branches as fast as he could. Unfortunately, his fright led him directly towards some of us; and a general panic now ensued, everybody running

CROSSING A MANGROVE-SWAMP.

as fast as he could to get out of the way of danger. Another man fell into the mud below, and added his cries to the general noise. I came very near getting a mud-bath myself, but luckily I escaped. But my feet were badly cut up.

At last we were safe across, and I breathed freely once more. A little way from the edge of the swamp we came to our resting-place, the village of an old friend of mine, named King Apouron. He came out to meet me; guns were fired, and the usual African welcome of shouts and dances gone through with, and then we entered the village, where Alapay and Apouron began the ceremonies of introduction; the former giving a short account of my various adventures in his village, and the latter listening with apparent interest, and frequently exclaiming, in a wondering way, "I do not know why our white man went to your bush-country! I do not know why he should go there!"

While these ceremonies were going on I walked to the edge of the village and took a long look, for before me lay once more the ocean and Corisco Bay. I had often on this trip wished myself back here, and it was with no slight feeling of gratitude to God, who had preserved me through all, that I looked once more at the ocean.



To keep the Devil out. The Bell is sounded to drive out the evil spirits, while the good ones come into the horn.

CHAPTER X.

Up the Moondah — Vexations of a traveller in Africa — Mangrove-swamps — Mbicho Men run off — Bashikouay again — Missionary Station — The Bar-wood Trade — Manner of getting Bar-wood — The India-rubber Vine — How Rubber is gathered — Torturing a Woman — Adventure with a wild Bull — Lying out for Game — Bullock and Leopard — Birds.

IT was now near the end of October, and the rainy season had fairly set in. I determined, after some consideration, to make a trip up the Moondah before going to the Gabóon; hoping, indeed, to run up the Moondah and cross the narrow land which separates that stream from the Gaboon, and thus return down the latter to my headquarters.

My specimens were sent to Corisco. I received a supply of goods which would suffice for buying food up the Moondah; and having settled, after some palaver, with Apouron, who thought the less goods I took with me the better he should be off, I at last got off on the 30th of October.

The process of making ready for such an expedition as this is very tedious, especially if the traveller is at the mercy of the king of a small village. I had to rent my canoe, buy my masts, make my sails, go round through the village and purchase my paddles, and, finally, I had to engage my men. When all this was done, the goods packed aboard, and good-bye said, I had been ten days engaged in preparations. Time is of no value to the African.

We had a head wind, but nevertheless saw the mouth of the Moondah towards afternoon of our sailing day. The tide was running out, and against us, and, as the wind was still ahead, our progress was slow; but it gave me an opportunity to kill some of the birds which come down here to get their living, on account of the abundance of fish found here. The shore, the mud-islands, and the waters all around were alive with these birds. Here a flock of pelicans swam along majestically, keeping at a good distance from our boat; there a long string of flamingoes stretched along the muddy shore, looking, for all the world, like a line of fire; and wherever the mud peeped out of

the water there were herons, cranes, gulls of various kinds, while a tree on the shore was covered with a flock of the beautiful *Egretta flavirostris*, whose pure white feathers looked like snow in the distance.

Towards sunset we arrived at the Shekiani village where I intended to stop. The king I had known before, and thought he would help me up farther. This village lay at the top of one of the only two hills I saw on the Moondah, and these are both at its mouth. It is throughout a low-banked, swampy stream, overrun with mangroves, and half dry when the tide runs out. It used to afford a good deal of India-rubber, and the bar-wood trade is always very brisk; also it produces a little beeswax, and a trifle of ebony and ivory. Thus the Shekianis are known to white men, who come there often in their vessels to trade with them. Several thousand tons of bar-wood are taken annually.

On the 5th of November I started with a new crew up river. I found one vast, continuous mangrove-swamp, in which no villages could be found—these lying mostly away from the main stream on little creeks, which, being dry at low tide, could be visited only with difficulty. From these gloomy mangrove-forests went up a stench of decaying matter which was not only unhealthy, but unpleasant. Add to this the constant risk of getting our canoe on a mud-bank, and a persistent drizzle with which we were favoured all day, and you will see that the day's journey was not pleasant.

Near sunset we came to a Mbicho village. The Mbicho speak a variety of the Shekiani, and we could therefore make ourselves understood. I spent the night here, and found in the morning that my men had run away with the canoe, leaving me, fortunately, my goods, but no means of getting ahead. I had paid them beforehand. I learned that they had had trouble with a village we should have to pass, and did not dare to go higher.

The Mbicho, of course, were delighted to have me at their mercy, and determined—good fellows!—to make as much out of me as possible. I began operations by feeing the king—privately, of course—who thereupon told his people that I wanted men and a canoe, and that I was his dearest friend. There was much squabbling; and, finally, I succeeded in engaging four men to go with me for ten yards of prints each; but not to-day—to-morrow. "To-morrow" is the favourite word in Africa.

Meantime I learned that some white men lived farther up, and knew at once they must be missionaries, whom I determined to see. Accordingly, next morning, we started again—this time in a very small canoe, and with no conveniences of any kind. We were still among mangrove-swamps; and it was curious to see that the branches of this tree, which hung in the water at high tide, and were bare at low tide, were covered thickly with oysters.

Between the mud, the smell, and the hot sun, which poured down on my head all day, I got a violent headache, which disappeared only when we came to a sudden and beautiful change of scenery. About forty miles from the mouth of the Moondah the tide ceases to affect the river, and the swamps disappear. As we were sailing along we came to a turn in the river, rounding which we found ourselves in what seemed really another land. The mangroves had entirely disappeared, the banks of the river were higher, and the stream itself rolled along with a life-like current between its well-defined banks. Palms, and the usual vegetation of the African upland, bordered the banks, and here and there large trees projecting over met in the middle, and formed a fine arbour, beneath which we sailed, relieved of the burning rays of the sun.

Presently we came to a small creek, and rowing up that for a mile, I saw before me a narrow path which was to lead me over to the Ikoi Creek, where my friends the missionaries were living.

The Moondah is a most disagreeable and unhealthy river—one vast swamp, which seems little likely ever to be useful to man. I was forced to take quinine twice a day while going up, and the few natives who live near its banks are a poor set, sickly, and with little energy.

At the back of the swamp, however, there are hills and a high country, where the bar-wood tree exists in great abundance. The natives cut great quantities of it every year; and if it did not grow fast and in the greatest plenty they would long since have exhausted it, as well here as on the Muni and the Gaboon.

We travelled along our path till dark, when we fell in with a Bakalai village. The people wanted me to stay, but their motions were suspicious, and I would not. We got torches, and I sent a man ahead and kept one behind, to light us on our way.

In this village I saw an albino, his face quite white, and his hair flaxen—a very singular sight.

We had not gone far with our torches when I had the misfortune to step into an army of bashikouay ants. I was covered with them in an instant, and screamed for help. The men rushed towards me and helped me to strip myself, which done, we killed what remained on my body. For a few minutes I suffered the most frightful torments, and was glad enough to have all the help I could against these terrible animals.

Having well shaken out my clothes, I put them on again—having gotten out of the way of the ants, of course—and we proceeded.

We next found that we were on the wrong road. We retraced our steps and got into the right path, but had gone but a little way when once more I had the misfortune to step into an army of bashikouay. This time I was prepared. In an instant I was stripped, and, though I was severely bitten, yet I got off easier than before.

By this time my clothes were all torn to pieces by the sharp thorns, and I was beginning to think that the company of the Bakalai rascals would have been better than this travelling by night; when the men announced that we were now nearing the Ikoi village. I was completely exhausted, and could not have walked another mile, and I made up my mind never to travel through the woods again by night.

The natives were still lying about their fires when we arrived in the village, and I was shown the missionaries' house, when I found to my joy that the missionaries who now resided here were both old friends of mine, Rev. Messrs. Best and Pierce, of the A. B. C. F. M. They were filling the place formerly occupied here by my friend the Rev. Mr. Preston and his good wife.

Here I found a welcome, and once more a real bed to sleep upon, and had some opportunity to rest my wearied limbs.

Mr. and Mrs. Best, and Mr. and Mrs. Preston, and Mr. Pierce, had laboured for some years among the Bakalai about the Ikoi. They understood the Bakalai language, and taught the children here in the Scriptures and other branches of knowledge with considerable success. Let me give here an account of a day of the life of these missionaries.

Everybody rose at daybreak, and presently after a little bell called the servants and strangers into a little room which serves as parlour and sitting-room and library, where morning prayers were offered in the Bakalai language; the Bible being read also in Bakalai from a translation made by Mr. Best.

Then came breakfast; after which the scholars played until nine o'clock, when the ringing of a bell called them to school. School was opened by a hymn sung by all the children, followed by prayer. Then came recitations of the classes. They seemed particularly well up in geography when I was there, but had just begun arithmetic, and were doing immense sums in addition. The children seemed to enjoy the schooling; and as the missionaries are kind to them, and their studies are not very difficult, while their play-hours are long, it seems natural that they should like it. From twelve to two was recess; and then the girls took lessons in sewing, their great ambition being to sew well enough to make shirts. Also in the afternoon the boys were taught writing, and I remarked that some of them wrote beautiful hands.

The people about here are engaged in the bar-wood trade, and a good deal of this dye-wood is shipped down this creek to the Gaboon, and also down to the Moondah.

Bar-wood, as I have before explained, is a red dye-wood. It is the trunk of what the natives call the *ego-tree*, a large, tall, very graceful tree, with abundant branches high up, small bright-green leaves, and a beautiful smooth reddish-coloured bark. It is very abundant in the forests of this part of Africa. In fact, the supply may be considered as inexhaustible, the labour of bringing it to market being the most costly part of its production.

Though great traders, these natives have no ideas about laying up a store of their products before it is wanted. This is what detains trading-vessels so long on the coast. When a vessel comes for bar-wood, the news immediately spreads all about the neighbourhood, and the men bestir themselves to get a supply down. There is great excitement among the villages; and this particularly if it happens that the chief of the village has friends among those to whom the captain has "given his trust"—that is to say, those with whom he is going to deal, and for whom he has brought goods.

Every man immediately goes out to the forest and selects a tree for himself, which he begins to cut down. The bar-wood of commerce is the heart or main part of the trunk, and is red. The useful wood is surrounded by a covering of white sap-wood about two inches thick, which is useless, and is carefully cut off. Then the wood is cut into lengths of three feet, each piece weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds. The father and his children cut and split the wood, and the wives carry it into the villages, and the latter thereupon claim a distinct part of the returns, which they get, though often unwillingly. Bar-wood is so low-priced in Europe that the natives here get but very small prices, and five dollars for a hundred billets is already a high rate. As they have to carry everything down to the sea on their backs, unless they are lucky enough to live near rivers or creeks, they have to work hard enough for the little they get.

The India-rubber *vine* afforded once one of the largest exports of this part of the coast. The caoutchouc of Africa is obtained from a vine (called *dambo* by the natives), and not from a tree. This vine is of immense length, and has singularly few leaves, and only at the extremity of the vine. The leaves are broad, dark green, and lance-shaped. The bark is rough, and of a brownish hue. A large vine is often five inches in diameter at the base. To get the best India-rubber, the milk must be taken from the incision in the bark, without wounding the *wood*, as this has a juice of its own, which, mixing with the milk, spoils it.

The recently-growing demand for this product has induced the natives to adulterate it with the milky juice of various trees and vines found in these forests. This has seriously injured their trade, but will probably result in saving this valuable vine from total extinction in this part of the country. This disaster was like to be caused by the foolish improvidence of the native caoutchouc collectors, who bled the vines at so many pores as to exhaust them of their life-blood. Thus, some years ago, thousands of vines were destroyed annually; and as the vine is of slow growth, and the milk of the young vine is thin, watery, and less valuable, they have very much injured themselves and the reputation of their goods by even tapping these.

For some years the trade was entirely stopped; but more

recently the French have recommenced it, and in 1859 an American vessel was sent out by a New York house, Messrs. James Bishop and Co., to get a cargo.

The caoutchouc-vine grows equally well in low and high ground, but is found most plentiful in the valleys and bottom-lands along the Muni and other rivers. The milk taken from the vines growing on high lands is, however, thicker, and yields a better article of India-rubber.

It is a pleasant sight to see a party of natives setting out to gather India-rubber. I once accompanied such a party on the Benito River, my object being game, while theirs was caoutchouc. For several days before setting out the women were busied in preparing food, and smoking the boiled manioc which is their principal subsistence. The men meantime were making ready to defend themselves against the attacks of wild beasts by furbishing up their spears and guns. Cutlasses and knives were sharpened, and the wooden pots in which the precious juice was to be gathered were carefully collected and made ready for transportation; while others still prepared the wooden moulds in which the juice is permitted to solidify. It was a pleasant scene of industry and excitement. The negroes rejoiced beforehand on the good luck they hoped to have.

But all this innocent joy was destroyed for me the morning before we set out, by accidentally stumbling across one of those acts of barbarism which chill the blood of a civilized man, though but slightly regarded by the negroes. I was hunting in the woods near the village, and saw sitting on a tree at some distance a pair of beautiful green pigeons (*Treron nudirostris*), which I wanted much for my collection of birds. By dint of much exertion I penetrated the jungle to the foot of the tree, and here a ghastly sight met my eyes. It was the corpse of a woman, young evidently, and with features once mild and good. She had been tied up here on some infernal accusation of witchcraft and tortured. The torture consisted in lacerations of the flesh all over the body, and in the cuts *red peppers* had been rubbed. This is a common mode of tormenting with these people, and as devilish in ingenuity as anything could well be. Then the corpse was deserted. I could only hope the poor girl died of her wounds, and had not to wait for the slower process of agonized starvation to which such victims are left. Will the

reader think hard of me that I felt it in my heart to go back to the village and shoot every man who had a hand in this monstrous barbarity? But what would have been the use? Such scenes are constantly occurring in all parts of heathen Africa, and will continue till Christianity is spread abroad here, and in its light these heathen barbarisms perish. I fear it will be many a long year yet.

Gloomy and savage with this remembrance, I set out with the negroes, whose cheerful songs grated harshly on my ears. I wondered how people could sing and laugh after committing such a crime.

The party were in high spirits. The women bore on their devoted backs the cooking utensils and other necessary camp-equipage. The men carried only their arms. We travelled all day, and part of the second day, ere the ground was reached. At last the vines grew plentiful, and the party stopped to reconnoitre. After a two hours' exploration, the men returned satisfied, greatly exaggerating, of course, the abundance of the vines —they exaggerate everything—but all agreeing that we must encamp where we were.

Men and women at once set out to gather large leaves with which to form shelters for ourselves, as it was the rainy season, and we needed to be protected from the showers. Branches and leaves were also collected for our beds; and a huge fire was built to protect us from the incursions of leopards, which are plentiful in these woods, and quite daring enough to attempt a meal even from so large a party as ours.

We slept close around the camp-fire, with our guns in readiness to resist any venturesome leopards; but, for this night, only heard the terrible roar of the beasts at a distance.

The next morning each man took his own family, and went out on an independent prospecting tour. These negroes have no idea of working together. Though they set out in a large company, this is only to protect themselves against wild beasts. Once on the ground, every family works for itself, hunting up its own vines, and carrying away separately the fruits of its toil. Thus it comes about that some are lucky and others unlucky; whence originate quarrels, accusations of theft, often fights, in which the weaker, of course, is the sufferer. The scene is not so pastoral as it might be.

The negroes stayed out all day, and at night came in, each bearing little jars of milk gathered during the day. The milk was now poured into the wooden cylinders in which it is permitted to congeal, and then all once more gathered about the fire, and related, with much noisy declamation, the adventures of the day.

On this first day I shot several niaré or wild buffalo (*Bos brachicheros*). It is a very savage beast, and one, which I only wounded, attacked me. I had taken good aim, but my bullet struck a vine on its way and glanced aside, so that, instead of hitting the beast between the eyes, I only wounded him in the body.

It was a huge bull, and, turning fiercely, he came at me without stopping to think. I had but a moment to consider, and prudently determined to run, for, though I had my second barrel in reserve, the crash of the infuriated bull was too powerful. As I turned to make my escape, I found my foot hopelessly caught in a tough vine. I was a prisoner, and the bull dashing toward me, head down and eyes a-flame, tearing asunder the vines which barred his progress as though they had been threads. I had been nervous a moment before; but now, turning to meet the enemy, felt at once my nerves firm as a rock, and my whole system braced for the emergency.

All depended on one shot, for, entangled as I was, if I missed the bull would not. I waited a second more, till he was within five yards of me, and then fired at his head. He gave one loud, hoarse bellow, and then (thank God!) tumbled at my feet, almost touching me, a mass of dead flesh.

The hunt after wild boar was my daily amusement, and by its means I supplied the whole camp with meat; but the finest experience of this trip I must now relate. Arming myself one evening, and blacking my face with charcoal, as was my fashion in all my hunts—nothing seems to catch the eye of a wild beast of this country so quickly as a white face—I went out of sound of the encampment, and in what I knew to be a walk of the buffalo, and lay down under the shelter of a huge ant-hill to watch for game. It was a starlight night, but in the forest there was a sombre light, in which such a spectacle as I wished for would have shown to advantage. Here I lay for one hour, two hours, three hours, and heard no sound but the indis-

THE LEOPARD AND HIS PREY.

tinguishable medley which so eloquently tells of the night-life of the woods. Now and then the cracking of a twig and a grunt told of some perambulating pig; and once a whole herd of gazelles filed past me in fine array, never knowing my presence, as I was luckily to windward of them. At last, I am ashamed to say, I fell asleep. How long I dozed I do not know, but I was awakened with a start by an unearthly roar—a yell—as of some animal in extreme terror and agony.

I started up, looked hurriedly about the narrow space which was open around me, but saw nothing. The woods were yet resounding with the cry which had so startled me. And now a dull booming roar succeeded, and I could guess that beyond my sight, out in some other open space, some fortunate leopard had gained a meal. Determined to see the fight, if possible, I made towards the sounds, and, emerging from the wood, saw scudding across the plain, and at but little distance from me, a wild bull, on whose neck was crouched what I instantly knew, from the natives' description, to be a leopard. Vainly the poor beast reared, tossed, ran, stopped, roared, and yelled. In its blind terror it at last even rushed against a tree, and nearly tumbled over with the recoil. But once more anguish lent it strength, and it set out on another race. I took as good aim at the leopard's figure as I could, and fired, but with no effect that I could discover. The exciting spectacle lasted but a minute; then the bull was lost to my sight, and presently his roars ceased. Probably the leopard had sucked away his life, and was now feasting on the carcase.

We stayed a week. In that time the party collected five hundred pounds of India-rubber, and then returned with cheery songs to the village, each one expecting to make great bargains with the Mpongwe traders, or with white men.

To return, now, to my regular route, from which this has been a very long digression.

The country about the Ikoi Creek seems to be a great bird-country. During my stay at Mr. Best's I killed a great many beautiful birds, some rare, and a few of hitherto unknown varieties. One was a variety of the partridge, the *Francolinus squamatus*, a gray bird, whose loud call was heard in the forests every evening calling its mate. They sleep side by side on a particular branch of some tree where they have their home, and

one does not cease to call until the other arrives at this rendezvous. The other—a very curious bird—has been since named the *Barbatula du Chaillui.* It is a really beautiful creature: throat and breast a glossy blue-black; head scarlet; a line of canary-yellow running from above the eyes along the neck; and the back, which is black, covered with canary-yellow spots. This singular little bird makes its nest with great pains in the wood of dead trees. The male and female settle upon a tree which seems to have been dead a sufficient time to soften the wood a little, and then, going to work with their bills, peck out a circular opening two inches in diameter, and perhaps two inches deep. This done, they dig perpendicularly down for about four inches. The cavity thus made is their nest. Of course, as they are small birds, it takes them a long time to perform this piece of carpentering—often two or three weeks. Then it is lined softly, and the female lays her eggs and hatches them in security.

From the Ikoi Creek I returned without incident or adventure to the Gaboon.

CHAPTER XI.

Creek Navigation — Nocturnal Habits of the Negroes — A royal Farm — Beach-travel — Canoe-building — Ogoula-Limbai — A great Elephant-hunter — In the Surf — Shark River — Prairies — Sangatanga — King Bango — An Audience of Royalty — A Ball — Barracoons — Unwelcome Guest — A Slaver in the Offing — Decline of the Slave-trade on this Coast — Idols.

MY stay in Gaboon was only long enough to enable me to secure my specimens and send them on, and to prepare myself for a trip to Cape Lopez. I was anxious to see for myself the barracoons of the slave-traders, as well as to hunt the wild buffalo, which is found in great numbers on the prairies of that part of the interior.

When all was ready, I placed all my goods, and guns, and ammunition in one of the immense canoes which the Mpongwe make, and we started for Mbata Creek, on which lay the plantation of my old friend King Rompochombo, or Roi Dennis, as the French call him.

We entered the Mbata Creek at 4 P.M., and paddled up and up, the stream growing narrower all the time, and more overhung with trees, till about midnight the men had to pull the canoe through the brushwood, which made more swamp than creek. This brought us soon to the end of the creek, and then we found ourselves on the royal plantation.

My baggage was immediately taken to the king's first wife's house. Though so late, or rather now getting *early*, the people were not asleep. It is a singular habit the Africans have, and very like the highest class of society in our own cities—they do not sleep at night, but lie about their fires, and smoke and tell stories, dozing off all day afterwards. I was not surprised, therefore, to find the Princess Akerai lying, with three or four other women near a huge fire (the thermometer was at 85°), smoking her pipe, and saying she was glad to see me.

However, all was busy in an instant. The princess hurried off to cook me some plantains and fish which her slaves were preparing, and which I greatly enjoyed, for our day's journey had

made me hungry. A fire was built in the centre of the floor of the house which I was to occupy, and around this several of the king's wives assembled, while the queen busied herself in preparing a corner for my sleeping accommodations. For bed I had a mat—simple enough, but not so hard for the bones as the bamboo couch I had enjoyed at Mbene's; and there was added to my mat, in this case, the unusual luxury of a musquito netting, by help of which I was able to enjoy a good sleep.

The negroes are very hospitable and kind, but generally very poor and dirty. However, it does not seem dirt to them; and as for their poor half-starved lives, they enjoy them as though no misery were in the world; till death or great distress comes, and then their sorrow is something terrible—literally a sorrow without hope.

King Rompochombo's people are among the most thriving of the Mpongwe. The plantations where I now was belóng to them, and are the most flourishing I saw anywhere on the coast. The village, which lies at the head of the Mbata Creek, is surrounded by a fertile prairie, which was now in full cultivation. The people have a great many slaves, and the women seem really to have a taste or liking for agricultural operations—perhaps because in their Gaboon villages they have before them only Sandy or Pongara Point, a long sandy flat, where nothing will grow. Here I saw on every hand, and for several miles in all directions, fields of ground-nuts, plantains, corn, sugarcane, ginger, yams, manioc, squash (a great favourite with all the negroes); while near their little huts were growing the paw-tree, the lime, the wild orange, together with abundance of plantains and pine-apples. The life of peaceful industry they led here really gave me a high opinion of this little nation, who have greater persistence in this direction than any of their fellows I have seen. They seemed even to care for animals, for everywhere I saw goats and the diminutive African chickens.

The king was at his town on the coast, but had given orders to have me forwarded on to Cape Lopez, Sangatanga, the chief town of the cape, being about sixty miles from Mbata. The king gives himself no trouble about this beautiful plantation, and visits it only during the dry season. Indeed, I suspect that he has little authority there, the queen ruling supreme, managing everything, and ordering the labour of the slaves and the succession

of the agricultural operations. Occasionally she sets her own hand to the planting, which is the labour of the women, the men cutting down and burning the bushes, which spring up with such terrible rapidity wherever the African soil is left for a season untouched.

As I intended to spend some months in the Cape Lopez country, I had brought from Gaboon a very inconvenient quantity of luggage, which was to be transported overland to Sangatanga from here, Mbata being the head of navigation in this direction. To carry my three heavy chests of trade-goods, 200 pounds of coarse powder, half-a-hundredweight of tobacco, 50 pounds of shot, three double-barrelled guns, together with hams, boxes of crackers, bottles of wine, brandy, and oil, woollen blankets for camping, and camp cooking-utensils (I never dared to eat food cooked in the native pots, from a fear of what was in them before) —to carry all this required some thirty men. These I asked the queen for next morning, saying that I would give each man five fathoms of cotton cloth, some beads, and tobacco. She made no difficulty, but, of course, several days were required to get everything ready for a start.

Finally, all was prepared, and we started. Our way led us for ten or twelve miles through a fine prairie, interspersed with occasional hills, and making altogether a beautiful country for agriculture. South of the Gaboon the country changes very much, and is generally less rough and better adapted to the growing of yams and other farm-products than any I saw to the north. Here, as we travelled along, we came occasionally upon the bamboo huts of slaves who lived here, far away from their Mpongwe masters on the coast, and tilled the soil on their own account, sending a tribute of its products down to the seaside whenever canoes came up the Mbata for it. They seemed quite happy, as they were certainly independent, for slaves. The old men and women lay lazily in front of their little huts, smoking; and on every hand were smiling fields of plantains, manioc, peanuts, and yams.

Towards twelve o'clock we approached the sea, and could hear the distant boom of the surf. Presently the sky, before clear, became overcast, and before long we were in the midst of a wild storm—almost a tornado. It thundered and lightened violently, and rained as it rains only in Africa. We rushed for a little hut

we saw before us, and were kindly received by an old negro and his wife, who lived there. In about an hour the storm was over, and the sky was again clear. These storms are frequent here in the season, and sometimes do much damage, tearing down trees, and overwhelming the plantations in ruin.

Half-an-hour's walk brought us to the beach, along which we now had to walk. The soft sand made our travel exhausting; I was forced to take off my shoes, as I sank down above my ankles at every step. This lasted the whole day, and I was glad when night came and we stopped. My men bore it better than I, though they had heavy loads to carry. Though our walking was bad, the scenery was often very fine. On one side was the rolling sea, and on the other the dark green forests, coming down in seemingly impenetrable masses nearly to the shore. Every mile or so a creek cut its way through this mass of green, and wound its devious course into the interior, having a curious appearance —canal-like—from the way in which the vegetation began on the very banks, in the same solid masses which presented their fronts seaward. It was a real solitude, the roar of the sea breaking the grim silence of the forest only to make that more impressive. From time to time we recognized the lonesome cry of the chimpanzee, which is the chief inhabitant of these wilds.

Just at sunset we came upon a beautiful little prairie or natural clearing, situated quite in the middle of the woods, and received an unexpected welcome from the owner of some huts we saw in front of us. He proved to be a Mpongwe, named Mbouma, whom I had known at Gaboon. He had come hither to spend the dry season in making canoes, the trees surrounding his little clearing being of unusual size. He had chosen for the scene of his labours one of the prettiest spots I ever saw in Africa. The little prairie was a mile long, by perhaps one-third of a mile wide, perfectly clear, and covered with a luxuriant growth of grass, which, when the sun lay on it next morning, shone with a golden glory. The very beasts of the forest seemed to rejoice in its prettiness; monkeys leaped nimbly along the trees on its skirts, and the song of the birds in the morning gave a charm to the whole scene which few of the African wilds can boast.

Mbouma had moved hither temporarily, but with his whole family—wives, children, and slaves. They had built temporary

shelters, rude but sufficient leaf-roofed huts, and lived in a kind of extended picnic. He showed me some immense trees he had cut down, and which were intended for canoes. Several of these vessels were already completed and ready to launch. A Mpongwe canoe is sometimes of very considerable size. Mbouma had one finished, which was 60 feet long, 3½ feet wide, and 3 feet deep. The process of canoe-building is very simple. The tree is felled, cut to the requisite length, divested of limbs, if any are in the way, and then fire is applied to burn out the inside. This fire is carefully watched and guided till all the inside is eaten away. Then the *mpano*, the native adze, is used to trim all off neatly, and to give shape to the outside. They know very well how to do this; and their larger canoes are very stout and reliable craft, in which considerable coasting-voyages are sometimes made. Unfortunately the making of the canoe is mostly the least part of the work. The canoe-tree (for only one kind of tree is used for this purpose) grows almost invariably some miles away from the water, and the unlucky boat-builder's greatest undertaking is the launch. Often they have to transport a sixty-foot canoe eight or ten miles overland to the nearest creek or river. In this case they cut a path through the woods, and on this lay rollers at two feet apart, on which, with much trouble, the little vessel is pushed along.

Mbouma was very fortunate in his choice of locality. His farthest canoe was but two miles from the seashore, and he thought his labour easy enough. But he was forced to send all his canoes by sea to the Gaboon.

Little prairies like this of Mbouma's occurred constantly between this and Sangatanga, and gave me a good opinion of the value of this country for purposes of civilized life. They were great reliefs to the dreary journey.

We continued to skirt the seashore, our aim being to gain a Shekiani village, where we purposed to stop the night. In the forenoon I shot a beautiful black and white fishing-eagle (the *Gypohierax angolensis*), which sat on the very top of a huge cotton-wood-tree, looking gravely down into the blue sea below, meditating its finny prey.

At three o'clock we reached a village where the chief, Ogoula-Limbai by name, turned out to meet us at the head of his whole nation, which consisted of thirty men, sixty or seventy women,

and a prodigious number of children. I was welcomed and conducted to a house—a real house—the most convenient and substantial I had met with among the wild negroes. It was high, had a plank floor, and was really wonderful for a savage chief's abode. It had several rooms partitioned off with planks; and when I had rested and talked a while I was asked into another room, where a new surprise awaited me. The walls of this room were covered with wall-paper, and all around were hung little pictures of saints. A table was covered with a real cotton cloth, on which was my dinner, which I was now asked to eat. The *pièce de résistance* was a splendid roast of boar-meat, juicy and fragrant. The wild boar is very plentiful hereabouts, and makes a very fine roast. The animal is black.

I ate unquestioning, determined to satisfy my body before I attempted to satisfy my mind about this mystery of civilization in a rude African village far from white settlements.

Finally Ogoula-Limbai explained all. A Portuguese carpenter, left sick by some passing slaver, had lived with him for a while and built him this astonishing house; and I suppose of the Portuguese, too, my black friend must have learned the table arrangements and the art displayed in cooking that delicious boar-roast. I suppose Ogoula-Limbai may probably have been once concerned in the slave-trade; and, though he did not mention it, this would account for several evidences of civilization I saw about me. However, whatever he had done, he does not dare now to set up a slave-factory, although, doubtless, his heart longs to do so. He is a vassal of the king of Cape Lopez, who claims a monopoly of that business, and would soon drive him off were he to attempt to set up on his own hook. Ogoula is the only Shekiani chief who has been permitted to settle directly on the seashore between Gaboon and Cape Lopez—the king of the latter place suffering no such attempt, which he fears may interfere with his present sole possession of a most lucrative trade. None of these Shekiani fellows dare trade directly with the white men. They must all submit to the extortions of their neighbours who are so fortunate as to possess the seashore; and if Ogoula were to attempt direct trade—though he has the finest chances—his town would be burned down in a week.

Ogoula has the reputation of being the greatest hunter of elephants in all the country about here. As he could speak Mpon-

gwe, he told me some of his adventures, which proved indeed that he was a daring and expert fellow. Going out to the hunt one day he met two elephants. Being alone he had but one gun, and would have retreated and watched for a safer chance; but the great beasts saw him and did not give him any opportunity of escape. He was obliged to make a stand; and, taking good aim, he killed one elephant. Unfortunately it was the female, and the male, seeing its partner fall, immediately rushed at him. He turned to retreat, and caught his foot in a trailing vine. The more he struggled the less he got loose, and meantime his pursuer was tearing down everything in its way, and was almost on top of him when he got his foot loose, and in desperation swung himself into a young sapling which stood at hand. Scarce had he done this, when the elephant, trumpeting with rage, was beneath him. It seized the sapling with its trunk, and swayed it violently back and forth, determined to pull it down. But as it swung on one side, Ogoula, nimble through desperation, was able to catch at another which stood near, and when the elephant seized this, he gave himself a great swing and caught the outstretched branch of a huge full-grown tree, from which he clambered to a safe height where he could afford to laugh at the vain rage of his enemy.

The negroes are not generally good marksmen, but they have great nimbleness and considerable presence of mind, and often escape in situations where a white man would most likely be killed.

As my men were very much exhausted with the weight of my baggage, I asked Ogoula to let me have a canoe, which he did. The road to Sangatanga by sea was a little further, but a good deal easier than along the yielding sand of the seashore; so the luggage was to be put in the canoe, and I and part of the people to go with it.

I slept on a sofa-bed—another relic of the Portuguese—with a negro boy to fan me, and a torch by whose smoke it was hoped the musquitoes would be driven off. As the natives here, including Ogoula himself, are great thieves, my things were placed in a room near mine, where my men slept.

About one o'clock I woke up, roused up the men, and proceeded to the seashore. Here we found ourselves in a position so usual, and so characteristic of the negroes' dealings, that I

will describe it. I had bargained for a canoe and paid for it, expecting, of course, to have it in such a condition that we could use it.

Now we could find no paddles. I went to Ogoula, who said they must have been stolen, but offered a new set for two fathoms of cloth and two bottles of rum.

I refused, point-blank, to be cheated.

Ogoula frowned—looked blacker than usual, in fact, and declined to help us.

There was much "palaver," and finally one of my men gave his own cloth and got the paddles. I was very angry, but could do nothing; and happily Ogoula was just in the same state. He thought himself ill-used that I had given him no rum (which I never carried for the natives), but could do nothing—but cheat. Had I not been escorted by Rompochombo's men, no doubt I should have had trouble—probably been robbed.

We now put our things aboard, got in, and put off. The surf was high, the boat deep-laden, and, unluckily, we got caught in a mountain of a breaker, which turned us over in an instant but a few yards from the shore, and sent us all into the water, which, fortunately for me, was not deep.

Here was another mess. We got ashore again, kindled an immense fire, and then my men, who were, as all the coast negroes are, good divers, set out, and in an amazingly short time fished up everything we had lost but one or two small packages. I was very glad to find my guns again, for without them I should have been in a bad plight. The powder, fortunately, had been so carefully packed that it was not injured; and, as for the rest, I came off very well.

Last of all the paddles were hunted up. They had been washed ashore a long distance off. Then we lay down by the fire till dawn and dried ourselves, and, when day broke, I had all the things again put into the boat, and sent the men off to make their way round, determining myself to walk overland.

While we lay about the fire I kept a good look-out for my friend Ogoula, and was rewarded by seeing his rascally face peering at us through the darkness. He came down when he saw himself discovered, and expressed himself very sorry; but I felt certain that if we had been in confusion I should have been plundered. These negroes seem to be unable to keep their

hands off property that has been cast ashore by the sea, no matter how slight the accident.

I set out with a man to carry my gun and show me the way. Towards noon we came to a village, where, fortunately, we got something to eat, for I was very hungry. In the afternoon we came to the Shark River; rightly named, for its mouth was actually alive with huge sharks, which swam about our frail canoe as we crossed in such an outrageously familiar manner that I was rather glad to get safely across.

The negroes boast that they can swim the river without danger if only they have nothing red about them; and, in fact, all my men swam across without accident, first carefully concealing those parts of their scanty dress which might have the obnoxious colour. They also offered to take me over on their backs; but this I refused, from a fear that the sharks might make an exception in my case to their general rule. These fish are here held sacred—which may have something to do with their harmlessness. The natives believe that if they should kill one there would be no safety from their attacks thereafter. It is certainly very singular that they should not attack men in the water, for on any other of the numerous points on the coast where they abound a man would be instantly killed did he venture among them.

I did not reach Sangatanga till a little before dark, having travelled sixteen hours, counting an hour's rest on the way, and I never was so tired and footsore in my life. The people were greatly surprised at the feat—no inconsiderable one under an African sun and over beach-sand, for the distance is quite forty miles.

The prairies grow larger and more important as the traveller approaches Sangatanga, and in the interior they form a still larger portion of the country. The change is very curious and very decided; as north of the Gaboon such a thing as a clear patch is almost unknown; all being vast, dense, hardly penetrable forest. All the interior, from Gaboon to Sangatanga and Nazareth River, is hilly, rolling land, and contains immense prairie tracts, where the buffalo has his home and pasture. Each clearing is lined with dense, evergreen forests, where the buffalo spends his days, grazing only by night; and these forests shelter the elephant, leopard, and all the varied fauna of these woods,

which abound greatly more in game than the country north of the Gaboon.

The hills above Sangatanga assume very fantastic shapes, and are many of them quite steep. Along their sides, where they are bare, they are covered with thousands of the curious hills of the white ants which abound hereabouts. These hills or nests are about two feet high, and, being formed like flat-topped toadstools, such as are common in our meadows after a rain, look in reality like a vast assemblage of gigantic mushrooms.

My men found me shelter for the night, and I saw nothing of the town or its people till next morning.

Sangatanga is set upon a tolerably high hill fronting the seashore, between which and the town, a distance of about two miles, stretches a lovely prairie, about which are scattered numerous little villages. The view is charming, for, turning the eye upwards from the landscape which lies at one's feet, the beholder sees before him the boundless stretch of the ocean, whose billows seem pouring in to overwhelm the shore. I never tired of this fine landscape, which was doubly refreshing after my long and tedious journeys in the unpicturesque regions north of the Gaboon, where the coast-line almost everywhere is a deadly swamp, and the interior an almost lifeless wilderness.

At the top of the hill on which I stood was the royal residence, where dwelt the king of the Oroungou tribe—called the Cape Lopez people by the whites. He is a powerful chief, and his tribe—over whom he rules almost as a despot by his personal influence—are a thriving and influential people.

Cape Lopez proper is in lat. 0° 36′ 10″ S., and long. 8° 40′ E. from Greenwich. It takes its name from the Portuguese, who formerly called it Cape Lope Gonsalvez. It is chiefly a long sandy point projecting into the sea, on which it gains somewhat every year. This point protects the bay, which is quite large and full of shallows and banks, so that vessels are obliged to anchor far from the shore. The cape looks from the sea something like overflowed land. The point is so low that the bushes and trees growing on it seem from a distance seaward to be set in the water.

The bay is about fourteen miles deep, and several small rivers empty their waters into it at or near its base. The Nazareth, a more considerable stream, also has its mouths here, as well as the

Fetich River, one of its branches—which takes his name from Fetich Point, a remarkable locality at its mouth. The bay has frequent banks and shallows, but the water is very deep near the cape itself, and vessels of large size may sail in, almost or quite touching the land, without danger. There is no surf in the bay; but outside the cape, along the shore to the south, it beats in so heavily that in many places even the most experienced boatmen cannot land except during a few days of each month.

The bottom of the bay is swampy and overgrown with mangroves, which come quite down to the shores, in their usual gloomy and impenetrable masses. The water here is brackish, from the large quantity of fresh water brought down by the Nazareth and other streams. The rivers are all lined for a short distance up with mangrove-swamps, and this part of the country has a gloomy, dirty, sickly appearance—the black waters rushing into the sea, the long mangrove-flats sending up noisome exhalations, and filling the air with a pungent and disagreeable odour of decaying vegetation.

The bay abounds with all sorts of delicious fish, and the cape itself is a famous place for turtle. Near the right bank of the mouth of the Nazareth there is a little village called Fishtown, where great quantities of fish are taken every year.

There is a safe channel through the shallows from the cape to the mouth of the Nazareth, but otherwise the bay is not easily navigable.

The region known generally as the Cape Lopez country includes all the shores of the bay, and the interior for thirty or forty miles. It has much fine land, and King Bango, if he were not a drunken vagabond, might be a prosperous king. Back from the seashore the land becomes higher and hilly, the mangroves give place to forests of palm and more useful woods, and fine prairies dot the country quite thickly. The whole of this district is given to the slave-trade. It produces small quantities of ivory, ebony, wax, &c.; but the slave factory is the chief commercial establishment, and the buying, selling, and transporting of slaves for the barracoons at the cape is the most profitable business.

About ten o'clock of the morning after my arrival the king sent his mafouga (his intendant, major-domo, herald, and secretary of state) to the village where I had stopped, to ascertain who was the white man who had come, and what was his business.

The Oroungo language being almost identical with the Mpongwe, I was able to converse with the mafouga, and informed him that I was too tired to speak or see anyone, but that next day I would see the king; with which he went off satisfied, expressing his astonishment that any white man could walk on foot the distance I did yesterday.

At eight o'clock the following morning I accordingly prepared for my visit to King Bango, or Passall—the last being the name given him by the traders. His Majesty lives at the top of the hill, and the royal palace is surrounded by a little village of huts, in which reside the royal wives, of whom there are really a vast number (over 300), as the king takes pride in keeping up the largest harem to be found on this part of the coast.

As I entered the village the mafouga met me, with the king's cane borne aloft, and inquired, in an official voice, my business, and if I desired to see the king.

I answered, Yes—somewhat disgusted at so much ceremony, though the crowd of loyal subjects who had followed me up were hugely pleased.

I was asked to wait awhile, and presently (the royal wives having put the finishing touches to their toilets, perhaps) I was admitted to the palace.

It was an ugly hole of a house, set on pillars, and of two stories. The lower story consisted of a dark hall, flanked on each side by rows of small dark rooms, looking uncommonly like cells. At the end of the hall was a staircase, steep and dirty, up which the mafouga piloted me. When I had ascended, I found myself in a large room, at one end of which was seated King Bango, surrounded by about a hundred of his wives, and with his interpreter and some of his principal men standing near him.

The king—a middle-sized, not over-clean, dissipated-looking negro, dressed very lightly in a shirt and a dilapidated pair of pantaloons—wore on his head a crown which had been presented to him by some of his friends the Portuguese slavers, and over his shoulders a flaming yellow coat with gilt embroidery all over it—apparently the cast-off coat of some rich man's lackey in Portugal or Brazil. The crown was shaped like those commonly worn by actors on the stage, and was probably worth when new about ten dollars. But his majesty had put around it a new band or circlet of pure gold, which must have been worth at

least two hundred dollars. He was very proud of this crown. He sat on a sofa, and held in his hand a cane, which officiated as sceptre.

Most of his wives present wore silks. I was presented to the queen or head wife, an old woman, and by no means pretty.

The king remarked that the slave-trade no longer prospered. He complained of the English, who were the cause of this stagnation, and feared much that in a few years more he would be left without customers.

He next addressed me in French, and told me he had been to Brazil and also to Portugal, having lived two years in Lisbon, and knew how to read Portuguese—a bit of knowledge which must have been handy in his business affairs. It was easy to see that his foreign travel had done him little good. To his original ignorance he had added only what he thought European manners, and some kinds of dissipations perhaps previously unknown to him.

He told me that the entire village on the hill was occupied by his family and slaves, and that about two hundred of his men were now in the country on his plantation. To my question of how many children he had, he replied that he did not know the exact number, but at least six hundred, which, from after observation, I judge a fair estimate.

The next morning that absurd personage, the mafouga, who was evidently the result of his royal master's visit to Lisbon, came down to my house to announce that the king would return my visit in the afternoon. Accordingly, at two o'clock I arranged my little bamboo-house, and presently a great beating of drums announced that King Bango was under way. Soon a great procession of people appeared, at the head of whom the king was borne in a hammock. I went out to meet him, and found, to my surprise, that he could not move. I thought, at first, that he was dead-drunk, but was presently informed that his left arm and leg were paralyzed, and thus half his body was dead. His people lifted him out of his hammock and seated him on a seat which I had prepared, and here six of his wives surrounded him with fans. The rest of his family who were present also crowded around, and I soon perceived that all the women were drunk. His majesty had called at one of the slave-factories on his way to my house, and there rum had been

served out to the whole cortège. Evidently the royal ladies had managed to get more than their share.

Bango was dressed as yesterday, except that he had on a new crown, which I asked to see. He took it off. I found that it was also a tawdry concern, but enriched with gold to the value of at least a thousand dollars. It contained some poor imitations of precious stones, and was evidently thought an object of great value and beauty by its possessor. After praising its beauty, I returned it; whereupon his majesty tried to pick a quarrel, saying that neither Portuguese, English, French, Spaniards, or Americans had ever before asked him to take off his crown, and that he thought I intended to insult him. Of course I said I had a great desire to behold, near to, such a beautiful object, which seemed to pacify him. He informed me that this crown had been given him by a celebrated slave-trader on the coast, well known under the name of Don Jose, and that it was sent as a special gift from one of the richest firms of Rio Janeiro, who had dealt largely with him.

While we were talking, one of the women was slyly kicking me on the shins and winking at me, which I sincerely hoped the king, her husband, would not see, as I had no desire to arouse his jealousy. When we ceased, all the women began to ask for rum, which I refused, but gave them instead several heads of tobacco, and then formally presented the king with two large pieces of cloth. This put him in good humour, and, after some refreshments, he set out for home. It was not without great trouble that his huge carcase was hoisted into the hammock. As he left, my men saluted him with a salvo of musketry, which, too, flattered his vanity.

The next night a ball was given by the king in my honour. The room where I had been first received was the ball-room. When I arrived, shortly after dark, I found about one hundred and fifty of the king's wives assembled, many of whom were accounted the best dancers in the country. Shortly afterwards singing began, and then a barrel of rum was rolled in and tapped. A good glassful was given to each of the women, and then the singing recommenced. In this the women only took part, and the airs were doleful and discordant. The words I could not always catch; but here is a specimen :—

"When we are alive and well,
Let us be merry, sing, dance, and laugh;
For after life comes death;
Then the body rots, the worms eat it,
And all is done for ever."

When everybody was greatly excited with these songs, the king, who sat in a corner on a sofa with some of his favourite wives next him, gave the signal for the dance to begin. Immediately all rose up and beat a kind of tune or refrain to accompany the noise of the tam-tams or drums. Then six women stepped out and began to dance in the middle of the floor. The dance is not to be described. Anyone who has seen a Spanish fandango, and can imagine its lascivious movements tenfold exaggerated, will have some faint conceptions of the postures of these black women. To attain the greatest possible indecency of attitude seemed to be the ambition of all six. These were relieved by another set of six in course of time, and so the ball went on for about two hours, when, what with occasional potations of rum and the excitement of the dance and noise, the whole assemblage got so uproarious that I had thoughts of retreating; but the king would not suffer it. He and all the people seemed to enjoy it all exceedingly.

Next women came out, one at a time, and danced their best (or worst) before a closely-critical audience, who, watching every motion with jealous eyes, were sure to applaud by audible murmurs of pleasure at every more than usually lewd *pas*. At last this ceased, and two really pretty young girls came out hand in hand and danced before me. I was told that they were daughters of the king, and he desired that I should take them for my wives—an offer which I respectfully but firmly declined.

Finally the room began to smell too high for me, and, as the revelries were getting madder all the time, I slipped out and betook myself to my house to sleep.

The next day I made a visit to the barracoons, or slave-pens. Cape Lopez is a great slave-dépôt—once one of the largest on the whole coast—and I had, of course, much curiosity to see how the traffic is carried on.

My way led through several of the villages which are scattered about the extensive plain. Every head of a family makes a separate little settlement, and the huts of his wives and slaves

which surround his own make quite a little village. Each of these groups is hidden from view by surrounding clumps of bushes, and near each are the fields cultivated by the slaves. The object of building separately in this way is to prevent the destruction which used frequently to fall upon their larger towns at the hands of the British cruisers, who have done their best several times to break up this nest of slave-dealing. A town could be shelled and burned down; these scattered plantations afford no mark.

Cape Lopez boasts of two slave-factories. I now visited the one kept by the Portuguese. It was, from the outside, an immense enclosure, protected by a fence of palisades twelve feet high, and sharp-pointed at the top. Passing through the gate, which was standing open, I found myself in the midst of a large collection of shanties surrounded by shade-trees, under which were lying about, in various positions, people enough to form a considerable African town.

An old Portuguese, who seemed to be sick, met and welcomed me, and conducted me to the white men's house, a two-story frame building, which stood immediately fronting the gate. This was poorly furnished, but contained beds, a table, chairs, &c.

Unfortunately I do not speak either Spanish or Portuguese, and my conductor understood neither French nor English. We had, therefore, to make use of a native interpreter, who made slow work of our talk. The Portuguese complained that it was now very hard to land a cargo in the Brazils, as the Government was against them, and that each year the trade grew duller. To put myself on a right footing with him, I told him I had not come to trade, but to collect objects in natural history, and to see the country and hunt.

I was now led around. The large house I have mentioned was surrounded by a separate strong fence, and in the spacious yard which was thus cut off were the male slaves, fastened six together by a little stout chain which passed through a collar secured about the neck of each. This mode of fastening experience has proved to be the most secure. It is rare that six men are unanimous in any move for their own good, and it is found that no attempts to liberate themselves, when thus fastened, succeed. They reposed under sheds or shelters built about the

yard, and here and there were buckets of water from which they could drink when they felt inclined.

Beyond this yard was another for the women and children, who were not manacled, but allowed to rove at pleasure through their yard, which was also protected by a fence. The men were almost naked. The women wore invariably a cloth about their middle.

Behind the great houses was the hospital for sick slaves. It was not ill-arranged, the rooms being large and well-ventilated, and the beds—structures of bamboo covered with a mat—were ranged about the walls.

Outside of all the minor yards, under some trees, were the huge cauldrons in which the beans and rice, which serve as slave-food, were cooked. Each yard had several Portuguese overseers, who kept watch and order, and superintended the cleaning out of the yards, which is performed daily by the slaves themselves. From time to time, too, these overseers take the slaves down to the seashore and make them bathe.

I remarked that many of the slaves were quite merry, and seemed perfectly content with their fate. Others were sad, and seemed filled with dread of their future; for, to lend an added horror to the position of these poor creatures, they firmly believe that we whites buy them to *eat* them. They cannot conceive of any other use to be made of them; and wherever the slave-trade is known in the interior, it is believed that the white men beyond sea are great cannibals, who have to import blacks for the market. Thus a chief in the interior country, having a great respect for me, of whom he had often heard, when I made him my first visit, immediately ordered a slave to be killed for my dinner, and it was only with great difficulty I was able to convince him that I did not, in my own country, live on human flesh.

The slaves here seemed of many different tribes, and but few even understood each other. The slave-trade has become so great a traffic (here I speak of the country and foreign trade alike) that it extends from this coast quite to the centre of the continent; and I have met slaves on the coast who had been brought from much farther in the interior than I ever succeeded in reaching. The Shekiani, Bakalai, and many other tribes far inland sell their fellows into slavery on various pretexts (chiefly witchcraft), and thus help to furnish the Sangatanga slave-

barracoons. The large rivers which, joining, form the Nazareth, provide an easy access to the coast, and give Cape Lopez great advantages for obtaining a regular supply of slaves; and the creeks which abound hereabouts afford the vessels good chances to conceal themselves from the watchful cruisers.

I wandered about the town the rest of the day watching the lazy negroes, and did not return to my house till after dark. I struck a match and set fire to a torch to go to bed by; and casting my eyes about to see if anything had been disturbed, noticed something glittering and shining under my *akoko* or low bamboo bedstead. I did not pay much attention to the object, which did not seem important by the dim light of the torch, till, just as I approached the bed to arrange it, I saw that the glitter was produced by the shining scales of an enormous serpent which lay quietly coiled up there within two feet of me. My first motion was to retreat behind the door; then I bethought me to kill it. But unfortunately my two guns were set against the wall behind the bed, and the snake was between me and them. As I stood watching and thinking what to do, keeping the doorway fairly in my rear for a speedy retreat, I noticed that my visitor did not move, and finally I mustered up courage to creep along the floor to the bedside and quickly grasp one gun. Happily it was loaded very heavily with large shot. I placed the muzzle fairly against one of the coils of the serpent and fired, and then ran out.

At the report there was an instant rush of negroes from all sides, eager to know what was the matter. They thought some one had shot a man, and then run into my house for concealment. Of course they all rushed in after, helter-skelter; and as quickly rushed out again, on finding a great snake writhing about the floor. Then I went in cautiously to reconnoitre; happily my torch had kept alight, and I saw the snake on the floor. My shot had been so closely fired that it had cut the body fairly in two, and both ends were now lopping about the floor. I gave the head some blows with a heavy stick, and thus killed the animal; and then, to my surprise, it disgorged a duck, which it had probably swallowed that afternoon, and then sought shelter in my hut to digest it quietly. This pretty sleeping companion measured eighteen feet in length. I must confess that I dreamed more than once of serpents that night, for they are my horror.

The next morning I paid a visit to the other slave-factory. It was a neater place, but arranged much like the first. While I was standing there, two young women and a lad of fourteen were brought in for sale, and bought by the Portuguese in my presence. The boy brought a twenty-gallon cask of rum, a few fathoms of cloth, and a quantity of beads. The women sold at a higher rate. Each was valued at the following articles, which were immediately paid over: one gun, one neptune (a flat disk of copper), thirty fathoms of cloth, two iron bars, two cutlasses, two looking-glasses, two files, two plates, two bolts, a keg of powder, a few beads, and a small lot of tobacco. Rum bears a high price in this country.

At two o'clock this afternoon a flag was hoisted at the king's palace on the hill, which signifies that a slaver is in the offing. It proved to be a schooner of about 170 tons' burden. She ran in and hove to a few miles from shore. Immediately I saw issue from one of the factories gangs of slaves, who were rapidly driven down to a point on the shore nearest the vessel. I stood and watched the embarkation. The men were still chained in gangs of six, but had been washed, and had on clean cloths. The canoes were immense boats, managed by twenty-six paddles, and carrying besides each about sixty slaves. Into these the poor creatures were now hurried, and a more piteous sight I never saw. They seemed terrified almost out of their senses; even those whom I had seen in the factory to be contented and happy were now gazing about with such mortal terror in their looks as one neither sees nor feels very often in life. They had been content to be in the factory, where they were well treated and had enough to eat. But now they were being taken away they knew not whither, and the frightful stories of the white man's cannibalism seemed fresh in their minds.

But there was no time allowed for sorrow or lamentation. Gang after gang was driven into the canoes until they were full, and then they set out for the vessel, which was dancing about in the sea in the offing.

And now a new point of dread seized the poor wretches, as I could see, watching them from the shore. They had never been on rough water before, and the motion of the canoe, as it skimmed over the waves and rolled now one way now another, gave them fears of drowning, at which the paddlers broke into

a laugh, and forced them to lie down in the bottom of the canoe.

I said the vessel was of 170 tons. Six hundred slaves were taken off to her, and stowed in her narrow hold. The whole embarkation did not last two hours, and then, hoisting her white sails, away she sailed for the South American coast. She hoisted no colours while near the shore, but was evidently recognized by the people on shore. She seemed an American-built schooner. The vessels are, in fact, Brazilian, Portuguese, Spanish, sometimes Sardinian, but oftenest of all American. Even whalers, I have been told, have come to the coast, got their slave cargo, and departed unmolested, and setting it down in Cuba or Brazil returned to their whaling business no one the wiser. The slave-dealers and their overseers on the coast are generally Spanish and Portuguese. One of the head-men at the factories here told me he had been taken twice on board slave-vessels, of course losing his cargo each time. Once he had been taken into Brest by a French vessel, but by the French laws he was acquitted, as the French do not take Portuguese vessels. He told me he thought he should make his fortune in a very short time now, and then he meant to return to Portugal.

The slave-trade is really decreasing. The hardest blow has been struck at it by the Brazilians. They have for some years been alarmed at the great superiority in numbers of the Africans in Brazil to its white population, and the government and people have united to discourage the trade, and put obstacles in the way of its successful prosecution. If now the trade to Cuba could also be stopped, this would do more to put an end to the whole business than the blockading by all the navies of the world.

It is impossible for any limited number of vessels to effectually guard 4000 miles of coast. Eight or ten years ago, when I was on the coast of Africa, the British kept some 26 vessels of light draught on the coast, several of which were steamers, while the rest were good sailers. The French also had 26 vessels there, and the Americans their complement. But, with all this force to hinder, the slave-trade was never more prosperous. The demand in Brazil and Cuba was good, and barracoons were established all along the coast. Many vessels were taken, but many more escaped. The profits are so great that the slave-dealers could afford to send really immense fleets, and count

with almost mathematical certainty on making a great profit from those which escaped the cruisers. The barracoons were shifted from place to place to escape the vigilance of the men-of-war; and no sooner was one of these dépôts broken up than another was established in some neighbouring creek or bay. So great was the demand that fearful atrocities were sometimes practised on innocent negroes by shrewd captains, who begrudged even the small price they had to pay for slaves. Thus it is related of one that he invited a number of friendly natives on board of his vessel, then shut them under hatches, and sailed away with them to Cuba to sell them.

A pregnant sign of the decay of the business is that those engaged in it begin to cheat each other. I was told by Portuguese on the coast that within two or three years the conduct of Cuban houses had been very bad. They had received cargo after cargo, and when pressed for pay had denied and refused. Similar complaints are made of other houses; and it is said that now a captain holds on to his cargo till he sees the doubloons, and takes the gold in one hand while he sends the slaves over the side with the other. While the trade was brisk they had no occasion to quarrel. As the profits become more precarious, each will try to cut the other's throat.

Now there are not many barracoons north of the equator, and the chief trade centres about the mouth of the Congo. The lawful trade has taken the place of the slave traffic to the northward; and if the French will only abolish their system of "apprenticeship," lawful trade might soon make its way to the south.

When the schooner sailed I visited the king, and was announced to his majesty by the great mafouga. On my way to the king's house I passed three little houses, in which I was then told were deposited five idols, which, I knew, were considered the most powerful on all the coast from Banoko to Mayombai. They are thought to be the great protectors of all the Oroungou tribes, and are themselves placed near the king's house, who delights to do them honour, and whom they protect from all evil.

The five idols are deposited in three houses. Pangeo, a male idol, is married to Aleka, and the two stand together in one house. Pangeo is the special protector of the king and his people, and watches over them by night, keeping off every evil.

Makambi, a second male idol, is married to Abiala, and they have a second house to themselves. Poor Makambi is a powerless god, his wife having usurped the power. She holds a pistol in her hand, with which it is supposed she can kill any one she pleases: for which reason the natives fear her greatly. She protects them from various evils: and when they are sick they implore her to make them well, and bring her presents of food to propitiate her.

Last comes a bachelor-god, Numba, who is the Oroungou Neptune and Mercury in one, keeping off the evils which are to come from beyond sea and ruling the waves. He has the third house all to himself.

These idols are all large, and very rudely carved and ornamented. The people seem to place great value upon them. I offered 20 dollars for one, but was told I could not buy it for 100 slaves even, which is as much as to say that it was not to be bought.

CHAPTER XII.

Set out for the Interior — Prairies — Odd Mistake — Hippopotami — Ngola — Negro Theology — Hunts — Torture of a Woman — Rum — The Shekiani — Appearance, Manners, and Customs — Polygamy — Marriage — Superstitions — *Bos brachicheros* — Camp in the Woods — African Humour — Solid Comfort — Hunting with a Leopard — Great Jollification — Superstition about the Leopard — Elephant-shooting — Meeting a Boa — Stalking the wild Bull — Return to Sangatanga — I am accused of Sorcery — Idols — Bango's Treasures — Burial-ground of the Barracoons — Disgusting Sights — Status of Slaves in Africa — Oroungou Cemetery — An African Watering-place — Fetich Point.

WHEN I asked the king for permission to go into the interior on a hunt, he immediately gave me twenty-five men to carry my luggage and help me in hunting. Of these, three were his Majesty's own slaves, and reputed the greatest hunters in the country. They were the providers of the royal table, and passed their lives in the hunt and in the bush. They killed elephants on his account, bringing him home the ivory.

I desired to penetrate into the hitherto unexplored interior of this latitude till we should meet the Nazareth River, which I was told we should do at the distance of about one hundred miles to the east. For their services I agreed to give the men twenty fathoms of cotton cloth each, if they behaved themselves faithfully towards me. They seemed very willing to go, and well satisfied with the bargain.

In two days I was fully prepared for a start. As we were to meet elephants, leopards, buffaloes, and the gorilla, I provided myself with a good supply of bullets. I was told that game was very plentiful in all the region I was now to visit, people being scarce, and the country more favourable than in those regions north of the Gaboon which I had just explored; and this report I found correct.

The night before we were to start, I slept in a dirty room at the king's house, at his majesty's request, who apparently thought he was doing me a great grace. Finally, on the morning of the 23rd, we got under way. I had slept scarcely at all during the

night on account of the assaults and gambols of a prodigious number of rats, who seemed anxious to dispute possession with me of my room, so that I astonished my men by getting them up at an unusually early hour. At half-past five we were already on the march, myself ahead, with Aboko, my head-man, and Niamkala, the next best, at my side, and four other hunters, and twenty-three young men, as bearers and assistants, following us.

The way led through some beautiful prairies, each surrounded by dark forests, and seeming like natural gardens planted in the wilderness. It does not need much time to get into the "backwoods" here. By three o'clock Aboko announced to me that we were now where any moment we might come upon elephants or buffalo; and in a short time, sure enough, we saw a bull standing deer-like upon the edge of the wood, watching us. He stood for some minutes, safe out of range, and then turned into the wood, evidently not liking our appearance. We ran round to intercept its tract, and I waited at one pass in the wood for Aboko and two others to get clear round and drive the bull towards me. Suddenly I saw something approaching me out of the deep gloom of the forest, but, looking closely, took it to be one of my men. It came towards me, and I walked unsuspiciously forward to a clear space. Here the thing caught sight of me, and, with a shrill scream, ran back into the woods. Then first I knew that in the dark (for in these forests daylight is almost shut out) I had mistaken a chimpanzee for a man. I was vexed; for the beast was but about thirty yards off when it ran, and I could have shot it easily. Presently my men returned, and had a hearty laugh at me for my mistake, which they did not take unkindly, seeing no resemblance, but imputing the mistake to my ignorance, and in part, I afterwards found, to lack of courage on my part. Of their mistake in this last regard I fortunately had a chance to convince them afterwards.

Starting on again, we shortly killed a gazelle, which was taken along for supper. And now we seemed to be really in a game-country. For the first time I enjoyed my prospects; for though we saw only single beasts—now a chimpanzee rushing into the woods at a great distance ahead, then a *ngivo* (a singular animal, of the size of a donkey, with shorter legs, no horns, and black, with a yellow spot on the back—probably a new animal), and

again a gazelle or two, flying quickly out of range—yet we saw also abundance of tracks, particularly of the elephant; and, on the whole, I could see that we should have some famous hunts. But I felt that I should have brought my rifle, at least for this country, for the grass was so short that on the prairies it was impossible to approach an animal within the range of my double-barrelled guns, which were better calculated for close quarters.

At six we camped in the midst of a prairie, my men collecting from the nearest forest an immense quantity of firewood, and building fires which must have been visible at a great distance. Our supper was of roast venison and plantains—good enough for such hungry fellows as we; and shortly after seven we all turned in; that is to say, we stretched ourselves with our feet to the fires, and wrapped up, I in my blankets, and the men in whatever they could get together of leaves and grass. No wonder the poor fellows love a fire. They are very lightly dressed, and the winds here near the equator as it is, in the dry season are very bleak and cold when the sun is not up to warm them. I could not rest well for cold, though I had a thick blanket about me.

We had travelled about twenty-five miles—ten towards E.N.E. —through a really beautiful country, rolling and hilly, mostly prairie, as I have said, with a light sandy soil, and with forests looking rather like beautiful green islands in the midst of the clear spaces. The woods are the safe retreats of great herds of the wild buffalo (*Bos brachicheros*), and of antelopes, which come into the great grass-fields by night to play and feed.

Withal the country was much broken up, and the highest hills broke off in abrupt precipices, on which one would come suddenly, and look down sometimes a hundred feet and even more into little vales which led to other hills, and in whose quiet gloom we could sometimes distinguish animals walking or lying down. One gorge we had to cross on a huge tree; but this was the channel of a stream which flowed down towards the sea. We crossed three or four little streams, all clear and beautiful; but, unless the deeper dales have more water (as I imagine they have), the country is not well watered.

The night was clear and very chilly for Africa, and I could not sleep, though I had placed my boxes to windward for shelter.

So about two o'clock I roused everybody up to move on, thinking it easier to keep warm in motion than while lying still. The men were very glad. Poor fellows! they had suffered more than I. Fortunately it was bright moonlight, and we could see our way clearly across the prairie. A couple of hours' sharp walking brought us to a thick wood so situated as to shelter us from the wind. Here we quickly built a tremendous fire, and again stretched out for a short nap, which lasted till six, or sunrise, when the cry of the gray partridge (*Francolinus squamatus*) aroused us.

Sunrise found us under way again; and before us a fine stretch of prairie, on whose farther borders were quietly grazing several herds of buffalo, which quickly ran into the woods. While they remained they gave the wild a singularly civilized appearance. It looked like a great grazing farm in June, with cattle, and hay almost ready for harvest; a fine, quiet, old-country picture here in the wilds of Africa.

Towards nine o'clock we came to a large pool or lakelet, and here I saw for the first time a hippopotamus. A dozen of these vast unwieldy creatures were sporting and snorting in the water, now popping their huge unshapely heads out, and then diving to the bottom. Aboko persuaded me not to kill any of them, as he justly remarked we could not have got them out of the water; and the proper way is to take them when they come on shore at night to feed.

Shortly after we came to an open space, and saw in the distance what I took at first to be a herd of buffalo, but which proved to be a caravan approaching us. When they saw us they prepared for trouble—for here there is no law, and every man's hand is against his brother. The greater number hid in the grass; and, after some reconnoitring, four fellows, well armed, came towards us to ask if it was peace or war. When they saw me, they were at once filled with surprise, and, losing their fears in their amazement at seeing a white man far in the interior, began to shout out to their company to come and see the *Otangani*.

I was immediately surrounded by a curious crowd, most of whom had never seen a white man before, though it was evident they had had dealings with their black agents. They were bound south and east with tobacco, salt, and goods, and intended to

bring back slaves and ivory. They were Shekianis, who are the prevailing people in the interior hereabouts.

We left them in the midst of their wonder, being anxious to get on to a village which we reached about the middle of the afternoon. This village, Ngola by name, was the residence of a Shekiani chief named Njambai, a vassal of King Bango, who had sent word by Aboko that I was to be entertained as long as I liked to stay and hunt. It contained about fifty neat bamboo-houses, running in a double row along a long street, in the African fashion. But the whole place had a pleasing look of neatness which was not peculiarly African. It lies sixty miles due east from Sangatanga.

As we approached, the women caught sight of me and ran screaming into the houses. It is curious that nothing excites so much terror in an interior African village as the appearance of a white man. The women and children run for their lives, and seem to be afraid that the mere sight of a white will kill them. Here, however, the men did not seem to be afraid, as my cannibal friends were; and, though Njambai had never before seen a white man, he received me very courteously. Aboko delivered King Bango's message, to which Njambai replied to me that he owned all the country hereabouts, and I should have as many men to help me hunt it as I wished. All which being satisfactorily arranged, I was escorted to the house of the king's brother, which, being the most commodious in the town, was set apart for my use.

Njambai's house was built, as the rest, of bamboo, roofed with palm-leaves, and floored with hardened clay. Everything inside was very neat; the walls were hung with a few coloured pictures, sent probably by Bango; and, though there were no chairs, there were two wooden benches covered with mats, on which the king and I sat while conversing. The house was about twenty feet long, by ten high and ten deep, and had a neat veranda in front.

I could see that the old fellow was vastly delighted at my visit, for it was an honour that had hitherto (luckily for me) befallen none of his rival chiefs. I was sure, therefore, to be well treated. In fact, I had the best house, and had hardly arranged my things when dinner was ready for me, consisting of boiled and roast plantains, sweet potatoes, boiled fowls, and roast monkey—of which last dish I did not on this occasion partake, as monkey

seems too much like man until you get *very* hungry. After dinner I sent the king some heads of Virginia tobacco, which was the most welcome present I could make him, American tobacco being very scarce in the interior, and much better than the native weed. He sent me in return a splendid bundle of sugarcane.

Altogether, Ngola surprised me. So much neatness I did not expect to find among the natives. The long street had not even a weed. Shinshooko's house, in which I was living, was large and commodious, equal to the Sangatanga houses; and the door was even provided with lock and key, so that when my baggage was all stowed away the worthy Shinshooko brought me the key, and gave me to understand that his people might steal if they were tempted by open doors. The village is sixty miles nearly due east from Sangatanga; and, though no white man had ever been seen here, I yet saw many marks of white civilization around me.

The next day was Sunday, and I remained quietly in my house reading the Scriptures, and thankful to have a day of rest and reflection. My hunters could scarcely be prevailed upon not to hunt; they declared that Sunday might do for white people, but the blacks had nothing to do with it. Indeed, when customs thus come in contact, the only answer the negro has to make—and it applies to everything—is, that the God who made the whites is not the God who made the blacks.

Then the king and a good many of his people gathered about me, and we astonished each other with our talk. I told them that their fetiches and greegrees were of no use, and had no power, and that it was absurd to expect anything of a mere wooden idol that a man had made and could burn up. Also, that there was no such thing as witchcraft, and that it was very wrong to kill people who were accused of it; that there was only one God, whom the whites and blacks must alike love and depend on. All this elicited only grunts of surprise and incredulity.

Then the king took up the conversation, and remarked that we white men were much favoured by our God, who was so kind as to send us guns and powder from heaven.

Whereupon the king's brother remarked that it must be very fine to have rivers of alougou (rum) flowing through our country all the year round, and that he would like to live on the banks of such a river.

Hereupon I said that we made our own guns—which no one present seemed to believe; and that there were no rivers of rum, which seemed a disappointment to several.

Next the king, who is a man of a kind heart and given to bursts of liberality, informed me that, in honour of my coming to stay with him, he would place all the women of the village at my command. This I declined, saying that white men thought it very wrong to abuse women, and that in my country each man had but one wife (I did not mention the Mormons), and was not allowed to have two or more. This seemed to them the toughest yarn of all. They gave a general shout of astonishment, and even the women said this was a curious law, and not good. Altogether, I think they must have thought white men a very singular people; and perhaps a negro's account of America would be quite as curious, and interesting, and one-sided, as a white man's account of Africa.

The next day my hunters started out before daylight, saying they were determined to lose no time, for fear I should want to stay in the house another day. They have a species of dry humour, these black fellows, and this was a specimen of it. There was a large party of us, as some of the best hunters of the town were to go with us. I gave them all powder—guns they all have, such as they are—and we divided into two parties, Aboko going separately, with one or two attendants, on a leopard-hunt, while I took the great crowd with me into the forest for what we should find. By noon we were back with more game than I had ever shot before in one day in Africa, though, to be sure, none of it was large. But my joy was great, for among the animals I myself killed was a new and hitherto unknown variety of the Guinea-fowl, and a most beautiful bird. Only a naturalist can conceive my pleasure at this discovery.

The crested Guinea-fowl (*Numida plumifera*), as this bird is called, is a new bird. It is one of the handsomest of all the Guinea-fowls yet discovered. Its head is naked, the skin being of a deep bluish-black tinge, and is crowned with a tuft of straight, erect, narrow, downy feathers standing in a bunch close together. The upper part of the neck, the throat, and the occiput are covered with short, dark feathers in the male, and are naked in the female. The plumage of the body is of a fine bluish-black ground, variegated with numerous *eyes* of white

slightly tinged with blue. The bill and legs are coloured a blue-black similar to the skin of the head. The secondary quills of the wings have the outer nibs white. The total length of the bird I shot this day was seventeen inches.

This bird is not found in the forests near the seashore, but is first met with, as I afterwards ascertained, about fifty miles east of Sangatanga. It is very shy, but marches in large flocks through the woods, where the traveller hears its loud voice. It utters a kind of "quack," hoarse and discordant, like the voices of other Guinea-fowls. It avoids the path left by travellers; but its own tracks are met everywhere in the woods it frequents, as the flock *scratch* and tear up the ground wherever they stop. It is strong of wing, and sleeps by night on the tops of high trees, a flock generally roosting together on the same tree. When surprised by the hunter they do not fly in a body, but scatter in every direction. Thus it is a difficult bird to get, and the natives do not often get a shot at it.

I had eaten nothing before going out in the morning, and was therefore glad to get my dinner and breakfast in one before commencing to stuff my prizes. And I am sure never bird-fancier or stuffer took more pains with a specimen than I with my brilliant Guinea-fowl. It was carefully put away with a curious black monkey (*Colobus Satanus*), and both were sent to Sangatanga by the most careful man I could find. By the time I had done I had a bad headache, and was not sorry when Aboko came in without having shot anything; for in these latitudes when an animal is shot it must be stuffed without loss of time, else the ants eat it up.

I was so tired that I went to bed early, but got scarcely any sleep at all. The whole town was in uproar all night. The people had a general jollification in honour of my staying among them so long. Fortunately I was not called out to make a speech, or take any other part in the ceremonies. It was bad enough to listen to the singing, shouting, dancing, and uproarious merriment. The next day I had a worse headache, and did not hunt; but stayed in town, and was exhibited to great numbers of curious Shekianis who trooped in from neighbouring villages to see the white man. Of course, Njambai was in ecstacies over the excitement. These people had never seen a white man before, and examined me with a curious mixture of fear and

wonder. My hair especially excited their astonishment. Many of them said I must be a spirit (*mbuiri*), and seemed to hold me in great awe.

My hunters brought in towards evening a great quantity of monkeys, on whose flesh they feasted, while I had to sit down and stuff eight of the rarest specimens before going to bed, as they would not keep. Fortunately all was quiet, and when my work was done I was able to go to sleep. It was one of their superstitious times. There was something the matter with the moon. I was unable to learn what, nor do I believe they knew exactly themselves; but every man covered his body with red and white chalk-marks, and went to bed.

I did not go out the next day, and counted myself lucky that I did not, for I was able to save the life of a poor woman who was being killed with the most horrible tortures. After dinner, as I was reading, I heard a woman crying out as if in great pain. On my asking what was the matter, a man told me the king was punishing one of his wives; and some others hinted that I had better go and try to save her life. I hurried over to the king's house, and there, in front of the veranda, a spectacle met my eyes which froze my blood with horror. A woman, naked, was tied by the middle to a stout stake driven into the ground. Her legs were stretched out and fastened to other smaller stakes, and stout cords were bound round her neck, waist, ankles, and wrists. These cords were being twisted with sticks, and when I arrived the skin was already bursting from the terrible compression. A great crowd of spectators were standing around, not much excited. I suppose they were used to such scenes.

I walked up, and, taking the king by the arm, asked him to release the poor wretch for my sake, and not to kill her. When I spoke, the twisting ceased. The executioners seemed willing enough to suspend operations. The king hesitated, and was not willing to be balked of his revenge. He walked into his house. I followed him, and threatened to leave his town immediately if he did not release her. Finally he gave in, and said, "Let her loose yourself. I give her to you."

I rushed immediately, and, being unable to untie the savage cords, cut them with my knife. The poor creature was covered with blood. Some of the ropes had penetrated so deeply that

the flesh had burst open, and she bled freely. However, she was not seriously hurt; and I thanked God in my heart that I had been able to save her life. I went immediately in to the king and made him promise me that he would not punish her again. Then I asked what she had done to deserve such punishment. He said she had stolen the bead-belt which he usually wore around his waist and given it to her lover—a heinous offence truly.

Then, to change the current of his ebony majesty's thoughts, I pointed out to him a small bird sitting upon the top of a high tree near his house, and said I could kill that bird. He said it was impossible, as I knew he would, The negroes are poor marksmen. I sent for my gun, took aim, and brought down the bird, amid the loud shouts of his majesty and the populace. They examined my gun, which had a *cap*-lock, and was a great wonder to them, as, of course, they use only flint-locks. Then they said I had a greegree or fetich to help me shoot. No one who had not a powerful charm could do such things, they thought.

Then, to clinch their good-humour, I brought out my match-box and struck a light. This has never failed to get me a great reputation among the interior negroes. It is a trick which seems to them the most marvellous of all, and these Shekianis were never tired of seeing me "make fire."

The next day I went out hunting by myself, and, to my great joy, shot another new bird, a black wild-fowl (*Phasidus niger*), one of the most singular birds I have seen in Africa, and the discovery of which I rank as next in importance to that of the new Guinea-fowl described before. Indeed, of the sixty new birds I was able to add to the list of known African birds, these two seem to me the most interesting.

The *Phasidus niger* is about eighteen inches long, including the tail-feathers. Its head and the upper part of its neck are bare or naked, with the exception of a longitudinal strip of short black feathers which runs from the base of the bill to the occiput, ending abruptly. The head, where it is bare, is in the female of a pink hue, and in the male of a bright scarlet. The throat, in front, has very short feathers. When I saw this bird for the first time in the woods, I thought I saw before me a domestic chicken. The natives have noticed the resemblance

too, as their name for it shows: *couba iga*, signifying wild-fowl. *Wild* they are, and most difficult to approach; and also rare, even in the forests where they are at home. They are not found at all on the sea-coast, and do not appear until the traveller reaches the range of fifty or sixty miles from the coast. Even there they are so rare that, though I looked out for them constantly, I killed but three in all my expeditions. They are not gregarious, like the Guinea-fowl, but wander through the woods, a male and one or, at most, two females in company. They are very watchful, and fly off to retreats in the woods at the slightest alarm.

I begin now to have so many animals on hand that I find I cannot go as far as the Nazareth. The risk of losing all my collection is too great; and the trouble of taking care of it is greater still. The ants—those little pests—are constantly on the look-out for prey; and it is impossible to leave a dead animal about for the shortest time without imminent risk of having it destroyed. Let the reader bear in mind that not only has the hunter-naturalist in these African backwoods to kill his game, which may occupy all day, but when he comes home tired he must immediately stuff it that it may not spoil, and then it must be suspended by strings from the rafters of the house to keep the ants off. The slightest carelessness may bring ruin upon his most cherished specimens; and I have more than once been reduced to the brink of despair by finding a choice bird or other animal in one night, and through one slight oversight in the preparation of the suspending cord, completely riddled and ruined by the ants before morning.

I told the king that I must return to Sangatanga, and then began to pack my animals and skeletons in such parcels as would be handy to carry. We are to start early to-morrow (30th), and this evening I distributed all my tobacco among the people of the village. They have treated me well, and deserved this trifle, which is to them a great favour.

The king gave me, as provision for my route, a chicken, half-a-dozen eggs, and twelve bunches of plantains. I promised to send him from Sangatanga 25 heads of tobacco, a piece of cloth, a glass full of powder, three pipes, and some beads. He added a particular request for some rum, to which I did not agree.

Then he said that I must come again and see him, and stay longer, and I should have his best hunters to help me. "But," added he, "when you come don't forget to bring some rum." And so he went on, begging this, and promising that, but always recurring to the rum. Poor old king! how he would have enjoyed a trip to Sangatanga, where he might have got his fill of his beloved rum. For my part, I made it a point of principle during my travels in Africa never to give a negro rum.

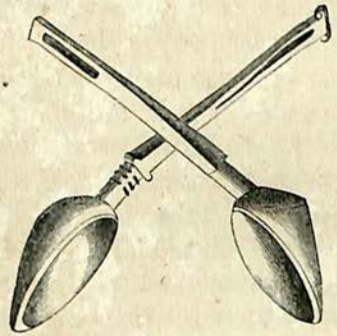
When we were ready to start, the king sent his son with me to bring back his presents, and desired me particularly not to forget the rum. Saying which, he gave me, as a souvenir, an old clay pipe, black with age and use, which he seemed to have a great affection for. He desired me to carry it to my own country, and tell the people that this had been the favourite pipe of King Njambai.

I penetrated, on different occasions, as far as twenty miles due east of Njambai's town, but found the country nowise different from that already described. As this is the last time we are to come in contact with the Shekiani tribe in these pages, it seems a proper place to give the reader some general information concerning this large and important tribe.

The Shekiani tribe, and those people who are closely allied to them and speak various dialects of their language, occupy a portion of the sea-shore and interior as far as 80 miles from the sea—from the banks of the Muni and Moondah down as far south as the banks of the Ogobay. Through this great extent of country they are scattered in villages, having nowhere any central point of union, and living, for the most part, in the neighbourhood of Mpongwe and Bakalai people. Still they manage to keep up their nationality. In some parts they are most numerous near the coast; in others they range as the second, third, and even fourth tribe inland. Thus they are settled near the mouth of the Muni and Moondah, and inhabit the sea-shore between the latter river and the Gaboon; while south of the Gaboon they have given way to the Mpongwe, and have their villages in the interior.

In person they are of ordinary size, generally light-coloured for negroes, and not so fine-looking as the Mpongwe or Mbengas. They are warlike, treacherous, much given to trading, and are

real cheats. They are ardent hunters, and have sufficient courage and great skill in woodcraft, being very lithe and active, light of foot, and cunning in their manœuvres to approach their prey. They are quarrelsome, and have constant "palavers" either with their own villages or those of other tribes. They have but little clan feeling, and the intercourse between neighbouring villages of Shekiani is not always friendly, and scarcely ever intimate. The men, in common with all other African men I have met, have little or no taste for agriculture; they leave the culture of the ground to their women and slaves. The sea-shore Shekianis own many slaves, but those of the interior but few.



Shekiani Spoons.

In their warfare cunning has a most important part. They laugh at the courage of the white man who faces his enemy, and delight most in ambushes and sudden surprises. If one man has a quarrel with another, he lies in wait for him, shoots him as he is passing by the way, and immediately retreats. Then, of course, the dead man's friends take up his quarrel; then ensue other ambushes and murders; frequently a dozen villages are involved in the palaver, and the killing and robbing goes on for months and even years, each party acting as occasion offers. This breeds a feeling of insecurity which is destructive to all settled habits. Often, to escape assassination, a whole village moves away and builds anew at some distance; and perhaps then the enemy reaches them, or new complications arise, giving cause for new murders.

Withal they are not bloodthirsty, but simply careless of human life, passionate, and revengeful.

Polygamy of course prevails among them, and takes rank as a political institution, as has been already explained. A man finds it to his interest to marry into as many influential families in his own and other tribes as he can, and thus extends his trade connexions and his influence and authority. But, on the other hand, it is the cause of nearly all the palavers and wars they have. The men are continually intriguing with strange women, and when caught are murdered, or get their town in trouble. Female chastity is little valued; and one great cause of the gradual decrease of this and other tribes is found in the fact that they force their females to marry at so early an age that they never become mothers. Children are promised in marriage at the age of three or four years, or even at birth; and girls are actually wives at eight and nine, and sometimes earlier. They have children at thirteen or fourteen, but of course the women age early, and the majority die young and childless.

Though chastity is not valued for itself, adultery is a serious offence among townsmen. It is punished by fines, graduated according to the means of the offender; and many men are sold annually into slavery where the fine cannot be levied in any other way. Sometimes the guilty man compromises by working for a certain time for the injured husband, and sometimes blood alone heals the difficulty.

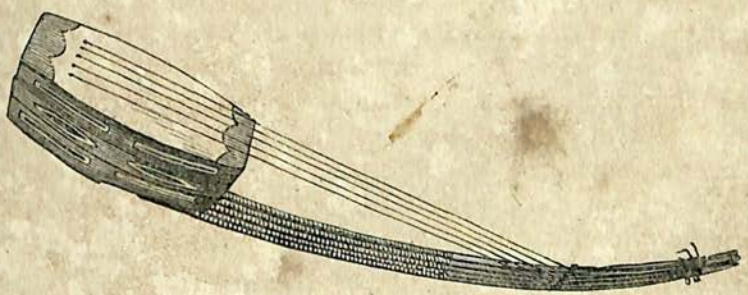
Each man has generally a head or chief wife—mostly the woman he married first; and for anyone to have criminal intercourse with this woman ranks as a most heinous crime, for which the offender is at least sold into slavery. When the husband forms new marriage connexions, and, as often happens, his new bride is but a child, she is then put under the care and guardianship of the head wife, who brings her up to the proper age. They marry also with their slave women; but the children of these women, though free, have less influence and position among the people than the children of free women. Frequently the women desert their husbands for abuse or other causes, and run off to other villages; and, as it is a point of honour to return no fugitives of this kind, here is another fertile source of palaver and war.

The women are treated very harshly. The men take care to put all the hardest work on their wives, who raise the crops,

gather firewood, bear all kinds of burdens; and, where the bar-wood trade is carried on, as it is now by many Shekiani villages, the men only cut down the trees and split them into billets, which the women are then forced to bear on their backs through the forests and jungle down to the river-banks, as they have but rude paths, and beasts of burden are unknown in all this part of Africa. This is the most severe toil imaginable, as the loads have to be carried often six or seven miles or more.

The Shekiani tribe is divided into clans, and, though these families grow very large sometimes, marriage between members of the same clan is prohibited. Children add much to a man's consequence, especially boys; and a fruitful woman enjoys, for this reason, great favour. In cases where, as frequently happens, the head of the family is old and decrepit, the mother of many children has no questions asked her. They know nothing scarcely of the care of children, and lose a great proportion through mistaken treatment in infancy.

Though they have villages, they may almost be called a nomadic people. They are continually moving about the country, shifting their quarters for such causes as a palaver with a neighbouring town, the death of the chief, or a belief that their village is bewitched. Then they gather up all their household goods, and, collecting what provision they can, move off in a body, sometimes many weary miles away.



Wambee: the Shekiani Banjo.

Their superstitions are of the most degrading and barbarous character. I shall mention here only that the belief in witchcraft is general, and causes much misery; while of idols, evil and good spirits, greegrees, fetiches, and charms, there seems no

end. The whole subject of religious superstitions I shall treat in detail in another chapter.

In different localities the Shekianis are known by sub-names, and the chief of these are the Mbondemo or Ndemo, the Mbicho, the Ntaimou, and the Acoa—the last inhabiting the interior between Gaboon and Cape Lopez—the Mbiki, the Mbousha, and the Ibouay. All these speak dialects of the Shekiani, but hold themselves to be separate tribes. The location of all these little nations will be found on the map.

We set out on our return to Sangatanga on the 30th. I did not intend to proceed immediately to the coast, but desired to remain a couple of weeks at least in the forest and prairies by the way, as I saw that away from the villages I should have better chances to hunt the shyer animals, and those which I was most anxious to procure. I made arrangements by which the king promised to give to such men as I sent in supplies of food for my party from time to time; and having thus provided against that trouble which is the most constantly besetting the traveller in this country, and secured myself against actual starvation, even if we had poor success in hunting, I set out in good spirits. We passed by a road or path slightly diverging from the one I had come out on, which gave me a chance to see some new landscapes. It was a beautifully clear day, with a cool breeze blowing, which made the long prairies quite endurable.

Towards three o'clock we saw before us a little lake on the borders of the prairie, and, while looking at the water, I saw between it and ourselves a solitary buffalo. I was a little in advance of my party, who lay down, while I tried to approach. The grass was very short, and I was afraid of being seen; but fortunately the bull presently entered a patch of high grass through which he could not see me, and now I advanced quickly within range. Just as he emerged into the open I fired. He gave a deep roar of rage, and without a moment's hesitation dashed towards me. I had my other barrel ready, and had raised my gun to give him the second bullet, when he gave a little leap and tumbled down head first—dead.

When my fellows saw this they set up a hurrah of joy and hurried to the prize. It was at once skinned, and the best parts of the meat taken off. We camped at the lake-side, and had roast

buffalo for supper. My men are all as fat as pigs, having lived high on monkeys and other game ever since we left Sangatanga. They account me a great and successful hunter, and seem to think they have never had such a "good time."

We were now about fifteen miles from Njambai's village; and after sleeping a night over the matter, I concluded to make my permanent camp in this pretty prairie, where we were near water and had a wide stretch of forest on one side of us for our hunts. The men thought it a good place, one likely to afford us good sport, especially as the lake was likely to draw beasts to its banks to drink. Accordingly, we spent a whole day in arranging our encampment in such a way as to make everything comfortable and secure. Fortunately it is now the dry season, and we have no rain, but only the cold night-winds to fear. With branches of trees we built ourselves shelters which should protect us from the wind. I had my boxes piled in a solid mass to windward of my own bed; and, having locked everything up, threatened to shoot the first man who stole anything from me. Then we built light roofs of leafy branches over our sleeping-places, arranged the fires, and behold! a village. In the midst of our work came ten slaves of Njambai laden with plantains, which the good fellow had sent after me—a most welcome supply.

When all was done, and we were ready for supper, I again warned my men to be honest and keep their fingers at home. They are good fellows; but I have found that, while all savages steal, in this part of the country—where the slave-trade prevails, and where the negroes have come in contact with the lowest class of whites—they are much greater thieves than is even usual with them. So I threatened to kill the first man I caught troubling my property—to shoot without mercy; "and then," said I, with great sternness, "when I have blown your brains out, I will settle the matter with your king."

To which Aboko coolly replied that the settlement was not likely to do them any particular good—another little specimen of African humour.

Of course they all protested loudly that they were honest; but I knew their temptations, poor fellows! and had more confidence in their faith that I would certainly kill the thief than in their good resolutions.

When this little matter was settled, we drew around the fire.

The sun was just setting. In a huge kettle suspended over the fire was boiling a quantity of the juicy buffalo-meat; before us was a great pile of roasted plantains; and so, seating ourselves about the immense fire, for the evening was growing chilly, we took a hearty supper together; I eating off a plate and using a fork — which vestiges of civilisation I have always managed to carry along — while the black fellows took fresh leaves for plates and used the "black man's fork," as they call their five fingers.

After dinner they drank a jug of palm-wine, which had been brought from Ngola; and then, to crown their feast with the greatest delight of all, I went to my box, and, lifting the lid, while the shining black faces peered at me with saucer-eyes of expectation, took out a huge head of Kentucky tobacco. This "brought down the house," so to speak; there was a wild hurrah of joy as I distributed a good portion to each, and in a few minutes all were lying about the fire smoking, with that peculiar air of utter content into which the African falls so readily at the slightest opportunity of fire and tobacco-smoke. Then ensued wild stories of hunting-adventures, of witchcraft, and evil spirits, well fitting the rude picturesque surroundings; and they lay there talking and talking, till at last I was obliged to remind them that it was one o'clock, and time to feel sleepy.

The negroes have a particular delight in lying around a comfortable fire at night and telling stories, and I have often found them thus engaged late at night when entering a village.

The next morning (June 1st) Aboko and I went out in search of elephants, while Niamkala went with some other men to hunt for wild pigs, and, if he could find them, gorilla and chimpanzee. I had poor luck, killing only a few small monkeys and birds, of no value; but as we were returning to the camp I had quite unexpectedly, as such good luck generally comes, the great shot of the day. As Aboko and I were walking carelessly along I heard the cry of a gray partridge near by, and turned back to get a shot if possible, as they are fine eating. As I pushed into the grass—we were just on the edge of the forest—I saw suddenly several buffalo, one of which I made sure of, as he stood a little in advance of the rest, and the grass was high enough for a stealthy approach. Aboko and I advanced slowly towards

ENCAMPED FOR THE NIGHT.

the unconscious bull, who stood a fair mark; and I was about to raise my gun when Aboko made a quick sign to hold still and listen. As we stood perfectly motionless I heard, at apparently a little distance before us, a low purring sound, which might have been taken by a careless ear for the sound of the wind passing through the grass. But to Aboko's quick ear it betokened something else. His face grew very earnest, and he whispered to me "Njego," which is Shekiani for leopard.

The noise continued, and we moved slowly and very cautiously a few steps ahead to get a position where we could see over the grass. The position was not a pleasant one. The leopard comes out generally by night only, and nothing but extreme hunger will bring him out of his lair in open day. Now, when he is hungry, he is also unusually savage and quick in his motions. We knew the animal was near, but could not by any means get a sight of him. As the wind blew from it towards us, I perceived plainly a strong and peculiar odour which this animal gives out, and this proved more decidedly that it could not be far off. The thought passed through my mind—was *it* watching us? Did its eyes penetrate the grass which we could not see through? If so, was it perhaps getting ready to spring?

Meantime our buffalo-bull stood stupidly before his herd not twenty yards from us, utterly innocent of the presence of so many of his formidable enemies, and little suspecting the curious circumstances to which he was about to owe his life.

Just then we moved a little to one side, and, peering through an opening in the grass, I beheld an immense leopard, a female, with a tiny little leopardling near her side. The beast saw us at the same moment, turning her head quickly at some slight noise we made. She had been watching the buffalo so intently as not to notice our approach. As I watched her, it seemed to me as though a curious look of indecision passed over her face. She, too, had more game than she had looked for, and was puzzled which to attack first. Her long tail wagged from side to side, and her eyes glared as she sought for a moment for a decision. But I saved her the trouble; for in less time than it takes to write it down I had put a ball into her head, which, luckily for us, relieved her of further care for prey. At the same time Aboko fired into the little leopard and killed it.

I thought the men would have lost their senses for joy, when

we called them to get our prizes. The leopard is one of the most feared animals of these forests. The gorilla is said to kill the leopard, but is not so dangerous to man as this great cat. Thus it is considered a great feat to kill one of these animals, and the whole camp was alive with excitement. Guns were fired, and everybody shouted aloud. In the midst of this noise Niamkala came into camp with some wild boars and a ncheri—a curious little beast—which were a welcome addition to our bill of fare.

Ncheri—a diminutive Gazelle.

Then, after supper, the men painted themselves and sang songs over the leopards till I made them go to sleep, which was not till towards morning. They danced, they sang songs of victory, they abused and exulted over the deceased leopard. They addressed comical compliments to its beauty—and it is really a most beautiful animal. They shouted, "Now you will kill no more people! Now you will eat no more hunters! Now you cannot leap on your prey!" And so on, till the mummery grew past laughing at.

The next morning, however, I first learned the full extent of their rejoicing, and the great importance attached to the killing of this feared beast. I was drawn to where we had suspended the body to keep the ants from it by a noise of angry quarrelling, and found Niamkala asserting his determination to have the end of the leopard's tail, while the rest of the hunters were all asserting equal rights to it, and the non-combatants, the bearers of our luggage, looked on in envious silence, evidently wishing they could also put in claims. On inquiry, I found that

the lucky possessor of the end of a leopard's tail was sure to be fortunate among the women, and could, in virtue of this powerful charm, win as many hearts as he might desire.

Laughing at them, I reserved the desired tail for him among them who should behave best, and thought I had settled the quarrel. But now came a fresh division. Aboko, Niamkala, and Fasiko each wanted the whole brain of the animal. For a few minutes a fight seemed imminent on this head, which seemed even more strenuously disputed than the other. I discovered that the brain, if properly dried and mixed with some other charm called *monda*, and the nature of which I could not understand, gave its possessor dauntless courage and great fortune on the hunt. And I was so happy as to persuade my three hunters —who really needed no such amulet to patch up their courage— that a part was in this case as good as the whole.

This settled, I found that the liver was laid before me. As this had no value or interest for me, I was going to kick it aside and walk off, but was stopped and entreated to take off the gall, and myself destroy it. This was to be done to save the whole party from future trouble. It appears that the negroes believe the gall of the leopard to be deadly poison, and my men feared to be suspected of having concealed some of this poison by their friends or enemies at Sangatanga. To settle which beforehand I was now to destroy it, and afterwards to bear witness for them, if by chance they were accused of poisoning. Of course I did so, though convinced that this is a mere superstitious belief.

This day (2nd) my men were all day smoking the great quantity of meat we have on hand. It is magnificent weather for hunting and for living in the woods. The air is cool and refreshing, the sky clouded, which prevents the sun from being oppressive; the forest-trees are in bloom, and, as many are fragrant, this adds to our pleasure. The nights are very cold indeed, but against that we manage to protect ourselves. The dews are light, not near so heavy as they are in the rainy season. The grass is in great part burned off the prairies, and this affords us much better chances and at much less risk than if it were high; for though our approach is sometimes more difficult, I find that if we get to leeward of our game and manage cautiously, there is little difficulty. Every day we shot more or less small and unimportant game, among which must

be counted gazelle, wild boars, monkeys without number, and birds. Thus our camp was full of meat. As these hunts are commonplace I shall not give them place here, mentioning only the getting of the new and more important animals.

This day I killed another new bird, a species of toucan, the *Tockus camurus*. This is the smallest toucan yet discovered, the length of my specimen being but fourteen inches. Its bill is red. The entire throat and breast are amber-brown, tinged with purple on the rump, and with greenish-bronze on the wings and tail. The wing-coverts are tipped with white, and this formed two conspicuous white bars crossing the wings diagonally. The primary feathers have a single spot of pale purple on each web, larger on the inner side; the tertiaries are edged with pale purple on both webs; the under part of the wings is white; the tail is tipped with white, and the shafts in the tail-feathers are yellowish-white, inclining to golden above and white below. This, the smallest of the known toucans, is an inhabitant of the forests, and avoids the prairie. It is shy, flies in flocks of from five or six to a dozen, and is not found north of the equator, at least so far as I know.

This is the third *new* bird I have shot in the Cape Lopez country. Most of the birds found in these woods are common also to Southern Africa, and are already described. It is therefore useless to mention them here.

On the 5th Aboko and Niamkala brought in a fine boar, and reported that they had come upon fresh elephants' tracks, whereupon it was immediately resolved that we should all turn out after elephants to-morrow.

Accordingly we hunted all the 6th, but in vain, and slept out in the woods, determined to try again next day. Elephants are not very plentiful in this region, at least at this season, and seem to travel a good deal, not finding their feed in such abundance as to induce them to stay long in one place. We had travelled nearly the whole of the 7th, when at last, late in the afternoon, we came across our quarry. Emerging from a thick part of the forest into the plain which bordered it, we saw to our left, just upon the edge of the wood, a solitary bull-elephant. I had seen the great beast in menageries, and also in the wild hunt among my friends the Fans, where all was such confusion that one could not be said to see anything distinctly. But here all was still.

The huge animal stood quietly by a tree, unconscious of our presence. And now for the first time in my life I was struck with the vast bulk of this giant of the forests. The eye and mind had leisure to dwell upon his size, and the place was well adapted to comparisons. Great trees seemed but small saplings to me when I measured them with the immense beast which was standing placidly near them.

But there was not much time for this feeling. What we were to do was to kill him, though I felt a sense of pity at destroying so great a life. I was very anxious to get the first shot myself, but, after taking in all the chances of approach, was compelled to admit that I could not manage it with any certainty. The grass was burned in every direction to leeward of him, and we dared not risk approaching him from the windward for fear he should smell us.

I was therefore reluctantly compelled, as a sensible hunter, to resign in favour of Aboko, whose eyes glistened with pleasure, as he thought now to show his skill.

Cocking his musket, he dropped down into the short grass, and began to creep up to the elephant, slowly, and on his belly. It was a splendid piece of woodcraft. We stood behind some trees, whither we had all retired to consult, and watched Aboko as he glided through the grass, for all the world like a huge boa constrictor; for the slight glimpses we caught of his back, as he moved farther and farther away from us, resembled nothing so much as the folds of a great serpent winding his way on.

Finally we could no longer distinguish any motion. Then all was silence and impatient waiting, suddenly broken by the sharp report of a gun ringing through the wood and over the plain, and eliciting screams of surprise from sundry scared monkeys and birds who had perhaps watched the secret approach with us, though from a better point of view. As the smoke cleared away I saw the huge beast helplessly tottering, till it finally threw up its trunk and fell in a dead mass at the foot of a tree. The men began to shout with excitement at such a good shot, and we all hurried up to the shapeless black mass, whose flesh was yet quivering with the death-agony. Aboko's bullet had entered its head below the ear, and, striking the brain, was at once fatal.

Aboko began to make fetich-marks on the ground around the body, and this done we took an axe which we had carried along

and broke the skull, in order to get out the two tusks. These belonged to Aboko of right, but, as he was King Bango's slave, he was bound to give one to that sable tyrant. The proceeds of the other would be divided among the party, Aboko retaining, of course, the most considerable share. The tusks weighed but 30 pounds each.

We slept that night near our prize, about which the natives built a ring of fire to keep off intruders. The next morning, when news came into camp of our luck, all the fellows hurried out to bring in the meat, which was immediately smoked, and was to be carried into Sangatanga to be sold and given away.

I never saw men happier than these poor fellows. They ate nothing but meat, but ate such quantities that several of them have got sick, and I have been obliged to give them laudanum in brandy to cure their diarrhœa. The camp is full of meat, and as we have no salt it does not smell particularly well. Indeed, I had to have a separate shanty built on one side and to leeward of the camp, where all the meat is now smoked and kept, as I could not stand the smell. At night the negroes lie around the fires, the jolliest of mortals, drinking palm-wine, which they collect regularly from neighbouring trees, and smoking tobacco when I am generous to them.

Meantime I stuffed such animals as were worth taking away; and as provisions were plentiful and the weather incomparably fine, my men in good spirits and myself healthy, we were in no hurry at all, and could afford to lose a day or two in idleness. Different work this from travelling in the forests of the Moondah and Gaboon, where starvation stares one in the face the whole time, and there is no time to idle from point to point.

On the 14th I went out on a boar-hunt. Fresh tracks had been found near the camp, and three of us went out to get a shot. We had not gone far when we heard to the right of us the grunts of some pigs. As they are very wild, we jumped hastily behind some trees to conceal ourselves. My horror may be imagined, when, stepping quickly without looking, I stumbled over something in my path, and, looking down, found myself running against an immense serpent of the boa kind which lay snugly coiled up beside my tree. A look showed me that the thing was in a state of stupefaction, consequent, probably, on having eaten too heavy a dinner. It scarcely moved, and did not raise its head.

I ran to Niamkala and borrowed a kind of heavy cutlass he carried with him, and with a blow of this cut the python in two pieces, which instantly began to wriggle about in a very snaky and horrible way. During this death-struggle the monster voided the body of a young gazelle, which was in a half-digested condition, but still sufficiently firm to enable us to distinguish what kind of animal it was.

The noise made in killing the snake, which proved, by the way, to be not quite 20 feet long, of course frightened off the wild pigs. We pursued them, and by good management came up with the herd, ten in number, in about an hour's time, and managed to bag two. Besides these pigs, my hunters carried the two halves of the serpent to the camp. They make a kind of soup or stew of boa, of which they are very fond. I have never tasted it, and can therefore say nothing against it.

After this day of hard hunting I slept soundly on my primitive couch, which consists, I may as well explain, of a couple of mats spread on the bare and soft earth, and a thick blanket for cover, the blue star-lit sky being my canopy and roof.

The 16th and 17th were passed in shooting birds about the camp, some of which I have stuffed, but no new ones. The men had meantime been hunting and exploring in various directions; and as they reported that great herds of buffalo (*Bos brachicheros*) frequented every night a prairie situated about ten miles from our camp, I determined to have a set-to with these gentlemen.

We set out toward sunset of the 17th, and by 8 o'clock reached the forest which bounded the prairie in which we hoped to find our game. Securing for ourselves safe hiding-places in the woods on the edge of the plain, we lay down and waited.

Now waiting is tedious; but waiting in a cold night from 8 to 2 o'clock, every moment expecting what does not come, is apt to try the patience. Mine was entirely gone, and I wished myself comfortably under my blanket in camp, when suddenly the buffaloes came. Aboko heard them coming, and presently a herd of about 25 stately animals emerged from the woods and scattered quietly about the grassy plain. The moon was going down, and we could see from our hiding-place the long shadows of the buffaloes silently gliding one way and another, but never near enough to us for a shot. Soon they felt quite at ease and began feeding, ever and anon gambolling sportively with each other.

Seeing them engaged, we crawled upon them with great care, and at a snail's speed. We had almost got within safe range when a sudden change of wind discovered us to them. They snuffed up the air suspiciously, and instantly gathering together disappeared in the woods.

Here was ill-luck. My hunters cursed in Shekiani, and I grumbled in several languages. But there was still hope. Silently we crawled back to our lair, and waited patiently for two mortal hours more; when at last two, a male and female, stalked leisurely into the field and began to crop the grass. It was now dark. The moon had gone down, leaving us only the uncertain light of the stars. We watched the motions of the buffaloes until we thought we could venture, and silently crawled towards them again. This time we got within range. I chose the bull for my shot, and Niamkala took the cow, while Aboko was ready to second me with his gun in case I should not kill my animal. We fired both at once, and, by pure good luck, for the light was not enough to afford a chance for a fair shot, both the animals fell down dead.

It was now nearly daylight, and we concluded to return to the camp and send men to bring in the meat, thinking that no wild beasts would trouble our prizes at such unseasonable hours. But we reckoned without a hungry leopard; for, though the men made haste and arrived early, the cow was already half-eaten. The poor leopard who ventured out so early in the morning must have been nearly famished, and I did not much grudge him his meal, though I should have liked to have watched for him and shot him, had I thought of his coming.

On the 22nd we broke up the camp and started for Sangatanga. The day before was a busy day. The men were packing their meat, which they thought to make much profit from in Sangatanga. They made baskets of palm-leaves, in which it was solidly packed away. And all the time they were working at this, they were boasting of how much tobacco, rum, and other dainties they would get for all this. Although it interfered with my time and delayed my progress, I was glad to let them carry it, for they work better when their master gives them such little privileges, which make them quite happy. But I knew their plans were of little account. As I foresaw, they gave half of their meat away to their friends; and of the

NIARÉ, THE WILD BULL OF EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

(*Bos brachicheros.*)

rest, what they did not eat themselves, or waste, or give away to begging friends, was a very trifle indeed, and not enough to trade.

For myself, I had my stuffed specimens to pack securely in such a way that they would be portable. The monkeys and birds, and even the bucks, were easily carried; but the valuable specimens of the *Bos brachicheros* were an inconvenient load. And with these, as they are a quite new and hitherto undescribed species of buffalo, and a very singularly-formed animal, I was obliged to be most careful.

This reminds me that the reader has not yet had a description of this animal. It is the wild buffalo of this part of Africa, and a fierce and shy beast; terrible if only wounded, when it often attacks the hunter with headlong fury; and very hard to come up with when it has been much hunted. It remains in the forest thicknesses by day, but comes out into the open prairie by night in herds of from ten to twenty or twenty-five. I have seen them in the prairie in the daytime, but very seldom; while, in many parts, these great grass-fields are alive with them every night. Here they were shy; but in one of my later trips I met great herds which had evidently never been chased. Here, on my appearance, the bull, who is easily distinguished by the darker colour of the short thin hair, would rise up, straighten up his fine fringed ears, and his thin, wiry tail, and gaze at me with blank astonishment, until, if I waited long enough, all would slowly move off into the forest. A wounded bull is a dangerous animal, and pretty sure to attack the hunter if it can get at him. When much hunted they become very shy, and forsake the prairie altogether by day.

The *Bos brachicheros* is an animal in size and weight equal to our lighter cattle, but having greater strength. In the female, the body is covered with a coat of thin red hair, which grows longer along the spine, and is there of a reddish-black. In the bull the hair is generally darker. The legs, below the knees, are of a dark brown; lighter in the female. The hoofs are longer and sharper than those of our tame cattle. The tail is nearly bare to its end, where there is a considerable tuft of black hair several inches long.

The head is very pretty, and has something of the lightness of the deer's. The muzzle is black; ears long and pointed,

and fringed with beautiful silky hair several inches long, which adds much to the grace of the animal. The horns are thrown backward in a graceful curve, are ten or twelve inches long, black, flat at their base, and rounded near the end. For about five inches from the face the horns are corrugated, the wrinkles being in four distinct rows, and apparently giving strength to the horn. Where the corrugations cease the horn grows suddenly smaller, and round and smooth, terminating finally in a sharp point. This smooth portion has a polish like black ebony.

The proportions of the animal are fine and graceful. It is fleet of foot, and has not the clumsiness of the buffalo. Indeed, in expression and general shape, it gives one the idea of a mixture between the antelope and the common cow.

Having packed everything, we finally made a start for Sangatanga on the 22nd. My men are loaded down, and groan at every step. They have, besides my skins and stuffed animals, about a thousand pounds of meat of their own; and it seems lucky that our powder and shot began to run out, for, if we had shot much more, we should have had to send for reinforcements of men to carry off the spoils. This is the finest game-country I have met with in this part of Africa, and is greatly encouraging to a poor fellow who like me has been starving, and shooting scarce anything, in the wilds north of the Gaboon.

My men seem very jolly, though groaning under their burdens, and I am glad to see them happy. When we got within three miles of Sangatanga they buried the greater part of their meat in the forest, and begged me to say nothing about it to their people or to King Bango, that they might not be robbed by the king and people. Of course, I readily promised. They described how they would go out by night and bring their meat to the little plantation, of which nearly all these people own one; there it would be eaten at leisure.

We reached King Bango's residence on the afternoon of the 23rd. The men who were his slaves immediately surrendered to him a great part of what they had brought in, whether meat or ivory; and then, protesting that this was all, were let go about their business, and to tell their adventures to their excited townsmen, amid whose enthusiastic acclamations we had entered the town.

Then I was left alone with the king, who seemed worse than when I left. He was alarmed—feared to die; and remarked that it was very singular that he had been taken worse immediately after my departure, and that, in fact, he grew sick even on that night when I slept in his house. I saw that the old fellow thought I had bewitched him. It would be curious if even *I* should be really accused of witchcraft in this country. I replied that I did not know what caused his sickness, but that I also had been ill; and that doubtless the season had something to do with it, this being the cold month. He still looked unpleasant; and to put a stop to a discussion which would never have been settled, I told him that I was not a wizard, and that I *was* very hungry and tired.

Hereupon he ordered one of his wives to make coffee for me; which was done by building a fire in a half-barrel filled with earth which stood in one corner of the room. By the time my eyes were nearly smoked out of my head my coffee was ready, and, as there were added to it some crackers and butter, I made quite a meal, having eaten nothing since breakfast.

My house was too far off to reach it with my specimens that night, and, remembering King Bango's rats, I stayed with him only with great fear and trembling, carefully hanging up my animals.

I scarcely slept at all, but enjoyed the rest amazingly. My whole body was sore, and my legs ached with real pains. This was the effect of so much walking. I had not felt it so much while on the way, but, now that rest came, I could not sleep for these pains. The next two days I did nothing but lie in the sun. My men sent word that they, too, could not walk as far as my house to get their pay, so that I am not alone in my sufferings. Meantime people come in from all the country round to see me. They say they never saw such a person before; and the majority have doubts about my sanity, which are expressed and discussed in my hearing with the greatest earnestness.

My men came on the 27th to be paid. They had nearly recovered, and said they never saw a man walk so much as I did. We parted with great good-feeling. If I ever want them they will be glad to come with me; and I should be glad to have them, for they were a very good set of fellows. Meantime I

suffered a good deal from inflammation in my legs, and was obliged to lay up, so that it was July before I was able to go anywhere beyond the village.

Walking down the village one day I saw a negro carpenter fellow go into his private fetich-house, and was lucky enough to be able to watch his motions without being discovered. He first built a little fire in the middle of the hut, then stripped and marked his body with white chalk, making very peculiar and careful stripes on one of his arms and in the centre of his breast. While doing this, which took some time, he kept up a constant mumbling of words which I could not understand, but which were doubtless prayers addressed to his fetich. Then the fire was extinguished and the hut was shut. When he came out I laughed at him; but he took the whole matter very seriously, of course, and told me that the spirit *Numba*, which has its dwelling in the ocean, had gone into his chest, and would kill him if he had not exorcised it by the ceremony I saw. This spirit Numba has also something to do with the moon, but what I could not discover.

On the 29th the king announced to his faithful subjects that his big fetich had informed him that within a month a slave-ship would come in for a cargo. Of course, everybody firmly believes this; and if by any chance it should turn out differently, they would yet believe the next prophecy which the royal fetich or any other shall make. I suppose the king had a dream, and thought his fetich spoke.

I find it difficult to get anything to eat here, as I have no rum and the factories have, and rum is the chief article of demand among the negroes. In fact, I was in such straits that I was obliged to ask one of the factory-people to buy some food for me, I paying him in articles which the natives use, but would not buy of me because I had no rum to give.

The king sent his mafouga to ask if I would give him a few heads of tobacco. King Bango is not only a great beggar, but a great miser. He is the richest negro on this part of the coast, for, besides his hundreds of slaves and his three hundred wives, he has in his store-rooms, securely piled up, very considerable quantities of goods, which he delights to see increased, and to which only one person besides himself has access. This is an old woman, who was the wife of his father, and is now his own

wife by right of inheritance. The slavers he has in his power, as he could destroy their factories if they offend him, and they would have no remedy; to them, therefore, he is very exacting, forcing them to give him considerable quantities of muskets, powder, and calico. When I came, knowing the king's rapacity, I made haste to tell him that I did not come to buy slaves, and that I should not have much to give him. He, nevertheless, begs all he can of me.

As I came from seeing the king I shot at a bird sitting upon a tree, and missed it. I had been taking quinine, and was nervous. But the negroes standing around at once proclaimed that this was a fetich-bird, and therefore I *could* not shoot it.

I fired again, and missed again. Hereupon they grew triumphant in their declarations, while I, loth to let the devil have so good a witness, loaded again, took careful aim, and, to my own satisfaction and their dismay, brought my bird down.

Immediately they explained that I was a white man, and not entirely amenable to fetich laws; so that I do not suppose my shot proved anything to them after all.

The grass has been for some time very dry, and by regular custom the people should ere now have mowed down a broad strip of it surrounding each house. This, for some reason, has been omitted, and the consequence was that, on the last day of June, while a high wind was blowing from the sea, some grass accidentally caught fire near the shore, and in a very short time the whole village was in flames and burned to the ground. I never heard such screams and lamentations, though the loss was trifling, most of the natives keeping any valuables they may have out at their plantation-houses, where they are safe from the attacks of their most feared enemy, the men-of-war, who, if they come, might throw a few shells into the town, and burn everything in a very short time.

During my stay in the village, as I was one day out shooting birds in a grove not far from my house, I saw a procession of slaves coming from one of the barracoons towards the further end of my grove. As they came nearer I saw that two gangs of six slaves each, all chained about the neck, were carrying a burden between them, which I presently knew to be the corpse of another slave. They bore it to the edge of the grove, about 300 yards from my house, and, there throwing it down on the

bare ground, returned to their prison, accompanied by the overseer, who, with his whip, had marched behind them hither.

"Here, then, is the 'burying-ground' of the barracoons," I said to myself sadly, thinking, I confess, of the poor fellow who had been dragged away from his home and friends, to die here and be thrown out as food for the vultures, who, even as I stood in thought, began already to darken the air above my head, and were presently heard fighting over the remains.

The grove, which was, in fact, but an African aceldama, was beautiful to view from my house, and I had often resolved to explore it, or rest in the shade of its dark-foliaged trees. It seemed a ghastly place enough now, as I approached it to see more closely the work of the disgusting vultures. They fled when they saw me, but only a little way, sitting upon the lower branches of the surrounding trees, watching me with eyes askance, as though fearful I would rob them of their prey.

As I walked towards the corpse I felt something crack under my feet, and, looking down, saw that I was already in the midst of the field of skulls. I had inadvertently stepped into the skeleton of some poor creature who had been thrown here long enough ago for the birds and ants to pick his bones clean, and the rains to bleach them. I think there must have been a thousand such skeletons lying within my sight. The place had been used for many years, and the mortality in the barracoons is sometimes frightful. Here the dead were thrown, and here the vultures found their daily carrion. The grass had just been burned, and the white bones, scattered everywhere, gave the ground a singular, and, when the cause was known, a frightful appearance. Penetrating a little further into the brush, I found several great piles of bones. Here was the place where, when years ago Cape Lopez was one of the great slave-markets on the west coast, and barracoons were more numerous than now, the poor dead were thrown one upon another, till even the mouldering bones remained in high piles, as monuments of the nefarious traffic.

The free African looks on these places with as much loathing and disgust as the white traveller. To the reader of this there may seem little real difference in condition between the African slave and free, but in reality the difference is quite as great here as it is in other and more civilized slaveholding nations. Even

in this rude Cape Lopez country to be born of a slave mother is a disgrace, and debars the unfortunate from much of the respect and authority which his daily companions enjoy, and this though the child so born is in reality free, as it follows the condition of the father. The slave, in Africa, does not speak for himself. If he is in trouble, if there is an "adultery palaver," a "stealing palaver, or "trading palaver," his master must speak for him, and clear him if possible. And as for burial, the funeral of a free Oroungou man is a very ceremonious affair, and he is laid away on the ground with the utmost care, and in a very specially prepared place. No worse insult could be offered to him than to suppose that his remains would rest in such a spot as this horrible barracoons' burying-ground.

Indeed, the Oroungou cemetery, where the Cape Lopez people are laid to rest, is a place very well worth a visit. I passed it on my way down to the extreme sandy point of the cape, where King Bango's people fish in the dry season, and whither I went to see their operations.

My old hunting-friend Fasiko got together a party of about forty men to accompany me on a visit to Fetich Point, the Fetich River, and the end of Cape Lopez, the bearings of which places from Sangatanga the reader will find on the map. We were to travel through a barren country, and the women, therefore, prepared for us a great quantity of *farina* (powdered manioc), baskets of ground-nuts, and sweet potatoes, and bunches of plantains. Fasiko got together a lot of mats to sleep on, and brass kettles to cook in, and the men were laden with salt to salt the fish which they were to catch, and with the large copper dishes called neptunes, in which they were to boil the salt water to get other supplies of salt, which is made in considerable quantities here in the dry season.

It was a very jolly party, for Cape Lopez is the Cape May or Nahant of Sangatanga, and the dry season answers to our July, when everybody that is anybody is supposed to be out of town and "down at the sea-side;" with this difference, however, that the Sangatangians, having no civilized amusements, and in fact little amusement of any kind, make a good thing of their "summer out of town," by catching, salting, drying, and smoking great quantities of good fish, which abound about Cape Lopez. So the women carried fish-baskets instead of trunks, and the

men were armed with fish-nets—made by them of the fibre of a vine—and guns. For leopards lurk in the jungle on the south side of the cape; the boa hangs from the trees waiting for its prey; and if you get up early, as everybody at a watering-place should, you may see huge elephants trotting down along the beach and cooling their tender toes in the surf.

Fetich Point was our first place of call. We set out across the wide bay one fine, clear, bright morning, in four crowded canoes. We reached the point a little before dark, and the men, who seemed alive and jolly as could be, at once cast their net in a way not materially different from our hand-nets, and made a great haul of fish.

Fetich River is one of the numerous mouths which form the delta of the Nazareth; which important stream, striking the low country about thirty miles back, is lost and divided into numerous little streams, which fall into the bay through a tangled, dreary, and poisonous tract of mangrove-swamp, where no one lives, and where I doubt if even beasts, except serpents, are to be found. This tract of swamp, interspersed with occasional marshes of standing water, extends for many miles along here, and is, in its present state, entirely useless, and an injury to the otherwise pleasant coast-line.

The fish caught, we landed, lighted fires, and, having eaten our suppers, prepared for a night's rest by spreading mats upon the sand.

Near Fetich Point is the Oroungou burying-ground, and this I went to visit the following morning. It lay about a mile from our camp toward Sangatanga, from which it was distant about half a day's pull in a canoe. It is in a grove of noble trees, many of them of magnificent size and shape. The natives hold this place in great reverence, and refused at first to go with me on my contemplated visit, even desiring that I should not go. I explained to them that I did not go to laugh at their dead, but rather to pay them honour. But it was only by the promise of a large reward that I at last persuaded Niamkala, who was of our party, to accompany me. The negroes visit the place only on funeral errands, and hold it in the greatest awe, conceiving that here the spirits of their ancestors wander about, and that these are not lightly to be disturbed. I am quite sure that treasure to any amount might be left here exposed in perfect safety.

The grove stands by the sea-shore. It is entirely cleared of underbrush, and, as the wind sighs through the dense foliage of the trees and whispers in the darkened, somewhat gloomy grove, it is an awful place, even to an unimpressible white man. Niamkala stood in silence by the strand while I entered the domains of the Oroungou dead.

They are not put below the surface. They lie about beneath the trees in huge wooden coffins, some of which, by their new look, betokened recent arrivals; but by far the greater number were crumbling away. Here was a coffin falling to pieces, and disclosing a grinning skeleton within. On the other side were skeletons, already without covers, which lay in dust beside them. Everywhere were bleached bones and mouldering remains. It was curious to see the brass anklets and bracelets in which some Oroungou maiden had been buried still surrounding her whitened bones, and to note the remains of goods which had been laid in the same coffin with some wealthy fellow, now mouldering to dust at his side. In some places there remained only little heaps of shapeless dust, from which some copper, or iron, or ivory ornament gleamed out to prove that here, too, once lay a corpse.

Passing on to a yet more sombre gloom, I came at last to the grave of old King Pass-all, the brother of his present majesty. The coffin lay on the ground, and was surrounded on every side with great chests which contained the property of his deceased majesty. Among these chests and on the top of them were piled huge earthenware jugs, glasses, mugs, plates, iron pots and bars, brass and copper rings, and other precious things which this old Pass-all had determined to carry at last to the grave with him. And, also, there lay around numerous skeletons of the poor slaves who were, to the number of one hundred, killed when the king died, that his ebony kingship might not pass into the other world without due attendance.

It was a grim sight, and one which filled me with a sadder awe than even the disgusting baracoons' ground.

Between Fetich Point and the river lay formerly the village of the Cape Lopez people; but now the king and all his subjects have moved to Sangatanga, and this whole district is deserted, except in the fishing-season.

The land-breeze blowing when I returned, we started for the

sandy point of the cape. It is a curious beach, very low, and so covered with a short scrub which hides a part of the view, while the sand ahead is undistinguishable at a distance from the water, which it barely rises above, that I was repeatedly disappointed; thinking we had come to the end, when in fact we had still before us a long, narrow sand-spit. Finally we reached the extreme end, and landed in the smooth water on the inside of the spit in a kind of harbour.

The point gains continually upon the sea, and every year a little more sand appears above the water; while the line of short shrubs, which acts as a kind of dam or breakwater, is extended, and holds the new land against old Neptune's attacks.

Among these shrubs we built our camp; and here, for some days, we had a very lively time. The women were all day on the shore making salt; and the poor children had hard work too, for their share was to gather brushwood for the fires. Some of the men took fish in their nets; and others split them, cleaned, salted, dried, and smoked them, which done, they were put away in baskets. The salt, too, when made, was packed securely in baskets, and placed near the fire to keep it dry.

Others of our party went out early in the morning to turn turtles. These animals come on the beach to lay their eggs in the sand, where the sun hatches them. The negroes lie in wait for them in parties, and often turn twenty in a morning. Two or three men rush upon an unwieldy turtle, and, with one jerk, roll it over on its back, where it lies, vainly struggling to recover its legs, until the turning is done, when all hands begin to kill and clean. The meat is smoked.

As for myself, I had brought with me an immense shark-hook and a stout rope, and amused myself by hooking up occasionally one of the vast numbers of sharks which swarm in the waters about the cape, and are often almost washed upon the beach by the waves. I never saw such immense numbers of sharks as are found here. The Chinese, who eat shark-fins, would find here enough to glut the Canton market for a season.

But there was hunting, too. South of the cape was a dense forest, in which might be found all the animals which live in an African wood. We saw elephants on the beach, but shot none. I shot great numbers of sea-fowl, which fly about here in such flocks as almost to darken the air. Returning one evening from

the forest, whither Aboko, Niamkala, and I had been on a fruitless hunt, we fell in with larger game. Passing along the edge of the forest, we were suddenly startled by a deep growl, and, looking quickly about, perceived an immense male leopard couching for a spring into our party. Fortunately our guns were loaded with ball, and in a flash we all three fired into the beast. It was already upon the spring, and our shot met it as it rose. It fell, dead and quivering, within a foot of Aboko, who may be said to have had a very narrow escape. It was an immense animal; and its skin, which I preserved as a trophy, is most beautifully shaded and spotted. In fact, there is scarcely a more beautiful animal in the world than the African leopard.

On my return to Cape Lopez, I sailed back with my specimens to the Gaboon, whither I was glad to return once more to take a little civilized comfort. I remained several months near the Gaboon, exploring the course of that river and the country about its borders, and finally set off on my longest and most adventurous journey.

CHAPTER XIII.

The "Camma Country."—Coast—Surf—Trade—The Caroline—A mixed Crew—A dusky Bride—A Squall—On her Beam-ends—Native Traders—Rampano—Sangala Troubles—Nearly a Fight—The City of Washington—Attempt at Assassination—The Camma People—Aniambia—River Navigation—Men refuse to advance—King Olenga-Yombi—A Dance—Fetich-houses—Spirit Worship—A mad Bull—Cheating the King—Live Gorilla brought in—How caught—Ferocity of the Animal—Joe escapes—Is recaptured—Habits and Peculiarities of Joe—Hippopotamus-shooting—Night-hunting—Hippopotamus-Meat—Habits of the Animal—Hide—Use of the Tusks—They capsize Boats—Peaceable if not attacked—Voice—Combative—Adventures with Hippopotami.

DURING a somewhat protracted stay at the Gaboon, I prepared myself thoroughly for my next and most important tour. I had long been anxious to explore thoroughly the tract known as the Camma country; a region, like those I had just visited, totally unknown to white men, but much more interesting and important—to judge it by its products—than the others, as it is also more extensive and watered by larger streams.

The "Camma country" begins to the south of Cape Lopez in lat. 0° 40′ S., and extends to the southward as far as the River Camma, in lat. 1° 50′ S., and to the east for about fifty miles from the coast. It is a well-watered region; the Mexias, and some minor branches of the great Ogobay River, running into the sea in its northern bounds, while the Fernand Vaz, the Camma, and the Setti have their mouths farther down, at various points of the Camma coast.

The coast-line is generally low and swampy; a heavy surf makes landing difficult, except at a few points protected by the shape of the land, and the shore, viewed from the sea, has so monotonous an aspect that seamen find it difficult to recognize their whereabouts, even after considerable experience of the coast. The mouths of the rivers, however, are readily recognized by the great streams of fresh water which they send with considerable force into the sea, discolouring it for some distance from shore, as also by the breakers on the bars which line these mouths.

The surf on the coast is much worse during the dry season, or from June to September. During the rains landing is much easier; but even then one needs skilful natives and the best canoes. For this reason the trade along this part of the coast is not very brisk; vessels touch but seldom; and I found that I was even obliged to purchase a little vessel to carry me from the Gaboon to the scene of my first (intended) settlement. This was a cutter, open or undecked, of about seven tons' burden. I intended to use this vessel in case it should be desirable to return at any time when no ship offered.

I knew by experience that I should meet with more than usual difficulties in my attempts to penetrate into the interior. The natives here had never heard of me; they had had so little intercourse with whites that they were even more jealous than those to the north; and I expected nothing less than to have, in the first place, to win their confidence and respect by living among them near the coast for a considerable time. For this reason I made preparations for an absence of from fourteen to twenty months, during which I expected to be entirely alone.

I loaded the *Caroline*, a schooner of forty-five tons, with two hogsheads of tobacco, several large bales of prints, a great quantity of plates, jugs, and other earthenware vessels; a hundred muskets, together with powder; beads, swords, brass kettles, neptunes, &c., and a considerable stock of provisions for myself.

When all was ready I went on board—and should have been glad to have come immediately ashore again. My captain was a Portuguese negro, Cornillo by name. The crew, who numbered no less than seven, were Mpongwe, Mbenga, and Croomen, no more than two of whom could understand each other, and not a soul could understand the captain. To add a little more to this confusion of tongues, I brought on board two Mpongwe men and their wives, who were to serve me as headmen, interpreters, and for other purposes in the new location where I intended to make my home.

We got on board at daylight, and by dint of steady shouting and a great deal of standing around, with a little work now and then, we got the anchor up just at dusk. The captain did not much like that we should leave port on Friday, but I told him I would take the responsibility. No sooner had we got out

into the swell than every man (and woman) on board except the captain got sea-sick. The cook was unable to make breakfast next morning, the men were lying about looking like dying fish, and in the canoe which we had on deck, Oyaya, one of my Mpongwe men, sea-sick himself, was vainly striving to comfort his newly-married wife, who was more sea-sick than he. It was good fun to look at the poor fellow, who was really in love with his spouse, a young woman of twenty, who, to my knowledge, had already been married three times, and must have been gratified at the way she swayed poor Oyaya.

We hoped to get down to the Camma region in five days. But on the 5th, our sailing-day, and for three successive days thereafter, we had light head winds and a head current, and on February 10th we were caught in such a storm as I hope never to be in at sea again.

The steering had gone on so badly when the captain was below that I was forced to stand watch. I was sleeping soundly, having steered for four hours, and had been perhaps an hour in my berth, when I was awakened by the captain's voice giving orders to take down the mainsail. I jumped on deck immediately, knowing there must be at least a heavy squall coming. But no sooner did I cast my eye to leeward than I saw how imminent the danger was. This coast is troubled by frequent squalls of wind, lasting, in general, but a short time, but of terrible violence, and followed by torrents of rain. Such a squall was now coming up. The black clouds which had gathered about the horizon were becoming lurid white with startling quickness. It seemed almost as though they were lit up by lightning. This was the wind, which would now in a moment be upon us. As yet, all was still.

I turned to see if the mainsail was down, but found nothing done to meet the squall. The captain was shouting from the wheel, the men were running about, half-scared to death, also shouting, and in the pitchy darkness (for I could not actually see my hands when held close before my eyes) no one could find the halliards. In the midst of our trouble the wind came roaring down. I seized a knife, determined to cut everything away; but just then somebody let go the halliards, and, in the nick of time the mainsail came half-way down. Just then the

squall broke upon us with the roar and force of a tornado. The jibs flew away in rags in a moment. The vessel sank over on her beam-ends. The water rushed on to her decks, and the men sung out that we were drowning, as, in fact, we should have been in a very few minutes. Happily the wind shifted a little, and by the light of some very vivid lightning we seized on the mainsail and pulled it down, holding it so that the wind should not catch it again.

So she righted, and in about twenty minutes the squall died off, and was succeeded by a driving rain, pouring down in such torrents, that we could get no protection from it even below.

The next morning we had no jibs, and our other sails were severely damaged. This did not help us along very fast. It was not till the 13th that we made the land; but now no one on board knew where we were, not even our captain, who brings up every day an old quadrant, about the use of which he knows as much as a cow does about a musket. At last a canoe came off to ask me to land to start a factory, as they had plenty of ivory and palm-oil and other trade. If I had gone ashore I should probably have found not a gallon of oil, not the smallest tusk of ivory. The great anxiety of every one of these negroes is for a factory, just as a Western town-builder's chief desire is for a railroad. They lie, and beg, and almost force a white man ashore, thinking themselves safe if they can induce him to set up a little factory and trust them with some goods; for they do not, as a general thing, intend to pay him.

However, our speculative friend in the canoe informed us we were off Cape St. Catherine, and therefore a good many miles south of the mouth of the Fernand Vaz; so we turned about to retrace our steps. Sailing close in shore, at every village we passed we were hailed by canoes full of negroes begging us to start a factory in their place. In some villages we could even see the large house, looking very fine from the sea, but doubtless poor enough seen close to, which was intended for the great factory which should make everybody rich. This house was generally surrounded by huts, in which lived the natives waiting for their commercial millennium, which, alas! never comes. I paid no attention to their entreaties, and was even

firm enough, to the surprise of everybody, to decline a magnificent offer of two slaves made by the natives of Aniambia, or Big Camma, who came off with a message from their king.

At last we came to the mouth of the Fernand Vaz, and our fame and the disappointment of the natives had gone before us. It had been determined in the Gaboon that I should set up my establishment in the town of King Ranpano, who was a friend of Will Glass, one of my Gaboon allies. As the *Caroline* passed Ranpano's sea-village, of course a canoe came off to beg me to land. But they evidently had little hope; and their surprise was extravagant when I assented, and told them I had come on purpose to set up a factory with them.

I never saw men so anxious for trade as these wild Africans are. They remind me of what is said of Western land speculators, and really they have quite as much enterprise and quite as sanguine a temperament as those worthies.

Rampano's men wanted much to hug me, and were so extravagant in their joy that I had to order them to keep their hands off. I sent one of my men in their boat to bear a message to the king, and took one of theirs for a pilot, being now anxious to get across the intricate bar and fairly into the river before dark. As we sailed along into the river, boats shot out to meet us belonging to different villages, and presently I had a crowd alongside anxious to board us and sufficient almost to sink us. They took me for a slaver at first, and immediately called out their names in Portuguese. One was Don Miguel, another Don Pedro, another Don Francisco. They began to jabber away in Portuguese, which I do not understand, so I set my captain at them, who had some difficulty in persuading them that I came on no such errand. Then they insisted that I should set up my factory in their place. They belonged to Elindé, a town just at the mouth of the Fernand Vaz, whose king is named Sangala. They praised the greatness and power of Sangala, and decried poor Ranpano, until I had to order all hands ashore for the night, being anxious to get a good quiet sleep to prepare for to-morrow.

From Cape St. Catherine to the Fernand Vaz is about forty-five miles, reckoning in the windings of the shore. The whole coast along here is low, covered with prairies, wooded here and there. The landscape has a great sameness, and it is difficult to

know the land. The shore is all along defended by breakers, which become very formidable in the dry season.

During the night a fellow named Nchouga came off to see me. He was brother to that king of Cape Lopez of whom I have before given some account. The king falling sick, accused this Nchouga of bewitching him; whereupon the latter, to save his life, fled the country and came down to get protection from Sangala, his father-in-law. This is one of the uses of fathers-in-law in this country.

Nchouga now came off to tell me that Sangala was master of all the river, and that he would not let me go up to Ranpano's, who was only a vassal of the great Sangala. Therefore he advised me as a friend to go ashore at Elindé. Fortunately I knew Mr. Nchouga.

Next morning (14th) Sangala sent off a boat for me. I took two interpreters, and, on my arrival in Elindé, which is about two miles from the river's mouth, was conducted to the best house. Hither came Sangala presently, drunk, and attended by a great crowd of eager subjects. He grew very angry when I stated my intention of passing up the river and going into the interior; declared I should not; he was the big king there, and I must settle in his town.

We had some sharp words, and I explained to his Majesty that I was an old African and saw through all his lies. Then he said he would not make any *palaver* if I would have a factory in his town too.

I refused, but offered to *dash* him (give him some presents).

He refused this offer. And now, Ranpano having come, and assuring me that I should be backed up, I told Sangala I should force my way up.

All this time rain was pouring down. When the talk ended Ranpano took me in his canoe to his river-village, a town which the people had but just started, their real town being on the sea. Thither (to the sea-town) we went next day. I found it a very substantial place for an African town, having some good houses, and looking much like a Mpongwe village. But I saw that my goods could not be brought hither without great trouble, nor my specimens shipped through the surf without great danger, and so told Ranpano I must live on the river; whereupon he

gave me at once as much land as I wanted, and I am to have houses built for myself.

Meantime the excitement had spread over the country, and all Ranpano's friends gathered to help fight Sangala. It was really a droll but exciting scene to see canoe after canoe come in, loaded with armed men, drums beating, and all hands shouting and waving swords, guns, and spears. All were prepared to assist Ranpano's white man, and all were anxious to burn and plunder Elindé. King Ritimbo, who has a factory in his own town, kept by a Mpongwe fellow, and belonging to a New York house, had two canoes and fifty men. King Mombo, from Sanguibuiri, had also two canoes; in short we had in all no less than twenty big canoes, and could muster, on the morning of the 17th, about three hundred men, most of whom were drunk on mimbo-wine, and as noisy and as ready for fight as drunkenness will make an African.

Drums were beat, and songs sung, and guns fired, as we paddled down the river; all hands had their faces painted white, which is a sign of war, and were covered with fetiches, greegrees, and other amulets. The white paint had been blessed, and was also a sovereign protection against danger. One who did not know the genuine and neverfailing cowardice of the Africans, would have supposed these terrible fellows bent upon the most bloody of raids. I was not disappointed when, sighting Sangala's town, they pushed over to the other shore out of the way, and took care to keep the *Caroline* between the enemy and themselves.

We found that Sangala had also gathered his friends, and had about one hundred and fifty men ready for fight. These fellows were painted more outrageously than my side, having red as well as white applied in broad stripes. They looked like so many devils, shouting and firing off guns—each side knowing the common lack of courage, and thinking it prudent to scare the other in advance.

There was a grand palaver, in the midst of which I sent word to Sangala that if he stopped me I would blow his canoes out of the water with grape-shot, and then go and bring a man-of-war to finish him up. (This threat of a man-of-war always strikes terror into their guilty consciences.) I loaded my guns and pistols, and made my men put good charges into their pieces, and awaited the event.

Presently a boat came to ask me ashore, Sangala sending his chief wife to be hostage for my safety. I determined to go ashore, and, to show these negroes that I had no fear of them, took the woman along with me, to her great joy. Ranpano and his brother kings protested against my rashness, as they thought it; but I assumed an air, and told them it was not the fashion of white people to fear anything. All this has its effect upon them, and Ranpano was evidently impressed, as also was old Sangala.

We met on neutral ground outside his town. His army was drawn up in battle array, and made a fine savage display, many of the men, in addition to their paints, wearing beautiful leopard-skins about their waists. They came up to us at a full trot when we were seated, and made as though they would spear us all; but it was only a kind of military salute. After this Sangala said he would let me pass up for a barrel of rum. I refused to give rum, but was obliged to give him 16 dollars to go off and buy a barrel. Also I gave him a number of pieces of cloth and other things, and then the great quarrel was settled.

Ranpano was delighted. He said he would no more be king, but install me in his place, and made the greatest promises of good treatment. We loaded seventeen canoes from the *Caroline*, and pulled up to the village where I was to make my home and headquarters for some time; and, to my great astonishment, though we did not reach the town till after dark, not a thing was stolen. The next day the schooner was emptied; and, I am glad to say, they stole not a single article of me. I never before saw or heard of such a case of honesty in Africa. Everything being now at Ranpano's town, my first work was to prepare my quarters, where I was to spend some portion, at least, of the next twenty months, and would leave my possessions in my absence. While I was thinking over a plan for my house, on the evening of my arrival, in came Ranpano with his head wife to get his present. He came slyly, that his people might not see him; and I made him happy with ten pieces of cloth, a gun, a neptune, a kettle, and some beads and other trifles.

The next day everybody was set to work. I chose the site for the house, a beautiful little spot in the high prairie about one hundred and fifty yards distant from the huts of the village; the very prettiest little piece of ground, taking in view and all, that

I saw in all Africa. It faced the river which I was to explore, and where a school of hippopotami were playing about every day on a shoal; had a grove at its back, and a rivulet of clear spring-water rippling along one side.

Hither every day the men brought me the long straight branches of a kind of palm growing by the river-side, which are used for the sides of a native house. Some gathered the leaves of the same tree, from which mats for roofing are made, and others went through the woods collecting wild vines, with which to tie the poles or bamboos together, and long slender poles to set up at the corners to tie the bamboo sides up to. The women cleaned the ground, and every evening huge piles of building-material were laid at my feet, of which I accepted what was good, and sent away the rest.

In Africa every room is a separate house: so I had a kitchen in one corner of my place, a house to keep my goods in another, a house for my specimens in another, and fowl and goat houses; my own living-house, and huts for my men, whom I intended to keep with me, all crowded together, and making altogether quite a little colony. The native carpenter, with his mpano, or native axe, a hammer, and a knife, made me windows of a rude sort, and doors, for which I had brought hinges and locks with me.

Everything went on very pleasantly until the 10th of April, when pay-day came for my men. I had settled with some, when a fellow who had built my preserving and preparatory house for animals, for which labour I had promised him twenty-four dollars in goods, had the impudence to ask forty for his party. I refused, whereupon one of the workmen threatened me with his knife. Here was a very bad case indeed, and one of which I felt that I must make an example. I ran for my gun, and threatened to shoot the fellow, who was put out of my way by his friends. Then I called for the king, and demanded that the rascal should be sent to my house in chains.

He said "Yes," but evidently did not want to find him; and I, who felt that I must make an example of the man if I looked for peace and respect in the future, only insisted the more that they should catch him.

At last, seeing that they only pretended, I sent for my Croo-men and began to pack up my goods, saying I would go back to Gaboon, and would not stay among such men. Just then an

American whale-ship appeared in the offing, and I sent word immediately that I would take passage in her.

The king came to me, and upon his knees begged me not to go; and finally, seeing I was determined, set off with some men for the plantation where they had stowed the offender. He was one of the oldest and most influential people of the town, and they were very loth to give him up.

On the next day (the 12th) the man, whose name was Ovenga, was brought in. The excitement was intense. The people were gathered in a crowd, and talked over the matter; the king looked almost pale with anxiety, and Ovenga himself shook like a leaf. I demanded that he should be tied, brought to my house, and severely flogged. They begged that his cloth might not be taken off, as it would be a disgrace to expose an old man. To this I consented; but sat, with a hard, stern face, waiting for the poor criminal. When at last he stood bound before me, I scolded him well for his attempt to cheat, and made much of the enormity of his threat. Then I said I could pay only what I had promised; that it was a great outrage to threaten with a knife; that his own people acknowledged my justice in flogging him; but that, as they did not know "white man's fashions" in such matters, I had determined to forgive him, and not flog him at all; with which I set him free.

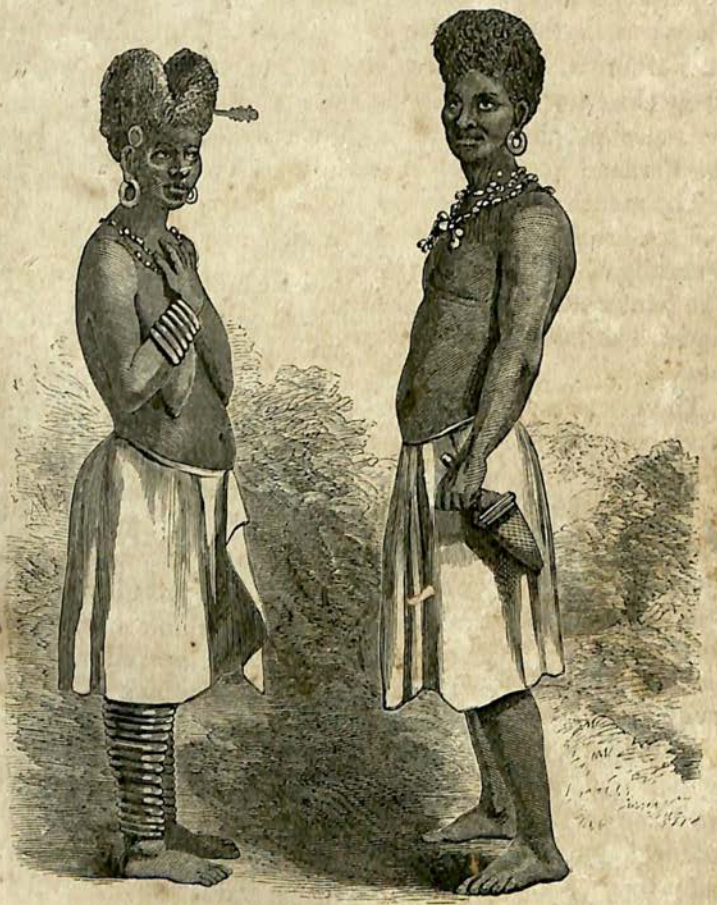
Instantly thunders of applause ran through the village, guns were fired, singing and dancing began all over, and never were such a set of jolly fellows. It was the only way to treat them. If I had passed Ovenga's threat by, I should probably have been murdered at some future time. Now they think more highly of me than ever for my little piece of justice tempered with mercy.

On the 13th of April I took possession of my new place, which, being quite a village, I have called Washington. It consists of my own house, which has five rooms, is forty-five feet long by twenty-five wide, and cost fifty dollars; my kitchen, four dollars; fowl-house, containing a hundred chickens and a dozen ducks; the goat-house, with eighteen goats; a powder-house; two other tolerably-sized houses for stores, &c.; and a dozen huts for my men. This is Washington in Africa.

At the back of my house is a wide extent of prairie. In front is the river Npoulounai winding along; and I can see miles on the way which I shall soon explore. Its banks are lined with

mangroves; and, looking up stream almost any time, I can see schools of hippopotami tossing and tumbling on the flats.

As I am entirely at the mercy of the negroes now, I am very strict, but entirely just, in my dealings; making myself obeyed, and that without loss of time. I made them stop their drumming at night, and do not let my own men go off without asking leave; which last seemed a dreadful trouble to them, but one to be endured, as I pay them regularly at every full moon their fourteen fathoms of cloth, besides keeping them in tobacco.



Camma Man and Woman.

And now, having finished my village, let me say a word about the people. They are very much like the Mpongwe, and have the same language, with a few local variations. The women wear

on their legs a large number of brass rings. They are divided into several families, some of which own the right to the seashore, while others are forced by these to remain in the interior, and send their goods to them to trade off. These are called bushmen; and, as might be expected, they are poor, as their seashore brethren take care to pick the best of all the trade. They are all acute, intelligent, and smart traders, though they have had, even at the river's mouth, but very little intercourse, so far, with whites.

They call themselves the *Commi*, though we call them Camma. They possess the seashore from south of Cape Lopez to Cape St. Catherine, having also one or two villages on the Mexias. Their chief town is Aniambia, once a large and flourishing place for these people; but their chief villages are on the banks of the Fernand Vaz, which is called by the natives the *Eliva*.

The mouth of the Fernand Vaz is obstructed by bars, on which the sea breaks with considerable violence; but the channel has generally three, and in the rainy season four, fathoms water. The banks at the mouth are low; and it is not only a difficult land-fall to make from sea, but a very dreary piece of land when made.

The Camma people are even more anxious for trade than the Mpongwe, probably because they have not yet had so much commerce with white people. Every enterprising Camma fellow builds a few huts for a village in what he thinks an advantageous situation; then builds a big house for the factory which is to come; and then does nothing for the remainder of his life but wait for this blissful coming. It does not occur to him to collect ivory, or oil, or India-rubber. He prefers rather to lie in wait for passing vessels, and try with his most honeyed words to persuade some luckless captain ashore.

It will be seen that the negro tribes hereabout are much alike in their general characters. A description of the Mpongwe will answer tolerably well for all the seashore tribes from the Moondah to Cape St. Catherine, making allowance for the greater rudeness of those who, like these Camma, have not had much acquaintance with Europeans.

On the 13th of April I bought, for thirty dollars' worth of goods, a really splendid canoe, which I hoped would be serviceable to me in my up-river explorations. I was now anxious to

be off, and determined to make a short trip to the seashore by way of Aniambia. This would carry me first about thirty-five miles up the Fernand Vaz, and then across the land, as the reader will see by referring to the map.

My men were ready, and on the morning of the 14th we set out. I had satisfied myself that Ranpano was anxious to have me remain in his town, as were also his people: and I had little fear of injury to my things in my absence so long as this good opinion of me was kept up. I therefore called the people together before my departure, and said that I had perfect confidence in them; that I was *their* white man, and had come to them through much difficulty and danger (*cheers*); that Sangala people wanted me, but I was determined to live with the honest folks of Biagano (*great cheering*); that I was going away for a few days, and hoped to find my goods all safe when I came back.

At this there were great shoutings of "You can go!" "Do not fear!" "We love you!" "You are our white man!" "We will take care!" and so on; amid which my sixteen men seized their paddles and shoved off.

Five or six miles above Biagano are some little islands. After passing these the river widened, until at Sanguibuiri, twenty miles above the mouth, it is about three miles wide. The country was low here, but as we ascended it got higher, and the river narrowed, often suddenly, till in a few miles it was but half-a-mile wide. At nine the moon rose, and we pulled along through what seemed a charmed scene; the placid stream shaded by the immense trees which overhung its banks, and the silence broken now and then by the screech of some night-prowling beast, or more frequently by the sudden plunge of a playful herd of hippopotami.

Towards midnight my men became tired, and we went ashore at a little village which was nearly empty. We could find only three old women, who were fast asleep, and not particularly anxious to make us welcome. I was too sleepy to stand upon ceremonies, and stowed myself away under a rough shed without walls, first building a good fire in front and arranging my musquito-bar so as to keep out those buzzing intruders. But I had hardly lain down when there came up suddenly one of those fierce tornadoes which pass over these countries in the rainy season. Fortunately it was a dry tornado, and one discomfort

RIVER NAVIGATION IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

was thus saved us; but while it lasted I had to stand out in the clear street, lest some house should fall on me.

Shortly after we had left the village next morning (having paid for our lodgings with the ever-welcome tobacco), we came to a part of the river where it widened into a considerable and very pretty lake. This was studded with little green islets, which lie so thickly in places as to form the sluggish stream into numerous little lakelets, creeks, and narrow straits.

All this while, though we were going up stream, we were not diverging greatly from the coast-line, and were, in fact, going down the coast rather than into the interior. The sluggish river runs through these sandy low banks, unable at any point to force its way through to the sea, which is, in places, so near that one may hear its roar.

About ten o'clock of the second day we came to another bay or lagoon, on whose banks, on a high hill, lies the pretty village of Igalé Mandé. Hereabouts the river is charming. Thick forests border the banks; and on the trees, as we passed beneath, sat or skipped about that graceful and curious little monkey, *Cercocebus Collaris*, whose white whiskers give him a very peculiar and venerable appearance. This town is about forty miles from the mouth. We found but one man and his wife at home. The rest had gone to make palm-oil.

Here a part of my crew refused to proceed. It leaked out that they had been intriguing with some women in Aniambia, and now they were afraid of being caught by the irate husbands. So I left them behind, not caring to get into a row by protecting them, as I should certainly have done if they had gone along. It would be fatal to a traveller in Africa to let any one, for any cause, interfere with the men he employs. I never permitted it, even when my men were in fault.

From Igalé to Aniambia was a two hours' walk through grass-fields, in which we found numerous birds, some of them new to me. One in particular, the *Mycteria Senegalensis*, had such long legs that it fairly outwalked me. I tried to catch it, but, though it would not take to the wing, it kept so far ahead that I did not even get a fair shot at it.

Aniambia lies on the seashore, near a point north of Cape St. Catherine; which point makes a safe landing-place. Here was once the headquarters of the now scattered Camma people.

Twenty years ago, when King Regundo reigned here, it had probably a population of nearly three thousand, and was a noted place for slave-factories, and for ivory and other African produce. The natives still speak with reverence of their great king. After his death the chief men in the leading families spread, the town broke up, and gradually the tribe has become scattered, till it occupies the wide range of country before noted. The death of their king was a death-blow to all their prosperity. They have had but few factories since, and have robbed most of them; and, as they own no king nor head chief, no redress is to be got, and white men have ceased to come among them. Once in a great while they get hold of some unlucky captain, ignorant of their character, whom they fleece without mercy, and generally send away only when they have ruined him.

Still they are as eagerly on the look-out for shipping as ever. The big trade-house stands in the midst of the village in all its glory; the English flag floated to the breeze on the high pole which every Camma village has, a flag being the sign of a ship in the offing; and the canoe was ready to launch at short notice to board some passing merchantman.

The present king, Olenga-Yombi, came in from his plantation when he heard the joyful news that a white man had arrived, and I made him a formal visit. He was a drunken old wretch, surrounded by a crowd of the chief men of the town. His majesty had on a thick overcoat, but no trousers; and, early as it was, had already taken a goodly quantity of rum or palm-wine. I was invited to sit at his right hand. I told him I had come to purchase a little ivory and to hunt, having heard that there was game in his country. After presenting him with a few strips of cloth, some pipes, and several heads of tobacco, which put him in a good temper, he declared I was a good white man, and should go wherever I chose.

Accordingly, I went out in the afternoon, but found all around here a very low country, perfectly flat, and mostly prairie. The long grass was full of birds, and the long-legged *Mycteria* was in great numbers. There were also great flocks of a beautiful bird whose dark golden body-plumage, and snow-white, long, downy neck, made a very fine and marked contrast with the green grass. Next to these, in point of numbers, was the snow-white *egretta*, which is found in vast flocks all along this coast.

At nightfall I got a guide and went out to see if I could get a shot at something larger than a bird. Gorilla are said to be found in the country behind here; but I had no hope of getting a shot at one here, and was prepared for game of less note. We had gone but a little way when my guide pointed out to me a couple of bright glowing spots visible through a piece of thick brush. The fellow trembled as he whispered "Leopard!" but I saw at once that it was only the light of a couple of fire-flies who had got in proper position to make a tolerable resemblance to the glowing eyes of the dreaded leopard.

About two o'clock in the morning we at last heard a grunting which announced the approach of a herd of wild hogs. I lay in wait near the track they had to pass along, and was fortunate enough to kill the big boar of the pack. The rest of the herd made off without showing a desire for fight, as these malicious animals do sometimes, and we returned to town with our trophy.

On the next evening (17th) the king held a grand dance in my honour. This is an honour I abominate, but one which cannot be declined, because the natives enjoy it too much themselves. All the king's wives, to the number of forty, and all the women of the town and neighbourhood were present. Fortunately the dance was held out in the street, and not in a room, as in Cape Lopez. The women were ranged on one side, the men opposite. At the end of the line sat the drummers beating their huge tam-tams, which make an infernal and deafening din, enough to distract a man of weak nerves. And, as though for this occasion the tam-tams were not entirely adequate, there was singing, and shouting, and a series of brass kettles, which also were furiously beaten; while, as a last and most ingenious addition, a number of boys sat near the drummers beating on hollow pieces of wood. It is curious what a stirring effect the sound of the tam-tam has on the African. It works upon him as martial music does upon excitable Frenchmen; they lose all control over themselves at its sound, and the louder and more energetically the horrid drum is beaten, the wilder are the jumps of the male African, and the more disgustingly indecent the contortions of the women.

As may be imagined, to beat the tam-tam is not a labour of love. The stoutest negro is worn out in an hour at furthest,

and for such a night's entertainment as this a series of drummers are required.

The people enjoyed it vastly, their only regret being that they had not a barrel of rum to drink in the pauses of the dance. But they managed to get just as drunk on palm-wine, of which a great quantity was served out. The excitement became greatest when the king danced. His majesty was pretty drunk, and his jumps were very highly applauded. His wives bowed down to his feet while he capered about, and showed him the deepest marks of veneration, while the drums and kettles were belaboured more furiously than ever.

After standing it as well as I could for two hours, I left; but though I lay down I could not sleep all night, for they kept it up till nearly daylight.

The next day I visited the two fetich-houses. Aniambia enjoys the protection of two spirits of very great power, named Abambou and Mbuirri. The former is an evil spirit, the latter is beneficent. They are both worshipped; and their accommodations, so far as I was permitted to see, were exactly alike.

They were housed in little huts, each about six feet square and six feet high. The fetich-man, who is also doctor and town-oracle, led me to where they stood together at the end of the village, and respectfully opened the doors for me to look into his holy places.

In the house of Abambou I saw a fire, which I was told is not permitted to go out. I saw no idol, but only a large chest, on the top of which lay some white and red chalk and some red parrot-feathers. The chalk is used to mark the bodies of the devout on certain occasions when vows are made. The feathers were probably part of the trappings of the spirit.

Abambou is the devil of the Camma. He is a wicked and mischievous spirit, who lives near graves and in burial-grounds, and is most comfortably lodged among the skeletons of the dead. He takes occasional walks through the country; and, if he is angry at anyone, has the power to cause sickness and death. The Camma cook food for him, which is deposited in lonely places in the woods; and then they address him in a flattering manner, and ask him to be good to them, and, in consideration of their gifts, to leave them alone. I was present once at a meeting where Abambou was being addressed in

public. They cried continually, "Now we are well! Now we are satisfied! Now be our friend, and do not hurt us!"

The offerings of plantain, sugarcane, and ground-nuts, are wrapped in leaves by the free men, but the slaves lay them on the bare ground. Sometimes Abambou is entreated to kill the enemies of him who is making the sacrifice. A bed is made in Abambou's house, and here he sometimes comes to rest himself when he is tired of going up and down the coast. At the new moon great quiet reigns in the Camma villages, and then the people pray to their spirits, of whom each family or subdivision of the tribe owns two, kept in a small hut in the village of the oldest chief of that family.

Mbuirri, whose house I next visited, is lodged and kept much as his rival. He is a good spirit, but has powers much the same as Abambou, so far as I could see. Being less wicked, he is not so zealously worshipped.

There is a third and much dreaded spirit, called Ovengua. This is the terrible catcher and eater of men. He is not worshipped, and has no power over diseases. But he wanders unceasingly through the forests, and catches and destroys luckless travellers who cross his path. By day he lives in dark caverns, but at night he roams freely; and even sometimes gets into the body of a man, and beats and kills all who come out in the dark. Sometimes, they relate, such a spirit is met and resisted by a body of men, who wound him with spears, and even kill him. In this case his body must be burned, and not even the smallest bone left, lest a new Ovengua should arise from it. There are many spots where no object in the world would induce a Camma negro to go by night, for fear of this dreadful monster. It is really a frightful superstition to an ignorant and credulous people, and I do not wonder at their fear.

They have a singular belief that when a person dies, who has been bewitched, the bones of his body leave the grave one by one, and form in a single line, which line of bones gradually becomes an Ovengua.

It is not an easy matter to get at the religious notions of these people. They have no well-defined ideas of them themselves, and on many points they are not very communicative.

I set out early on the 19th to try and get a shot at some buffalo, which were said to be in the prairie at the back of the

town. Ifouta, a hunter, accompanied me, and met with an accident through losing his presence of mind. We had been out about an hour, when we came upon a bull feeding in the midst of a little prairie surrounded by a wood which made our approach easy. Ifouta walked around opposite to where I lay in wait, in order, that if the animal took alarm at him it might run towards me; and then began to crawl, in the hunter fashion, through the grass towards his prey. All went well till he came near enough for a shot. Just then, unluckily, the bull saw him. Ifouta immediately fired. The gun made a long fire, and he only wounded the beast, which, quite infuriated, as it often is at the attack of hunters, immediately rushed upon him.

It was now that poor Ifouta lost his presence of mind. In such cases, which are continually happening to those who hunt the *Bos brachicheros*, the cue of the hunter is to remain perfectly quiet till the beast is within a jump of him, then to step nimbly to one side, and let it rush past. But Ifouta got up and ran.

Of course, in a moment the bull had him on his horns. It tossed him high into the air once, twice, thrice, ere I could run up, and by my shouts, draw its fury to myself. Then it came rushing at me. But my guns do not hesitate, and, as I had a fair shot, I killed it without trouble.

Ifouta proved to be considerably bruised, but, on the whole, more scared than hurt; and when I had washed him in a creek near by, he was able to walk home.

The next day (20th of April) I was to go home, and the king came to take leave of me, when a funny scene occurred. His Majesty made a long stay, and his subjects, some of whom were awaiting his departure to do a little private trading with me, as they dared not let the king see the goods they got of me, lost all patience; so they sent in a messenger to say that a man was anxious to speak to his Majesty in his house. The king went off, and had no sooner gone than in rushed the men, handed me their ivory, and begged me to be quick and give them their goods. I had just done so when the king reappeared, with a stout stick in his hands, and laid about him in a great rage at having been made a fool of; while the poor wretches dropped their little bundles and made their escape as best they might.

To return to Ranpano's town we took a different road by which we reached the river much quicker. The whole country

NATIVE TOSSED BY A WILD BULL.

hereabouts is a beautiful prairie-land, well wooded at frequent intervals. On the road we passed a place in a forest which is supposed to be haunted by the spirit of a crazy woman who, some generations ago, left her home in a neighbouring village to live here, and who has been an object of dread to the negroes ever since. They believe that she still cultivates her plantation in some hidden corner of the forest, and that she often lies in wait for travellers, whom she beats and kills out of pure malice.

On the borders of the river we found the village of Makaga-Oungiou, the chief of which had come down to help fight the Sangala people on my account, for which reason I was glad to be civil to him. The town was situated in a lovely spot, with a fine sandy prairie on one side and a forest on the other. The scenery was very enticing. I should like to have stayed here some time—the more so, as Makaga told me that the cry of the gorilla is heard frequently in these woods, and the animals are daring enough to come down and rob the plantain and sugar-cane plantations.

We paddled all night, and reached Biagano on the morning of the 24th. Canoe navigation is not at any time pleasant, least of all by night. But this time we had an added unpleasantness in getting by accident among a school of gambolling hippopotami, who rose all around us, and, by their boisterous motions, several times nearly capsized us.

I found, on my return, that all the Biagano people had moved from the seashore and built themselves huts near my house. I had reason to fear for my fowls and goats; but, on remonstrating, was assured by all hands that they would not steal from me, and that they did not want to live away from their white man. Tobacco was what brought them to me. They thought they would get none unless they were near me. I was forced to be satisfied; and, indeed, must acknowledge that they behave with great propriety.

On the 4th of May I had one of the greatest pleasures of my whole life. Some hunters who had been out on my account brought in a young gorilla *alive!* I cannot describe the emotions with which I saw the struggling little brute dragged into the village. All the hardships I had endured in Africa were rewarded in that moment.

It was a little fellow of between two and three years old, two

feet six inches in length, and as fierce and stubborn as a grown animal could have been.

Young Gorilla.

My hunters, whom I could have hugged to my heart, took him in the country between the Rembo and Cape St. Catherine. By their account, they were going, five in number, to a village near the coast, and walking very silently through the forest, when they heard what they immediately recognized as the cry of a young gorilla for its mother. The forest was silent. It was about noon; and they immediately determined to follow the cry. Presently they heard it again. Guns in hand, the brave fellows crept noiselessly towards a clump of wood, where the baby gorilla evidently was. They knew the mother would be near; and there was a likelihood that the male, the most dreaded of all, might be there too. But they determined to risk all, and, if at all possible, to take the young one alive, knowing what a joy it would be for me.

Presently they perceived the bush moving; and crawling a little further on in dead silence, scarce breathing with excitement, they beheld, what has seldom been seen even by the negroes, a young gorilla, seated on the ground, eating some berries which grew close to the earth. A few feet further on sat the mother also eating of the same fruit.

Instantly they made ready to fire; and none too soon, for the old female saw them as they raised their guns, and they had only to pull triggers without delay. Happily they wounded her mortally.

She fell. The young one, hearing the noise of the guns, ran to his mother and clung to her, hiding his face, and embracing her body. The hunters immediately rushed toward the two, hallooing with joy as they ran on. But this roused the little one, who instantly let go his mother and ran to a small tree, which he climbed with great agility, where he sat and roared at them savagely.

They were now perplexed how to get at him. No one cared to run the chance of being bitten by this savage little beast, and shoot it they would not. At last they cut down the tree, and, as it fell, dexterously threw a cloth over the head of the young monster, and thus gained time to secure it while it was blinded. With all these precautions, one of the men received a severe bite on the hand, and another had a piece taken out of his leg.

As the little brute, though so diminutive, and the merest baby for age, was astonishingly strong and by no means good-tempered, they could not lead him. He constantly rushed at them. So they were obliged to get a forked stick in which his neck was inserted in such a way that he could not escape, and yet could be kept at a safe distance. In this uncomfortable way he was brought into the village.

There the excitement was intense. As the animal was lifted out of the canoe in which he had come a little way down the river, he roared and bellowed, and looked around wildly with his wicked little eyes, giving fair warning that if he could only get at some of us he would take his revenge.

I saw that the stick hurt his neck, and immediately set about to have a cage made for him. In two hours we had built a strong bamboo house, with the slats securely tied at such distances apart that we could see the gorilla and it could see out. Here the thing was immediately deposited; and now, for the first time, I had a fair chance to look at my prize.

It was a young male gorilla, evidently not yet three years old, fully able to walk alone, and possessed, for its age, of most extraordinary strength and muscular development. Its greatest length proved to be, afterwards, two feet six inches. Its face and hands were very black, eyes not so much sunken as in the adult. The hair began just at the eyebrows and rose to the crown, where it was of a reddish-brown. It came down the sides of the face in lines to the lower jaw much as our beards

grow. The upper lip was covered with short coarse hair; the lower lip had longer hair. The eyelids very slight and thin. Eyebrows straight, and three-quarters of an inch long.

The whole back was covered with hair of an iron-gray, becoming dark nearer the arms, and quite white about the *anus*. Chest and abdomen covered with hair, which was somewhat thin and short on the breast. On the arms the hair was longer than anywhere on the body, and of a grayish-black colour, caused by the roots of the hair being dark and the ends whitish. On the hands and wrists the hair was black, and came down to the second joints of the fingers, though one could see in the short down the beginning of the long black hair which lines the upper parts of the fingers in the adult. The hair of the legs was grayish-black, becoming blacker as it reached the ankles, the feet being covered with black hair.

When I had the little fellow safely locked in his cage, I ventured to approach to say a few encouraging words to him. He stood in the furthest corner, but, as I approached, bellowed and made a precipitate rush at me; and though I retreated as quickly as I could, succeeded in catching my trouser-legs, which he grasped with one of his feet and tore, retreating immediately to the corner furthest away. This taught me caution for the present, though I had a hope still to be able to tame him.

He sat in his corner looking wickedly out of his gray eyes, and I never saw a more morose or more ill-tempered face than had this little beast.

The first thing was, of course, to attend to the wants of my captive. I sent for some of the forest-berries which these animals are known to prefer, and placed these and a cup of water within his reach. He was exceedingly shy, and would neither eat nor drink till I had removed to a considerable distance.

The second day found Joe, as I had named him, fiercer than the first. He rushed savagely at anyone who stood even for a moment near his cage, and seemed ready to tear us all to pieces. I threw him to-day some pineapple leaves, of which I noticed he ate only the white parts. There seemed no difficulty about his food, though he refused now, and continued during his short life to refuse, all food except such wild leaves and fruits as were gathered from his native woods for him.

The third day he was still morose and savage, bellowing when

any person approached, and either retiring to a distant corner or rushing to attack. On the fourth day, while no one was near, the little rascal succeeded in forcing apart two of the bamboo rails which composed his cage, and made his escape. I came up just as his flight was discovered, and immediately got all the negroes together for pursuit, determining to surround the wood and recapture my captive. Running into the house to get one of my guns, I was startled by an angry growl issuing from under my low bedstead. It was Master Joe, who lay there hid, but anxiously watching my movements. I instantly shut the windows, and called to my people to guard the door. When Joe saw the crowd of black faces he became furious, and, with his eyes glaring and every sign of rage in his little face and body, got out from beneath the bed. We shut the door at the same time and left him master of the premises, preferring to devise some plan for his easy capture rather than to expose ourselves to his terrible teeth.

How to take him was now a puzzling question. He had shown such strength and such rage already, that not even I cared to run the chance of being badly bitten in a hand-to-hand struggle. Meantime Joe stood in the middle of the room looking about for his enemies, and examining, with some surprise, the furniture. I watched with fear lest the ticking of my clock should strike his ear, and perhaps lead him to an assault upon that precious article. Indeed, I should have left Joe in possession, but for a fear that he would destroy the many articles of value or curiosity I had hung about the walls.

Finally, seeing him quite quiet, I despatched some fellows for a net, and opening the door quickly, threw this over his head. Fortunately we succeeded at the first throw in fatally entangling the young monster, who roared frightfully, and struck and kicked in every direction under the net. I took hold of the back of his neck, two men seized his arms and another the legs, and thus held by four men this extraordinary little creature still proved most troublesome. We carried him as quickly as we could to the cage, which had been repaired, and there once more locked him in.

I never saw so furious a beast in my life as he was. He darted at everyone who came near, bit the bamboos of the house, glared at us with venomous and sullen eyes, and

in every motion showed a temper thoroughly wicked and malicious.

As there was no change in this for two days thereafter, but continual moroseness, I tried what starvation would do towards breaking his spirit; also, it began to be troublesome to procure his food from the woods, and I wanted him to become accustomed to civilized food, which was placed before him. But he would touch nothing of the kind; and as for temper, after starving him twenty-four hours, all I gained was that he came slowly up and took some berries from the forest out of my hand, immediately retreating to his corner to eat them.

Daily attentions from me for a fortnight more did not bring me any further confidence from him than this. He always snarled at me, and only when *very* hungry would he take even his choicest food from my hands. At the end of this fortnight I came one day to feed him, and found that he had gnawed a bamboo to pieces slyly and again made his escape. Luckily he had but just gone; for, as I looked around, I caught sight of Master Joe making off on all fours, and with great speed, across the little prairie for a clump of trees.

I called the men up and we gave chace. He saw us, and before we could head him off made for another clump. This we surrounded. He did not ascend a tree, but stood defiantly at the border of the wood. About one hundred and fifty of us surrounded him. As we moved up he began to yell, and made a sudden dash upon a poor fellow who was in advance, who ran, tumbled down in affright, and, by his fall, escaped, but also detained Joe sufficiently long for the nets to be brought to bear upon him.

Four of us again bore him struggling into the village. This time I would not trust him to the cage, but had a little light chain fastened around his neck. This operation he resisted with all his might, and it took us quite an hour to securely chain the little fellow, whose strength was something marvellous.

Ten days after he was thus chained he died suddenly. He was in good health, and ate plentifully of his natural food, which was brought every day for him; did not seem to sicken until two days before his death, and died in some pain. To the last he continued utterly untameable; and, after his chains were on, added the vice of treachery to his others. He would come some-

times quite readily to eat out of my hand, but while I stood by him would suddenly—looking me all the time in the face to keep my attention—put out his foot and grasp at my leg. Several times he tore my pantaloons in this manner, quick retreat on my part saving my person; till at last I was obliged to be very careful in my approaches. The negroes could not come near him at all without setting him in a rage. He knew me very well, and trusted me; but evidently always cherished a feeling of revenge even towards me.

After he was chained, I filled a half-barrel with hay and set it near him for his bed. He recognized its use at once, and it was pretty to see him shake up the hay and creep into this nest when he was tired. At night he always again shook it up, and then took some hay in his hands, with which he would cover himself when he was snug in his barrel.

On the 20th of May I went up the river about five miles to shoot hippopotami. There was here a place in the river shallow enough for them to stand in and play around; and here they remained all day, playing in the deep water, or diving, but for the most part standing on the shallows, with only their ugly noses pointed out of the water, and looking, for all the world, exactly like so many old weather-beaten logs stranded on a sand-bar. We approached slowly and with caution, to within thirty yards of the school, without seeming to attract the slightest attention from the sluggish animals. Stopping there, I fired five shots, and, so far as I could see, killed three hippopotami. The ear is one of the most vulnerable spots, and this was my mark every time. The first shot was received with but little attention; but the struggles of the dying animal, which turned over several times, and finally sank to the bottom, seemed to rouse the herd, who began to plunge about and dive down into the deep water. The blood of my victims discoloured the water all around, and we could not see whether those which escaped were not swimming for us.

Presently the boat received a violent jar, and, looking overboard, we perceived that we were in the midst of the herd. They did not, however, attack us, but were rather, I imagine, anxious to get away. We, too, pulled out of the way as fast as we could, as I was not anxious to be capsized. Of the dead animals we recovered but one, which was found two days after on

a little island near the river's mouth. I think it likely that the negroes secretly ate up the others as they washed ashore, fearing to tell me, lest I should claim the prizes.

This was such poor sport that after Joe Gorilla died I determined to go on a night-hunt after hippopotami. These animals come ashore by night to feed. As I have said before, the Fernand Vaz runs for many miles parallel with the seashore, separated from the sea by a strip of sandy prairie. On this prairie the river-horses feed, and the "walk" of a herd is easily discernible at a great distance, looking very much like a regular beaten road, only their immense tracks showing who are its makers. In the path no grass grows; but the ground is hard, and solidly beaten down by their constant passage to and fro. It is curious that they will not even leave such a walk if they have been attacked there, but come back without fail. This gives the hunter a great advantage.

We chose a moonlight night, and paddled up to the vicinity of one of these "walks," where Igala, my hunter, and I set out by ourselves. I had painted my face with a mixture of oil and soot, which is a prudent measure in a white hunter in Africa, where the beasts seem to have a singularly quick eye for anything white. We chose the leeward side of the track, for the hippopotamus has a very nice smell, and is easily alarmed at night, feeling probably, that on land his sluggish movements and huge bulk have their disadvantages. We lay down under shelter of a bush and watched. As yet none of the animals had come out of the water. We could hear them snorting and plashing in the distance, their subdued snort-like roars breaking in upon the still night in a very odd way. The moon was nearly down, and the watch was getting tedious, when I was startled by a sudden groan, and, peering into the half-light, saw dimly a huge animal, looking doubly monstrous in the uncertain light. It was quietly eating grass, which it seemed to nibble off quite close.

There was another bush between us and our prey, and we crawled up to this in dead silence. Arrived there we were but about eight yards from the great beast. The negroes who hunt the hippopotamus are sometimes killed. The animal, if only wounded, turns most savagely upon its assailant; and experience has taught the negro hunters that the only safe way to approach it is from behind. It cannot turn quickly, and thus the hunter

has a chance to make good his escape. This time we could not get into a very favourable position, but I determined to have my shot nevertheless, eight yards being safe killing distance, even with so poor a light as we had by this time.

Igala and I both took aim. He fired; and, without waiting to see the result, ran away as swiftly as a good pair of legs could carry him. I was not quite ready, but fired the moment after him; and, before I could get ready to run—in which I had not Igala's practice—I saw there was no need to do so. The beast tottered for a moment, and then fell over dead.

This closed our night's sport, as none of the herd would come this way while their companion lay there. So we returned home, poor Igala remonstrating with me for not running as he did, this being, as it appeared, considered one of the chief accomplishments of the hippopotamus-hunter. Our good luck created great joy in the village, where meat was scarce. The men went out at daylight and skinned the prize, and brought in the meat and hide. The latter I stuffed, and it is now in my collection.

The meat does not taste unlike beef. It is rather coarse-grained, and not fat, and makes a welcome and wholesome dish. The blacks are very fond of it.

The hippopotamus is found in most of the rivers of Africa which flow into the Atlantic or Indian oceans; but in none but the Nile of those which flow into the Mediterranean. And in the Nile it is only met far up. It is found in greatest abundance south of the equator and in the interior. Frequent as they were in the Fernand Vaz, I found them more numerous in the Ogobay and other of the interior streams, and have reason to believe that, in the far and as yet unexplored centre, they are more numerous still. It is a very clumsily-built, unwieldy animal; but remarkable chiefly for its enormous head, whose upper mandible seemed to me moveable like the crocodile's, and for its disproportionately short legs. The male is much larger than the female; indeed, a full-grown male sometimes attains the bulk, though not the height, of the elephant. In the larger specimens the belly almost sweeps the ground as they walk.

The feet are curiously constructed, to facilitate their walking among the reeds and mud of the river-bottoms, and swimming with ease: The hoof is divided into four short, apparently clumsy, and unconnected toes; and they are able, by this spread

of foot, to walk rapidly even through mud. I have seen them make quick progress, when alarmed, in water so deep that their backs were just on the river-level.

The skin of an adult hippopotamus is from one and a half to two inches thick, and extremely solid and tough—quite bullet-proof, in fact, except in a few thinner spots, as behind the ear and near the eyes. It is devoid of hair, with the exception of a few short bristly hairs in the tail, and a few scattered tufts, of four or five hairs each, near the muzzle. The colour of the skin is a clayey yellow, assuming a roseate hue under the belly. In the grown animal the colour is a little darker. The teeth are:

$$\text{Incisors, } \frac{4}{4}\text{; canines, } \frac{1—1}{1—1}\text{; molars, } \frac{6—6}{6—6} = 36 \text{ in all.}$$

After watching for a great many times the movements of the hippopotamus, I became assured that the huge crooked tusks, which give its mouth so savage an appearance, are designed chiefly to hook up the long river-grasses on which these animals feed in great part. Often I have seen one descend to the bottom, remain a few minutes, and re-appear with its tusks strung with grass which was then leisurely chewed up. They make the whitest of all ivory, and in the Camma country the beasts are much hunted for the sake of the tusks, as the dentists of Europe make a demand for this white ivory.

The animals consort together in flocks of from three to thirty. They choose shallows in the rivers, where the depth of the water allows them to keep their footing, and yet have their whole bodies submerged. Here they remain all day, swimming off into the deeps and diving for their grassy food, gambolling in the waves, and from time to time throwing up a stream of water two or three feet high. This is done with a noise like "blowing," and is doubtless an effort for breath. It is pleasant to watch a flock peacefully enjoying themselves, particularly when they have two or three young among them. The little fellows, who are comically awkward, play about their dams, and I have often seen them seated on the back of the mother, and chasing each other about the shoals.

They prefer parts of the rivers where the current is not very swift, and are therefore to be found in all the lakes in the interior. Also, they prefer to be near their grass-fields. They

are very fond of a particular coarse grass which grows on these prairies, and will travel considerable distances to hunt this up, always returning, however, before daylight. Their path overland is very direct. Neither rocks, nor swamps, nor bushes can prove formidable obstacles to a water-beast of such bulk; and one of their peculiarities is that they will always return to the water by the same road they came. Unless much pursued and harassed, they are not very much afraid of man. Some of their favourite grass was growing on a little plain at the back of my house, and several times I found hippopotamus-tracks not more than fifty yards from the house. They had not feared to come as near as this; though, probably, if the wind had been from me to them, they would have avoided the place.

They always choose a convenient landing-place, one where the bank has a long and easy incline, and this they use till they have eaten up all the provender which lies in that vicinity. Before going ashore they watch for an hour, and sometimes for two hours, near the landing, remaining quiet themselves and listening for danger. The slightest token of the hunter's presence on such occasions sends them away for that night. If no danger appears, they begin to wander ashore in twos and threes. I never saw more than three of a flock grazing together; and during their stay ashore they place more dependence on their ears than on their eyes. I have watched closely in many hunts, and am convinced that the beast walks along with his eyes nearly shut. This makes the approach easier, though their hearing is very quick; and it is common to get within three or four yards before firing. I generally tried to get at least as near as four yards, and found my most successful aim to be at a spot near the shoulder, and one just behind the ear.

When playing in the water this animal makes a noise very much resembling the grunt of a pig. This grunt it also utters when alarmed at the near approach of man. The stuffed skin loses its original colour, so that our stuffed specimens do not give a true idea of the clay-colour of the live beast. Its excrement is like the horse's, but smaller and dryer.

When enraged, or suddenly disturbed, it utters a kind of groan, a hoarse sound, which can be heard at a considerable distance. They are very combative among themselves, and I often saw marks on their bodies of desperate conflicts. One, a

male which I killed, had its thick hide lacerated in a frightful manner in numerous stripes, from a fight. The young males suffer particularly in these encounters, as they are much imposed upon by the grown males, who are jealous of them. Their principal weapons of offence are their huge tusks, with which they strike most savage blows.

It was my good fortune once to be witness to a combat between two hippopotami. It occurred in broad daylight. I was concealed on the bank of the stream, and had been for some time watching the sports of a herd, when suddenly two huge beasts rose to the surface of the water and rushed together. Their vast and hideous mouths were opened to their widest possible extent; their eyes were flaming with rage, and every power was put forth by each to annihilate the other. They seized each other with their jaws; they stabbed and punched with their strong tusks; they advanced and retreated; were now at the top of the water, and again sank down to the bottom. Their blood discoloured the river, and their groans of rage were hideous to listen to. They showed little powers of strategy, but rather a piggish obstinacy in maintaining their ground, and a frightful savageness of demeanour. The combat lasted an hour. It was evident that their tusks could not give very dangerous wounds to such thickly-protected bodies as theirs. At last one turned about and made off, leaving the other victorious and master of the field.

My observations lead me to believe that in general the hippopotamus will not wantonly attack a canoe passing on the river. They either do not seem to notice it at all, or else avoid it by diving under water. They are troublesome beasts, however, to the traveller paddling along in a frail canoe, for they are very apt to rise suddenly under a boat and throw it over, to their own alarm, as well as to the inconvenience and danger of the passengers. In some instances the huge beast becomes desperate from fright, thinks himself attacked, and with great rage demolishes the canoe. But even in such cases I have not heard of their ever touching the swimming passengers, who have only to keep away from the canoe to make sure their escape. One of my men related an adventure of this kind which happened to him and others a few years ago. They were capsized by a hippopotamus, which rose suddenly under their canoe. In an

instant, and with the greatest fury, the animal turned upon the canoe, which he did not leave till he had broken it into small pieces. But he did not even seem to see the men, who swam off, and reached the shore without hurt.

The negroes hunt the hippopotamus only with guns. In those parts where they have not yet obtained guns they never attack it, but leave it undisputed master of the forest and river; for they can but very seldom indeed succeed in entrapping it into the pits which are dug for this and some other of the larger animals.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Anengue Lake — Canoes — River Scenery — Nature of the Country — The Lagoons — Navigation — India-rubber Vines — Mercantile Products and Facilities — Porcupine-hunts — Quengueza, the great King — Change of Season — Variety in animal Life — Birds of Passage — Fish — Bee-eater — Curious Habits of this Bird — Serpents — The Rivers in the dry Season — The Lagoons in the dry Season — Immense Numbers of Crocodiles — Damagondai — Witchcraft — A Curtain Lecture — Shimbouvenegani — An Olako — Royal Costume — Discover a new Ape — The *Nshiego Mbouvé*, or Nest-building Ape (Troglodytes Calvus) — How they build — Habits — Food — Description of the first specimen — A Crocodile-hunt — Anengue Canoes — The Ogata — Turtle — How the Crocodile gets his Prey — A Fight looms up ahead — Oshoria backs down — People of the Anengue — Family Idols — Worship — Sickness — Bola Ivoga — African Festivals — A clear Case of Witchcraft — A native Doctor — Exorcising a Witch — My Town is deserted — I am made a Chief — We get a second young Gorilla — I am poisoned with Arsenic — Trial of the Poisoner — Singular Effect of Arsenic.

WHEN poor Joe Gorilla died I prepared to set out upon my explorations up river. The hope of taming him kept me at Biagano till then.

We were to make a start on the evening of May 27th, and on that morning I called king and people together, and gave them charge of my property; declaring that if anything were stolen during my absence I would surely shoot the thief.

They all protested that I need not even lock the doors of my house. But I thought it best not to expose them to too much temptation.

I next counted my ten goats in their presence, and told them I wanted no leopard-stories told me when I came back—at which they shouted and laughed, and declared neither they nor the leopard should touch them. Then I gave one of my men some goods to trade for ivory, another some with which to buy ebony, and left one of my Mpongwe fellows in charge of my entire premises, locking the doors. And then I was ready to go off.

I had twelve stout paddlers in my canoe, which was laden pretty deeply with provisions for myself, and with trade-goods

for the people I was to meet, and which I had entrusted to one of Ranpano's sons. My object on this trip was to ascend the Npoulounay, a branch of the Ogobay, as far as a great swampy country which the Camma fellows were always talking of, and which no white man had yet seen. The reader can follow my course on the chart.

We found the Npoulounay for the first eight miles to run through the mangrove-swamps, which render navigation so disagreeable. Above that the banks became higher and clearer. Starting about three o'clock in the afternoon, we pulled till four next morning, when all hands were worn out, and we went ashore on a little island to get a nap. But here the musquitoes assailed us in such numbers that, though we could stretch our legs, sleep was out of the question. As soon as daylight came we were off again.

At about sixty miles from Biagano we came to a fork in the river. We took the right branch. A few miles further up there was another tributary, which we entered, as this led to the lake. The stream was here about two hundred yards wide, but with very low, marshy banks, and no wood. Immense fields of reeds and other water-weeds covered the marshy soil as far as we could see from our little canoe, and gave the landscape an aspect of utter desolation. The stream had scarce any current, the water was turbid, and the smell of decaying vegetation exceedingly unpleasant. In the far distance beyond the plains we could see the outlines of hills and higher plains. Where these join the marsh, crocodiles are found in great plenty, as I was told now by the natives, and found for myself afterwards.

While I was wondering at the change in this sluggish river from the rapid-flowing Ogobay, we came suddenly to what seemed the end of navigation in this direction. The river was here as wide as at the mouth, but closed suddenly. Paddling round the shore, to try for some possible outlet, for it would be too bad to have taken so much trouble to get into this nasty cul-de-sac, we found at length a stream, not more than six yards wide, which poured with a tolerably rapid current into what seemed to me now only a lagoon. Up this narrow avenue we pushed, much doubting where it would lead us, for none of my men had been here before, and I was going by guesswork.

As we ascended the narrow, deep little stream, it branched off in several places, and became gradually narrower, till at last we were pushing our canoe laboriously along through a deep, crooked ditch, not more than two yards wide, and overhung with tall reeds, on which great numbers of birds were balancing themselves, as though enjoying our dilemma.

For two hours we pushed along in this way, and I was upon the point of giving up and returning, when we suddenly emerged into the long-looked-for lake of Anengue. A vast body of water, at least ten miles wide, and dotted with various beautiful wooded isles, was spread suddenly before our gladdened eyes. We lay on our paddles and gazed about us. On one side the lake is bounded by hills which come close down to the shore. On the other the hills recede, and between them and the water lies a dreary extent of low marsh. Several towns were in sight, all located at the summits of hills, and towards one of these we pushed with what speed we could, for all hands were tired and hungry. For though we had breakfasted on bananas and sugarcane early in the morning at a deserted village, this is not very substantial food; and of meat none of us had partaken since leaving Biagano.

This deserted village deserves to be mentioned, if only for a cheerful joke made upon it by one of my men. It is general in this country for the people to leave their town if the chief dies under suspicion of having been bewitched, and such lonely huts and abandoned plantations are therefore common wherever the traveller goes. The natives in general regard such with a superstitious fear, believing that the spirits of the departed remain and keep guard over the property left. But my men were "sick of hunger," as they said, and had now, from contact with me, become somewhat less superstitious; so that no one refused to go ashore, or, when there, to eat, as well as we could eat for the savage onslaught of the musquitoes. While we were grumbling at finding so little comfort, one of them said it was evidently not the spirits which had driven off the people here, but the musquitoes; which was thought, and was really, a tremendous joke for this latitude, and set us all into good humour again.

About two o'clock we arrived at the village of King Damagondai. A great crowd was assembled to receive us, visitors not

being frequent here; and when the presence of a wonderful white man became known, the anxiety of the people to see me knew no bounds. Quarters were provided for me by the king, who was rejoiced to see me, and sent me a goat; which, in this part of the country, where they have no tame cattle, is as much as half-a-dozen bullocks would be in South Africa.

From the 1st to the 10th of June I spent in exploring the lake and its islands. I find everywhere deep water enough for steamers of moderate draught to have free play, though in the dry season I was told there are a good many shoals, though not enough, I should think, to interfere with navigation, The whole country around is literally filled with the India-rubber vine. Immense quantities of the best caoutchouc might here be got, and with very little trouble, if only the natives had some one to show them how to gather it without destroying the vines, and without getting it so mixed with impure matter as to destroy its commercial value. It was enough to make a trader's mouth water to see the immense quantity of land covered with this vine. Here are chances for a commerce which I think our American merchants will not long leave unworked. And then we may hope to see a real and enduring civilization step in and help these poor natives upward a little.

For the present they are a lazy but good-natured people hereabouts; ready enough to work, if they could only be sure to get some pay for their labour, but with little energy, because they see no possibility of a direct connexion with the seashore.

Game is not very abundant in this part of the country, and the animal most hunted is the porcupine. They hunt with dogs, which track the truculent little beast to its lair or burrow, whence it is dug out by the men. The hunt was too laborious to be counted sport, though the natives seemed to enjoy it amazingly. The dogs hunted by scent, and never barked at a deserted hole.

The porcupine is only found at the foot of the range of hills which rises about ten miles from the village I was stopping at. Here it burrows among the huge boulders which cover the ground. Several times we came upon them wandering about, and shot them outright. I noticed that the dogs were very careful not to touch the animal till they were sure it was dead, having probably had sad experience of its sharp spines.

It is as well to add here that, though most of the West African

villages have crowds of dogs, I could never learn of a case of hydrophobia, nor did the natives even know of such a disease as madness in dogs.

While on a porcupine-hunt the tube of one of my guns was accidentally broken, and on June 10th I had the misfortune to break my remaining gun by a vexatious accident in hunting a marabout. I had wounded the bird, and was running after it, but it could run faster than I. When quite near it, in my eagerness I struck at it with my gun, missed my aim, and shattered the stock and bent the barrel on a stone. This made it necessary to return to Biagano.

My coming back was fortunate, for in a few days after came a high and mighty visitor from far up the River Rembo. King Quengueza, of whom I had often heard from the Camma men, lives up the Rembo about ninety miles, and is sovereign over a large tribe of people. He was a man whom I had not even hoped to see here, and whose influence and friendship I was very glad to have. He came down in considerable state, in three canoes, with three of his favourite wives, and about one hundred and thirty men. When he saw me he was much astonished, and said he had heard of me for a great hunter, and had expected to see a tall and stout man, and not such a feeble body as mine. He was now convinced, he said, that I must have a brave heart, to hunt as I did.

Fortunately the king and I could talk together without an interpreter, so that I did not need any rascally Camma to confound my words and misrepresent my wishes, as they are apt to do, not caring to have white men trade with the interior, or even explore it.

He told me there were plenty of gorilla and nschiegos in his country, and that if I would come I should have liberty and protection to hunt and do what I pleased. I was ready to go immediately, but he said the fall of the rainy season would be the best time, and so I put my visit off.

I sent the kind-hearted old fellow off well contented, with his canoes full of presents of iron bars, brass rods, &c., and about one hundred dollars' worth of goods on trust to buy me ebony with. He promised me great sport, and an introduction to some tribes of whom even these Camma knew nothing, and who are, therefore, beyond even their *ultima Thule*. To do him greater

honour, my people fired a salute as he started off, with which he was highly delighted—as an African is sure to be with any noise.

The dry season was now setting in in earnest, and I devoted the whole month of July to exploring the country along the seashore. It is curious that most of the birds which were so abundant during the rainy season had by this time taken their leave, and other birds, in immense numbers, flocked in to feed on the fish, which now leave the seashore and the bars of the river-mouth, and ascend the river to spawn.

The breakers on the shore were now frightful to see. The coast was rendered inaccessible by them even to the natives, and the surf increased to that degree at the mouth of the river even, that it was difficult to enter with a canoe. Strong breezes prevailed, and though the sky was constantly overcast, no drop of rain fell. The thermometer fell sometimes to 64° of Fahrenheit, and I suffered from cold, as did also the poor natives, who make no provision of thick clothing for such weather, though it is the same every year. The grass on the prairies was dried up to powder. The ponds are dried up; only the woods keep their resplendent green.

At this season the negroes leave their villages and work on their plantations. Biagano was almost deserted; all hands were on the farms; the women harvesting the crop of ground-nuts, one of the staples of this country, and the men building canoes and idling around. Their farms are necessarily at some distance off, as the sandy prairie is not fit to cultivate, being only, in fact, a deposit of the sea.

Fish, particularly mullet, were so abundant in the river that sometimes, when I took my evening constitutional in a canoe on the water, enough mullet leaped into the boat to furnish me a breakfast next day.

Birds flocked in immense numbers on the prairies, whither they came to hatch their young.

The ugly marabouts, from whose tails our ladies get the splendid feathers for their bonnets, were there in thousands. Pelicans waded on the river-banks all day in prodigious swarms, gulping down the luckless fish which came in their way. I loved to see them swimming about in grave silence, and every moment grabbing up a poor fish, which, if not hungry, they left in their

huge bag, till sometimes three or four pounds of reserve food thus awaited the coming of their appetite.

And on the sandy point, one morning, I found great flocks of the *Ibis religiosa* (the sacred Ibis of the Egyptians), which had arrived overnight, whence I could not tell.

Ducks of various kinds built their nests in every creek and on every new islet that appeared with the receding waters. I used to hunt these till I got tired of duck-meat, fine as it is. Cranes, too, and numerous other waterfowl flocked in, every day bringing new birds. All come, by some strange instinct, to feed upon the vast shoals of fish which literally filled the river.

On the seashore I sometimes caught a bird, the *Sula capensis*, which had been driven ashore by the treacherous waves to which it had trusted itself, and could not, for some mysterious reason, get away again.

And finally, every sand-bar is covered with gulls, whose shrill screams are heard from morning till night as they fly about greedily after their finny prey. It is a splendid time now for sportsmen; and I thought of some of my New York friends who would have enjoyed such great plenty of game as was now here.

Land birds are equally plentiful; but I have time to enumerate only one curious species. This is the bee-eater, of which I discovered two new species. A common one is the *Meropicus bicolor*—a splendid little fellow, whose breast, of a gorgeous roseate hue, looks as he flies about like a lump of fire. The bee-eaters feed on bees and flies, and are remarkable for the nests they build. These are holes in the ground, always on the edge of some bank or acclivity, and from three to four feet deep. Great numbers of these nests are found in every hill-side, and in these they sleep at night.

Serpents are not so common as in the rainy season, but do not altogether abandon the country, as I had reason to discover one night. I had retired to rest, but was roused by a tremendous fluttering among my chickens. I rushed out immediately expecting to catch a thief, but found nobody; and as the houses were not broken into, returned to my own room, thinking it was only a false alarm. But I was no sooner in than I rushed out again, for, in the dim light, I found myself upon the point of stepping upon a huge black snake which had come in during

my absence. I had my gun in my hand, and lost no time in blowing his head to pieces with cold lead. He was ten feet long, and of a kind whose bite is said by the negroes to be fatal. The hideous beast was just swallowing one of my chickens when I killed it. It had been among the fowls, which accounted for the noise I heard. The negroes rushed in when they heard the report of my gun, and with great joy cut off the head of their enemy. This was thrown into the river, but the slaves cooked the body and ate it.

As Quengueza could not be visited till the rainy season returned, I determined to make another trip to the Anengue country; and to this I was the more induced, as I wished to ascertain what chances there were for steam navigation in the dry season, when the water is at its lowest. At high water it is deep enough all the way up.

Accordingly, on the 1st of August, I started, with the canoes and a crew well armed, for fear we might be interrupted, as some of the people come up this way to make plantations in the dry season, and might dispute our advance. I determined to let no man bar the road to me. I found the Npoulounay shallower, but yet quite practicable for a steamer of light draught; and when we got into the Ogobay the water was still deeper—this being in every way a nobler stream. Yet there is a difference in the depth of the Ogobay, between dry and rainy seasons, of about fifteen feet. Now the river was covered with muddy islands, left dry and covered with reeds; among which sported the flamingo —a bird not seen here in the wet season. All these reedy islets were submerged when I passed up last May.

There are very few villages betweeen Biagano and the Anengue—we counted but seven; and yet the country seems habitable enough. I was struck with the immense height of some of the palm-trees which lined the banks. They were really giants even in these primitive woods.

We slept the first night on an island in the Ogobay, under our musquito-nets, of which I had laid in a store. These nets, which the natives also use, are made of a grass-cloth which comes from the far interior, and which is too thick to be comfortable in the house, but does very well out-of-doors, where it keeps out the dews as well, and protects the sleeper against the cold winds which prevail. The next morning I saw, for the first time, a fog

in this part of Africa. It was very thick, but the sun soon drove it away.

I sent out my net, and, in a few minutes, the men caught fish enough for supper and breakfast.

The low banks of the Ogobay were now dry, and covered with reeds. The river ran in its regular channel, and was about fourteen or fifteen feet lower than last May, though still practicable for light-draught steamers. These low banks, which are submerged in the rainy season, will make splendid rice-fields when all this country comes to be civilized. Here might be grown rice enough to supply all the country round, even if thickly settled.

Coming to where the Ogobay is divided by an island into two channels, we took the one I passed last May, but found ourselves nearly stopped by a sand-bank which reached clear across, and had but three feet of water on it. But it was a narrow bar, and could be easily cut in two. Then we entered the Anengue; but this river we found entirely changed from last May. Then it was a deep, swift stream; now its surface was dotted with numberless black mud-banks, on which swarmed incredible numbers of crocodiles. We actually saw many hundreds of these disgusting monsters sunning themselves on the black mud, and slipping off into the water to feed. I never saw so horrible a sight. Many were at least twenty feet long; and, when they opened their frightful mouths, looked capable of swallowing our little canoes without trouble.

I determined to have a shot at these beasts, who seemed noways frightened at our approach. Making my men paddle pretty well in, I singled out the biggest of a school, and lodged a ball in his body by way of the joints of his forelegs, where the thick armour is defective. He tumbled over, and, after struggling in the water for a moment, sank into the mud. His companions turned their hideous snaky eyes down at him in momentary surprise, but did not know what to make of it, and dropped back to their sluggish comfort. I shot another, but he sank also; and as my men did not like to venture into the black mud after them, we got neither.

When we came to the narrow and intricate channel of last May, we found, to my surprise, a tremendous current running. Last May the water of the lake had overflowed its shores, and

its regular outlets had, therefore, no great pressure upon them. Now this outlet was crowded with water, which rushed through at such a rate that, at some of the turns in the crooked channel, we were actually swept back several times before we could make our way good. At one point, where two outlets joined, we could not pass till I made the men smoke their *condouquai* (a long reed pipe), which seems to give them new vigour, and gave them also a swallow of my brandy. This done, they gave a great shout and pushed through; and, in a short hour, we emerged upon the lake.

The lake, alas! had changed with the season, too. It was still a beautiful sheet of water, and good enough for navigation. But all over its placid face the dry season had brought out an eruption of those black mud-islands which we had noticed below; and on these reposed, I fear to say what numbers of crocodiles. Wherever the eye was turned, these disgusting beasts, with their dull leer, and huge, savage jaws, appeared in prodigious numbers. The water was alive with fish, on which I suppose the crocodiles had fat living. But pelicans and herons, ducks, and other water-birds also abounded, drawn hither by the abundance of their prey.

Paddling carefully past great numbers of crocodiles, into whose ready jaws I was by no means anxious to fall, and past several native villages, we at last reached the town of my old friend Damagondai, who stood upon the shore ready to receive me. He was dressed in the usual middle-cloth of the natives, and a tarnished scarlet soldier-coat, but was innocent of trousers. But his welcome was none the less hearty, though the unmentionables were lacking.

His town, which contains about fifty huts, lies on some high ground at a little distance from the water; and the people came to meet us on the shady walk which connects them with the lake. Everybody seemed glad to see us. I distributed presents of tobacco, gave the king some cloth, and put him in a good-humour, though he could scarce forgive me for not bringing him rum also. I noticed in the middle of the village a strongly-built goat-house, which is a sign that leopards sometimes come this way.

Damagondai put all his town at my disposal, and suggested that I had better pick out two or three of the best-looking girls for wives for myself. He was somewhat amazed when I declined

this pleasant offer, and insisted upon it that my bachelor life must be very lonely and disagreeable.

The king is a tall, rather slim negro, over six feet high, and well put together, as most of these men are. I suppose in war or in the chace, he had the usual amount of courage, but at home he was exceedingly superstitious. As night came on he seemed to get a dread of death. He grew querulous; told the men to stop their noise; and at last began to groan out that some of the people wanted to bewitch him in order to get his property and his authority. Finally he got excited, and began to curse all witches and sorcerers; said no one should have his wives and slaves; and, in fact, became so maudlin that I interfered, and declared there were no witches, and his fears were absurd.

Of course I received the stereotyped answer, "There may be none among your white people; but it is very different among us, because we have known many men who were bewitched and died." To such an argument there is no reply. They always insist that we are a distinct race, and have few things in common with them. Those ethnologists who hold to diversity of races of men would receive readier credence here in savage Africa than they obtain in America or Europe.

When my objections had been settled, the old fellow began to lecture his wives, telling them to love him and to feed him well, for he had given a great deal of money and goods to their parents for them, and they were a constant expense and uneasiness to him; to all which the poor women listened with great respect; and no doubt made up their grateful hearts to give their lord and master a good breakfast next morning.

At last this dreariest of African nights got too slow for the people, who suddenly struck up a dance and forgot all about witchcraft. And I, too, was tired, and went to my dreams.

The Anengue people, though they intermarry with their neighbours the Camma, are not permitted to come down to the sea-shore for trade. This would disturb the monopoly, and monopoly is the most sacred thing in West Africa. The consequence is that they have no energy or life among them. They are idle, and lie about doing absolutely nothing day after day. Once in a great while they kill an elephant and dispatch its tusks down to the sea; but the small returns they get, after the Camma have taken off their rascally percentage, does not encourage

them to trade. They are not great hunters, the vast shoals of fish in the lake giving them a sufficiency of food without hunting for it. They also eat the meat of crocodiles, which they harpoon with a rude kind of jagged spear. During my stay I and my crew lived almost entirely on fish, which were caught in a net I had brought along. There is one fine fish, called the condo, which is really delicious, and fit for the table of the greatest gourmand.

On the 5th, the day after our arrival, Damagondai took me across the lake to the village of one Shimbouvenegani, a king with a big name and a small village, who lives fifteen miles off, at the eastern end of the lake. I found the water now very shallow in places, though affording passage still for light-draught vessels. The little islets were quite numerous. On the hills which formed the boundary of the lagoon at high water, I saw plenty of ebony-trees on the side I had not before visited. Thus ebony and India-rubber are both to be got here.

We found the king with the long name not at his village, but at his *olako*, a place temporarily erected in the woods when the people of a village want to hunt, or fish, or pursue agriculture. They had chosen a charming spot in the woods just upon the shores of the lake, which here had high abrupt banks, and looked more like a pleasant river than a lagoon. Their musquito-nets were hung up under the trees, and every family had a fire built, and from the pots came the fragrant smell of plantains and fish cooking. We were seated at a rude table, and presently Shimbouvenegani came up, rejoiced to see me. The usual ceremony of introduction was gone through, Damagondai relating that he had brought his white man over here because game was plenty, and to do a favour to his friend the king.

The latter was a meagre negro of between sixty and seventy years old, dressed in a very dirty swallow-tailed coat, and in what was—so I judged—some thirty or forty years ago a silk or beaver hat. This is an article which only kings are permitted to wear in West Africa, and my friend seemed very proud of it. His dress did not amount to much, from the New York standpoint, but I doubt not it had cost him several hundred dollars' worth of ivory—and so he had a fashionably-recognized right to feel that his appearance was "the thing."

The people gathered about to examine my hair—that constant

marvel to the interior negroes; and presently some large pots of palm-wine were brought, whereupon all hands proceeded to celebrate my arrival among them. I added some tobacco, and then their happiness was complete.

Meantime Damagondai had presented me to his eldest son, Okabi, who lived in this village. It is curious that in this country the eldest son of a chief always lives abroad. Okabi hurried off to fix a little privacy of tree-branches for my use, put up a table for me, and arranged his *akoko* or bed for my sleeping; then gave me in charge to his two wives, who were to take care of me.

It was charming weather, and I enjoyed all this travelling about very much.

The next morning Shimbouvenegani sent me some plantains and a quantity of sugarcane by the hands of a young black woman, who also brought a message that she was to be my wife. I had to decline the matrimonial proposal, which seemed to grieve the black nymph, while her royal master was merely surprised, but evidently thought that it was right I should do as I pleased.

This day we went out on a hunt—one of those hunts which are marked with the brightest of red ink in my calendar. On this day I discovered a new and very curious ape. We had been travelling some hours, when we came upon a male and female of the *Bos brachicheros*. I shot the bull, a splendid fellow, who furnished us dinner and supper. After dinner we marched on, and had a weary time of it for some hours, the ground being swampy and no game in sight. As I was trudging along, rather tired of the sport, I happened to look up at a high tree which we were passing, and saw a most singular-looking shelter built in its branches. I asked Okabi whether the hunters here had this habit of sleeping in the woods, but was told, to my surprise, that this very ingenious nest was built by the *nshiego mbouvé*, an ape, as I found afterwards, which I put in the genus *Troglodytes*, and called *Troglodytes calvus*; an animal which had no hair on its head—so Okabi told me.

I saw at once that I was on the trail of an animal till now unknown to the civilized world. A naturalist will appreciate the joy which filled me at this good fortune. I no longer felt tired, but pushed on with renewed ardour and with increased caution,

determined not to rest till I killed this nest-building ape. One such discovery pays the weary naturalist-hunter for many months of toil and hardship. I felt already rewarded for all the inconveniences and expenses of my Camma trip. I have noticed that it is always at the most unexpected moment that such a piece of luck befalls a poor fellow.

I saw many of these nests after this, and may as well say here that they are generally built about fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, and invariably on a tree which stands a little apart from others, and which has no limbs below the one on which the nest is placed. I have seen them at the height of fifty feet, but very seldom. This choice is probably made that they may be safe at night from beasts, serpents, and falling limbs. They build only in the loneliest parts of the forest, and are very shy, and seldom seen even by the negroes.

Okabi, who was an old and intelligent hunter, was able to tell me that the male and female together gather the material for their nests. This material consists of leafy branches with which to make the roof, and vines to tie these branches to the tree. The tying is done so neatly, and the roof is so well constructed, that until I saw the nshiego actually occupying his habitation, I could scarce persuade myself that human hands had not built it. It throws off rain perfectly, being neatly rounded at the top for this purpose.

The material being collected, the male goes up and builds the nest, while the female brings him the branches and vines. The male and female do not occupy the same tree, but have nests not far apart.

From all I have observed, I judge that the nshiego is not gregarious. The nests are never found in companies; and I have seen even quite solitary nests occupied by very old nshiegos-mbouvé, whose silvery hair and worn teeth attested their great age. These seemed hermits who had retired from the nshiego world.

They live on wild berries, and build their houses where they find these. When they have consumed all that a particular spot affords, they remove and build new houses, so that a nest is not inhabited for more than eight or ten days.

We travelled with great caution, not to alarm our prey, and had a hope that, singling out a shelter and waiting till dark, we should find it occupied. In this hope we were not dis-

appointed. Lying quite still in our concealment (which tried my patience sorely), we at last, just at dusk, heard the loud peculiar "Hew! Hew! Hew!" which is the call of the male to his mate. We waited till it was quite dark, and then I saw what I had so longed all the weary afternoon to see. A nshiego was sitting in his nest. His feet rested on the lower branch; his head reached quite into the little dome of a roof, and his arm was clasped firmly about the tree-trunk. This is their way of sleeping.

After gazing till I was tired through the gloom at my poor sleeping victim, two of us fired, and the unfortunate beast fell at our feet without a struggle or even a groan.

We built a fire at once, and made our camp in this place, that when daylight came I might first of all examine and skin my prize. The poor ape was hung up, to be out of the way of the bashikouay and other insects, and I fell asleep on my bed of leaves and grass, as pleased a man as the world could well hold.*

Nshiego Mbouvé (young).

* For description of the animal, see 'Proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History,' June, 1860.

Next morning I had leisure to examine the nshiego. I was at once struck with the points of difference between it and the chimpanzee. It was somewhat smaller than the chimpanzee I had killed; but its great distinction was its bald head. This is its mark. This specimen was 3 feet 11 inches high or long. It was an adult. Its skin, where there is no hair, is black, in its natural state. The throat, breast, and abdomen are covered with short and rather thin blackish hair. On the lower part of the abdomen the hair is thinnest; but this is not perceived unless looked at carefully, as the skin is the colour of the hair. On the legs the hair is of a dirty gray mixed with black.

The shoulders and back have black hair between two and three inches long, mixed with a little gray. The arms, down to the wrist, have also long black hair, but shorter than in the gorilla. The hair is much thinner, in general, than on the gorilla, and the skin is not so tough. I noticed that the bare places, where the hair is worn off by contact with hard substances in sleeping, were different from the bare places which are so conspicuous on the chimpanzee.

There is a yet greater difference between this animal and the gorilla. It is not nearly so powerful as that monster. Its chest is of far less capacity; its muscular development is not on the same prodigious scale; its arm is a little longer; and the fingers of the gorilla are not only shorter, but also much more powerful than those of the nshiego mbouvé. There is also a similar difference in the fingers of the feet. The largest nshiego I shot measured a few inches over four feet in height, and its spread of arms was almost seven feet.

The hair of the nshiego is blacker, longer, and glossier than that of the gorilla. The latter has his head covered with hair, while the former is bald, both male and female. The nose of the nshiego is not so prominent as the gorilla's; the mouth is wider; the ears are much larger; the chin is rounder than that of the gorilla, and has some thin, short hairs on it. The posteriors of the nshiego are bare, and there the skin is white. The eyebrows of the nshiego are of thin black hair, but long. The side of the face is thinly covered with hair, commencing about the middle of the ear.

I sent my prize into the olako, and on our way back we had the good luck to kill another. This was a very old animal,

with venerable aspect, silvery hair, and decayed teeth. It measured 4 feet 4 inches. Its weight was so considerable that, to carry it, we had to take out its intestines. I found in the stomach only some leaves. On my return to the olako I stuffed my two prizes, ready to send home.

On the 9th we had a great crocodile-hunt. The people were very glad, as they seem extravagantly fond of the meat. They kill more or less every day at this village, and so at the others; but the negroes are so lazy that they were glad to let me go and save them the trouble. The crocodile has not much meat on him, so that, though some were killed every day, the village was never sufficiently supplied.

We went in canoes. These canoes are of a very singular construction; quite flat-bottomed, very light draught, about fifty feet long, and not more than two broad. They are ticklish craft. The oarsmen stand up and use paddles seven feet long, with which they can propel one of these boats at a very good rate. The canoes are, of course, easily capsized—the gunwale being but a few inches above the water; but they do not often tip over. What surprised me most was the way the negro paddlers stood up at their work all day without tiring.

The negroes hunt the crocodile both with guns and a kind of harpoon. They have very poor guns, and powder is a scarce article with them; so the harpoon is most used. The vulnerable part of the animal is near the joints of his forelegs, and there they endeavour to wound it. Though so many are killed, they do not decrease in numbers, nor, strange enough, do they seem to grow more wary. As we started out we saw them swimming about in all directions, and lying on the mudbanks sunning themselves. They took no notice of our boat at all. As we were to shoot, we were obliged to look for our prizes on the shore, for, if killed in the water, they sink and are lost. Presently we saw an immense fellow extended on the bank among some reeds. We approached cautiously; I took good aim, and knocked him over. He struggled hard to get to the water, but had been hit too surely. His strength gave out ere he could reach it, and, with a few final kicks he was dead. We got one more, and then they brought another canoe, and, capsizing it along the shore, rolled the dead monsters in and paddled off for the village. One measured eighteen and the

CROCODILE-HUNTING ON LAKE ANENGUE.

other twenty feet in length. I never saw more savage-looking jaws. They were armed with most formidable rows of teeth, and looked really as though a man would be a mere bite for them.

During the heat of the day these animals retire to the reeds, where they lie sheltered. In the morning and late afternoon they come forth to seek their prey. They swim with great silence, making scarce even a ripple on the water, and make pretty good progress through the water. The motion of the paws in swimming is like that of a dog, over and over. They can stand quite still on top of the water, when they may be seen looking about them with their dull, wicked eyes. They sleep in the reeds, not for long in the same place. Their eggs they lay in the sand on the islands in the lake, covering them over with a layer of sand. The great abundance of fish in the lake makes them increase so fast as they do. The negroes seemed rather indifferent to their presence, and certainly did not view them with the loathing and horror they inspired in me.

On the 11th I went on a hunt, but killed only a *'nkago*—a beautiful little monkey, whose head is crowned with a fillet of bright red hair. They are in great numbers in these woods. Coming home, I found near the water the hole or burrow of an *ogata*. This is a species of alligator which lives near pools, and makes a long hole in the ground with two entrances, in which it sleeps and watches for prey. The ogata is a night-roving animal, and solitary in its habits. It scrapes this hole with its paws with considerable labour. It lives near a pool, for the double reason, I imagine, that it may bathe, and because thither come bock, for which it lies in wait in its hole. The negroes tell me that the ogata rushes out with great speed upon any wandering animal, and drags it into the hole to eat it. When they discover one of these holes they come with their guns—which are generally loaded with iron spikes—and watch at one end, while a fire is built at the other entrance. When it becomes too hot, the ogata rushes out and is shot. I killed one, which proved to be seven feet long. It had great strength in its jaws, and very formidable teeth. Like the crocodile, its upper jaw is articulated, and seems to rise when the mouth is opened.

On the 13th I bought a few sticks of ebony, and one of the men brought me a piece of izomba-meat. The *izomba* is a turtle. The meat is excellent; and when I inquired about the

animal, I found reason to believe it a new species. The best way to take it is to watch for it on some of the islands in the lake, whither it goes to lay its eggs by night. I went out in a boat the same night, and we were so lucky as to turn one great turtle just as she was done laying. She had noticed us, silent as our approach was, and had nearly escaped. I found to my joy next morning that it was really a new species.

On the 14th I gave Shimbouvenegani two pieces of cotton cloth, some tobacco, and beads, and returned to Damagondai's town. Here I found a canoe from King Ranpano, who had sent to inform me that a vessel was on the coast by which I could send things to America if I wished. I determined to go down immediately and send some specimens off.

On our return to Damagondai's town, as we were paddling along, I perceived in the distance ahead a beautiful gazelle, looking meditatively into the waters of the lagoon, of which from time to time it took a drink. I stood up to get a shot, and we approached with the utmost silence. But, just as I raised my gun to fire, a crocodile leaped out of the water, and, like a flash, dived back again with the struggling animal in his powerful jaws. So quickly did the beast take his prey that, though I fired at him, I was too late. I do not think my bullet hit him. If it did, it struck some impenetrable part of his mail. I would not have believed that this huge and unwieldy animal could move with such velocity; but the natives told me that the deer often falls prey to the crocodile. Sometimes he even catches the leopard, but then there is a harder battle than the poor little deer could make.

In the afternoon news came that Oshoria, the king of a town situated at the junction of the Anengue and Ogobay rivers, intended to stop me on my way down and exact tribute for my passage. Poor King Damagondai was much troubled. He sent his brother down with a present of a plate, a mug, and a brass pan to propitiate him. I was very angry, and determined to put down Mr. Oshoria. We cleaned our guns, and I prepared my revolver; and next morning we set out without waiting for the king's brother's return, greatly to the dismay of these peaceable people.

When we came in sight of Guaibuiri, Oshoria's town, I saw that some of my fellows began to show the white feather. I

therefore told them I would blow out the brains of the first man who failed to fight to the death, at the same time pointing to my revolver as the intended instrument of death. They have a great respect for this wonderful revolver; and immediately answered me, "We are men."

So we pulled up to the town. On the shore stood about one hundred and fifty fellows armed with spears and axes, led by ten men who had guns. I went immediately up to them, revolver in one hand and double-barrelled gun in the other. At this piece of bravado they became very civil, and instead of firing at my party received us peaceably.

Damagondai's brother hurried down to meet me, and announced that there was no palaver. I was then led to where the quarrelsome Oshoria stood, whom I reproached for his conduct, telling him that if anybody had been killed the palaver would have been on his head. He said he had been vexed that I did not stop to see him on my way up; and after making further excuses, added, "Aoué olomé;" which means, "Thou art a man;" an expression used in several ways, either to designate a smart man, or a rascal, or, in the best sense, a very brave man. I was content to accept it as an intended compliment.

I was presented with fruits and fowls, and we were presently the best of friends; and when I brought down a little bird which sat on a very high tree, they all declared I must have a very big shooting-fetich, and respected me accordingly; and to show them I was not afraid of them I spent the night at their village.

Leaving this place, we got back to Biagano without farther trouble.

The people of the Ogobay and the Anengue are of the same tribe with the seashore Camma. They intermarry; their customs and superstitions are the same; their palavers are the same; and, though they are more peaceable, they have the will to be just as great rascals. The country behind the river-swamps is very rich in all manner of tropical products. The ebony is found in the hills; but to transport heavy substances twenty miles to the river or lake-shore, in a country where there are no roads, is too much trouble for these lazy fellows—for which reason very little is cut. The copal-tree is also found, as well as the India-rubber vine. They raise sugarcane in great quantities, yams, ground-nuts, plantains, manioc, and sweet potatoes. The chief

commercial produce of the country at present is ivory, of which a small quantity is brought down every year.

Idol.

In their religious notions they do not differ from their neighbours, the Fernand Vaz Camma, or indeed from the natives of this region generally. In Damagondai's town I was so fortunate as to become possessed of one of their idols or *mbuitis*. It is a mistake to suppose that these natives worship their greegrees and fetiches. Wherever I have been I have found the head-man or chief of each family in possession of an idol, which was worshipped by that family. This whole matter is kept so secret that, unless the traveller pays particular attention, he may live in a village for weeks, and not know of this idol's existence. And for this reason some have asserted that they have no idols.

The family of King Glass, in Gaboon, has an idol which is several generations old, I am certain. So in Cape Lopez the reigning family has an ancient idol. Mention has been made before this of others. Damagondai's idol was a female figure, with copper eyes, and a tongue made of a sharp sword-shaped piece of iron. This explained her chief attributes: she cuts to pieces those with whom she is displeased. She was dressed in a Shekiani cloth, covering her from the neck down. She is said to speak, to walk, to foretell events, and to take vengeance on her enemies. Her house is the most prominent one in the whole village. She comes to the people by night, and tells them in their sleep what is going to happen. In this way, they asserted, my coming had been foretold. They worship her by dancing around her, and singing her praises and their requests. Sometimes a

single man or woman comes to prefer a request; and once I saw the whole village engaged in this rite. They offer her sugarcane and other food, which they believe she eats.

I tried to buy this goddess, but, ugly as she was, Damagondai said no money would purchase her. But he insinuated that for a proper price I could have the goddess of the slaves. These poor fellows were absent on the plantations, and after council with his chief men, the king determined to tell them that he had seen their mbuiti walk off into the woods. I packed her up and took her off with me, and opposite is her portrait.

From August 18th to the 31st I was badly sick with dysentery and symptoms of malignant fever, contracted, probably, in the Anengue marshes. In three days I took one hundred and fifty grains of quinine, and thus happily succeeded in breaking the force of the fever, which was the most dangerous of the two diseases.

By September 9th I was pretty strong again, and the people came to ask me if I was willing for them to *bola ivoga*, that is, to make a terrible noise with their ceremonious breaking of the mourning-time. I gave my consent, and next day great numbers of canoes came down to help in this ceremony. When any one of importance dies, the tribe or town cease to wear their best clothes, and make it a point to go unusually dirty. This is to mourn. Mourning lasts from a year to two years. As for the breaking up of mourning, this shall now be described.

The man who had died left seven wives, several slaves, a house, a plantation, and other property. All this the elder brother inherits, and on him it devolves to give the grand feast. For this feast every canoe that came brought jars of *mimbo* or palm-wine. Sholomba and Jombuai, the heir, had been out for two weeks fishing, and now returned with several canoe-loads of dry fish. From their plantations quantities of palm-wine were brought in. Everyone in the village furbished up his best clothes and ornaments. Drums and kettles were collected; powder was brought out for the salutes; and at last all was ready for bola ivoga.

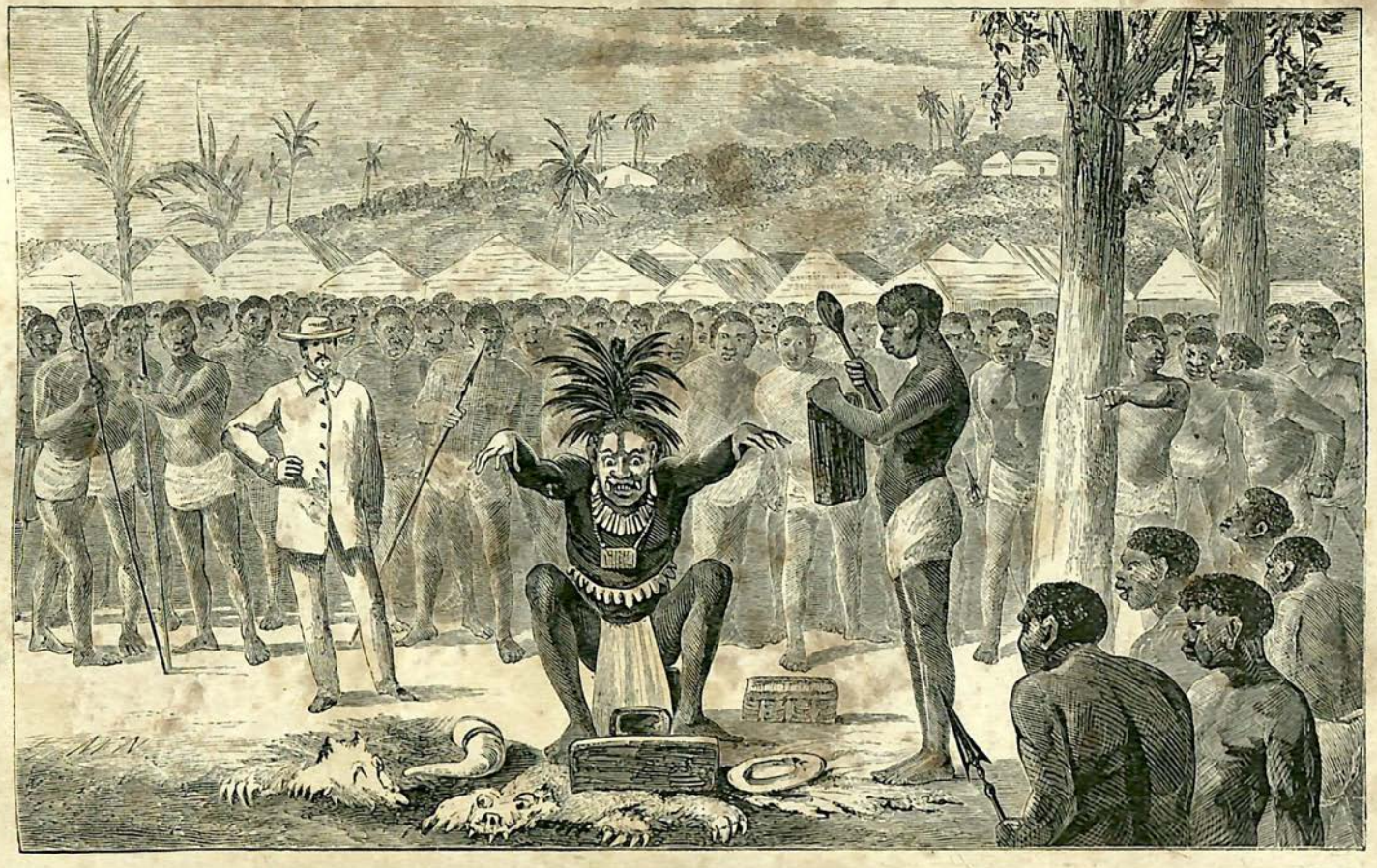
The wives of the deceased seemed quite jolly, for to-morrow they were to lay aside their widows' robes and to join in the jollification as brides. The heir could have married them all, but he had generously given up two to a younger brother and one to a cousin.

At seven o'clock in the morning three guns were fired off to announce that the widows had done eating a certain mess, mixed of various ingredients supposed to have magical virtues, and by which they are released from their widowhood. They now put on bracelets and anklets, and the finest calico they had. About nine all the guests sat down on mats spread about the house of deceased and along the main street. They were divided into little groups, and before each was set an immense jar of mimbo. All began to talk pleasantly, till suddenly the Biagano people fired off a volley of about one hundred guns. This was the signal for the drinking to begin. Men, women, and children set to; and from this time till next morning the orgies were continued without interruption. They drank, they sang, they fired guns, and loaded them so heavily as they got tipsy, that I wonder the old trade-guns did not burst; they drummed on everything that could possibly give out a noise; they shouted; and the women danced—such dances as are not seen elsewhere. They are indecent in their best moments. The reader may imagine what they were when every woman was furiously tipsy, and thought it a point of honour to be more indecent than her neighbour.

Next day, about sunrise, Jombuai came to ask me to assist at the concluding ceremony. His brother's house was to be torn down and burned. When I came they fired guns, and then, in a moment, hacked the old house to pieces with axes and cutlasses. When the ruins were burned the feast was done. And this is to go out of mourning among the Camma.

Hardly were the rejoicings done, when Ishungui, the man who had faithfully taken care of my house in my absence, lay at death's door. He had gone out on Jombuai's fishing-excursion, caught cold, and had now a lung fever. I knew when I saw him that he must die, and tried to prepare his mind for the change. But his friends by no means gave him up. They sent for a distinguished fetich-doctor, and under his auspices began the infernal din with which they seek to cure a sick man.

The Camma theory of disease is that Obambou (the devil) has got into the sick man. Now this devil is only to be driven out with noise, and accordingly they surround the sick man and beat drums and kettles close to his head; fire off guns close to his ears; sing, shout, and dance all they can. This lasts till the



OUGANGA EXORCISING A SORCERER.

poor fellow either dies or is better—unless the operators become tired out first, for the Camma doctors either kill or cure.

Ishungui died. He left no property, and his brother buried him without a coffin in a grave in the sand, so shallow that, when I chanced to come upon it some days after, I saw that the wild-beasts had been there and eaten the corpse. The mourning lasted but six days; and, as there were no wives or property, so there was no feast. The relatives of the deceased slept one night in his house, as a mark of respect; and then all that remained was to discover the person who had bewitched the dead man. For that a young man, generally healthy, should die so suddenly in course of nature was by no means to be believed.

A canoe had been dispatched up to the lake to bring down a great doctor. They brought one of Damagondai's sons, a great rascal, who had been foremost in selling me the idol, and who was an evident cheat. When all was ready for the trial, I went down to look at the doctor, who looked literally *like the devil*. I never saw a more ghastly object. He had on a high head-dress of black feathers. His eyelids were painted red, and a red stripe, from the nose upward, divided his forehead in two parts. Another red stripe passed round his head. The face was painted white, and on each side of the mouth were two round red spots. About his neck hung a necklace of grass and also a cord, which held a box against his breast. This little box is sacred, and contains spirits. A number of strips of leopard and other skins crossed his breast, and were exposed about his person; and all these were charmed, and had charms attached to them. From each shoulder down to his hands was a white stripe, and one hand was painted quite white. To complete this horrible array, he wore a string of little bells around his body.

He sat on a box or stool, before which stood another box containing charms. On this stood a looking-glass, beside which lay a buffalo-horn containing some black powder, and said, in addition, to be the refuge of many spirits. He had a little basket of snake-bones, which he shook frequently during his incantations; as also several skins, to which little bells were attached. Near by stood a fellow beating a board with two sticks. All the people of the village gathered about this couple, who, after continuing their incantations for a while, at last came to the climax. Jombuai was told to call over the names of persons in the

village, in order that the doctor might ascertain if any one of those named did the sorcery. As each named was called the old cheat looked in the glass to see the result.

During the whole operation I stood near him, which seemed to trouble him greatly. At last, after all the names were called, the doctor declared that he could not find any "witch-man," but that an evil spirit dwelt in the village, and many of the people would die if they continued there. I have a suspicion that this final judgment with which the incantations broke up was a piece of revenge upon me. I had no idea till next day how seriously the words of one of these (*ouganga*) doctors is taken.

The next morning all was excitement. The people were scared: they said their *mbuiri* was not willing to have them live longer here; that he would kill them, &c. Then began the removal of all kinds of property and the tearing down of houses; and by nightfall I was actually left alone in my house with my Mpongwe boy and my little Ogobay boy, Makondai, both of whom were anxious to be off.

Old Ranpano came to beg me not to be offended; that he dared not stay, but would build his house not too far away; that the mbuiri was now in town: he advised me as a friend to move also; but nobody wished me ill—only he must go, &c.

I did not like to abandon my houses, which had cost me money and trouble, and where I was more comfortably fixed than I had ever before been in Africa. So I called a meeting of the people, and tried to induce some of them to come over and live with me. Now, though they loved tobacco, though they worshipped trade, though they had every possible inducement to come and live near me, "their white man," as they called me, it was only with the greatest difficulty I could get some men who had already worked for me to come over and stay in my place. These began immediately to build themselves houses, and by October 8th the little village was built, of which I was now, to my great surprise, offered the sovereignty. I remembered how the new king was made in the Gaboon; and though it seemed romantic to be the chief of a negro town in Africa, the thought of the contumely which precedes the assumption of royalty deterred me. Finally the men determined to have me as the chief next to Ranpano, and with this my ambition was satisfied.

On the 1st of November I went in a canoe, with guns and provisions, up to Irende, a town about forty miles up the Fernand Vaz. Hereabouts there was likelihood of some good hunts; so I had been told. In fact we killed a number of wild red pigs, and some beautiful, but very shy red gazelles. It is a curious circumstance—which I think I ascertained to be a fact—that on this part of the Fernand Vaz the gorilla lives only near the left bank, and the chimpanzee only near the right bank of the stream, until one reaches the Rembo River.

On the 9th I started for the town of my old friend Makaga, where I was heartily received. We went out on a gorilla-hunt on the 10th, but took too many men, and probably made too much noise; for we saw none, and returned next day with our trouble for our pains. On the 13th I went out with only one hunter, and he took me to a part of the country full of the wild pineapple. The gorilla is very fond of the leaves of this plant, of which it eats the white stems. We saw great quantities thus eaten away, therefore we hoped to find here the beasts themselves.

About noon, Mbele, my hunter, was some distance ahead, when suddenly I heard his gun fired. I ran up, and found he had shot and killed a female gorilla about half-grown.

Coming back we heard the cry of the gorillas off at one side of our path. We approached, but were discerned, and came up only to see four young animals making off on their all-fours into the woods. I noticed that in their trot their hindlegs seemed to play in between their arms; but they made very good speed.

Before we got to town again I shot a *mboyo*, a very shy animal, of the wolf kind, with long yellowish hair and straight ears. I have often watched these beasts surrounding and chasing small game for themselves. The drove runs very well together; and as their policy is to run round and round, they soon bewilder, tire out, and capture any animal of moderate endurance.

I found this a great gorilla country; the animals even approached the town early in the morning, and I found that I need not make long journeys in order to reach the hunting-ground. But they are very difficult of approach; the slightest noise alarms them and sends them off. It is only once in a way that you can surprise an old male, and then he will fight you.

On the 25th I got a second young gorilla. This time I was

accessory to its capture. We were walking along in silence, when I heard a cry, and presently saw before me a female gorilla, with a tiny baby-gorilla hanging to her breast and sucking. The mother was stroking the little one, and looking fondly down at it; and the scene was so pretty and touching that I held my fire, and considered—like a soft-hearted fellow—whether I had not better leave them in peace. Before I could make up my mind, however, my hunter fired and killed the mother, who fell without a struggle.

The mother fell, but the baby clung to her, and, with pitiful cries, endeavoured to attract her attention. I came up, and when it saw me it hid its poor little head in its mother's breast. It could neither walk nor bite, so we could easily manage it; and I carried it, while the men bore the mother on a pole. When we got to the village another scene ensued. The men put the body down, and I set the little fellow near. As soon as he saw his mother he crawled to her and threw himself on her breast. He did not find his accustomed nourishment, and I saw that he perceived something was the matter with the old one. He crawled over her body, smelt at it, and gave utterance, from time to time, to a plaintive cry, "Hoo, hoo, hoo," which touched my heart.

I could get no milk for this poor little fellow, who could not eat, and consequently died on the third day after he was caught. He seemed more docile than the other I had, for he already recognized my voice, and would try to hurry towards me when he saw me. I put the little body in alcohol, and sent it to Dr. Wyman, of Boston, for dissection.

The mother we skinned; and, when I came to examine her, I found her a very singular specimen. Her head was much smaller than that of any other gorilla I ever saw, and the rump was of a reddish-brown colour. These are peculiarities which made this specimen different from all others I have seen. I called her, therefore, the gorilla with the red rump.

On the 29th and 30th of November I took my last hunts near Makaga's place. I found gorilla growing scarce. I had hunted them too perseveringly; so I determined to return to Biagano to make ready for my trip up the Rembo.

I found all safe, and at once prepared for my next trip. This, however, was put off by one of those accidents which happen

in these barbarous countries once in a while. On the 5th of December I was poisoned by my cook. He was a Sangatanga fellow, who had been sent to me from the Gaboon because I could not stand the cooking of my Biagano friends. He had served in the Cape Lopez slave-factories, and had there learned treachery and thieving. For a time he behaved well; but by-and-by I began to miss things, and made sure, after watching the Camma fellows pretty closely, that the thief could be nobody but my cook.

On this day I was preparing a tiger's skin which Igala, my hunter, had killed the night before, and had to send cook for something in my storehouse. He came back without the key, which he said was lost. I told him if he did not get it before night I would punish him.

I had Sholomba, a native prince, to dine with me, and we had fowls, chicken-soup, and a goat for dinner. It happened that Sholomba's family hold chickens in abhorrence as food, believing that one of their ancestors had been cured of a deadly disease by the blood of a fowl; therefore he ate of the goat. I took two plates of chicken-broth, and had scarce finished the last when I was seized with frightful pains and vomiting, and diarrhœa set in, and lasted all night. I never suffered such frightful torments.

When I was first taken sick I called Boulay, the cook, who said he had put nothing in the soup; but, when charged with poisoning, turned and fled into the woods. The next afternoon, when I was somewhat easier, my people brought the wretch in. He had fled down river, but had been caught. Ranpano and all were very angry, and demanded the life of him who had tried to kill *their* white man. It was proved that he had gone into my storehouse with the key he said was lost; and, after some prevarication, he admitted that he had taken two tablespoonfuls of the arsenic I always had at hand there, and put it in my soup. I owe my life to his *over*-dose; consequently to a kind Providence.

Ranpano kept Boulay in chains till I was well enough to sit in judgment over him. Then it was determined that he should suffer death; but I interfered, and desired that he should be let off with one hundred and ten lashes with a whip of hippopotamus-hide. Eleven of the stoutest *freemen* of the town were chosen to

administer the punishment, and when it was over Boulay was again put in chains.

Bad news travels even in this country, where there are neither mails nor post-roads. Boulay had brothers in Cape Lopez, who in some way heard of his rascality. They were troubled at this disgrace to their family, and appeared before me one day with four slaves in their train. They thanked me for not killing their brother, which, they said, I had a right to do. They said, "Boulay has conducted himself as a slave in trying to poison his master." Then they begged me to give him to them and to spare his life, and handed over to me the four slaves they had brought as an equivalent.

The brothers were old, venerable, and honest-looking men. They evidently grieved deeply for the crime of their kinsman. I told them that in my country we did not "make palaver for money;" that I might have killed their brother, according to their own laws. Then I called Boulay, and told him how meanly he had treated me; then, taking off his chains myself, I handed him over to his brothers, with the four slaves they had given me. They thanked me again and again. Ranpano forbade Boulay ever to return, and so they went back to Cape Lopez.

I found myself, after some weeks, not only entirely recovered from the effects of the arsenic, but also cured of a fever which had long beset me. I have mentioned, in another place, that, where quinine has ceased to affect the traveller in Africa, solutions of arsenic are sometimes administered, and with good effect, in fever cases.

CHAPTER XV.

Message and Hostage from Quengueza — Outfit — Makondai — Fame of Mr. Colt — Goombi — Reception — Family Arrangements in Africa — Intermarriage — Driving out a Witch — Riches among the Camma — African Shams — A Sunday Lecture — Gorillas shot — The Poison Ordeal — Mbondo — Effects of the Poison — Native Gorilla Stories — Charms — Young Female Gorilla caught — Superstitious Belief — Trouble in the Royal Family — A Holy Place — Obindji's Town — A Royal Introduction — Houses — Decency in Obindji's Town — Surprise of the Negroes at my Appearance — Ordeal of the Ring boiled in Oil — Bashikouay — Kouloo-kamba — Another new Ape — *Gouamba*, or Hunger for Meat — Grace before Meat — A Day's Work in Africa — Checks — I am counted a Magician.

TOWARDS the close of January, 1858, when I was thinking of King Quengueza and of my approaching visit to him, the old fellow sent down his eldest son to me with a lot of ebony, and his youngest son, a boy of ten, who was to be left with me. Quengueza sent word that I must come soon; that I should have his escort to go to the far interior, and that he was ready to cut ebony for me. Meantime, lest I should be afraid to trust myself in his hands, he sent his young son, who was to remain in Ranpano's hands as hostage for my safety. "You see," he sent word, "I am not afraid of you. You may trust me."

This message determined me to get ready at once for my trip. I packed my goods and put my house in order, and at last called together the people of Biagano for a serious talk. I knew they were opposed to my taking trade-goods to the interior, but I could not go without. I therefore told them that I not only now was, but intended to remain *their* white man; that I took goods only to pay my way, and that my explorations would help their trade, while I only wanted to hunt. At the same time I told them, if they did not help me with canoes I should leave them and never come back. They were glad to let me go where I wished, and to help me as far as I needed help.

Next day I had a more formal ceremony still. In my houses remained about two thousand dollars' worth of ebony and goods, together with ivory, all my specimens not sent to America, and

various other things of value. These were to remain, and I had to trust to the honour of a parcel of black fellows for their safety.

Accordingly I took Ranpano and some of his head-men all over the premises, showed them everything I had which was to remain; then said, "Give me a man to keep all safe, that I, who am your white man, may lose nothing."

They gave me at once old Rinkimongami, the king's brother, to whom I promised good pay if my things were kept safe.

Then I distributed tobacco to all the people; and next morning (February 26th) we set off for Goombi, Quengueza's place.

I had to take my big boat, because no canoe would hold all the goods, powder and shot, guns and provisions I required. I had 26 guns, 150 pounds of lead, 200 pounds of coarse trade-powder, 30 pounds of fine powder for myself, about 10,000 yards of cotton cloth, 400 pounds of beads, and quantities of iron and brass pots, kettles, and pans; caps, coats, shirts, looking-glasses, fire-steels, flints, knives, plates, glasses, spoons, hats, &c., &c. This is an African explorer's outfit. For this I hoped to get not only friendly treatment, but ebony, ivory, and wax, and perhaps India-rubber. But all that was only by the way. Gorillas were my chief object, and the exploration of the far interior. Quengueza had promised me safe conduct to points very far back towards the unknown centre of the continent; and as I was the first white man to venture up in this direction, so I was anxious to get as far as possible.

We were fifteen in all in my boat. Another canoe, with other fifteen men, followed us. In my own boat, Jombuai, a fellow from my own town, and who had married some wives up the Rembo, was the head man; Quengueza's little boy was of our party, and also the brave little Makondai, whom I had at first determined to leave behind, as being too small to stand the fatigues of such a journey. The little fellow entreated so to be taken with us that I at last consented. He behaved like a trump, and I had no occasion to regret my confidence in him.

We started on the morning of February 26th, 1858. When we had got a few miles up river the slaves of Jombuai came down to bid him good-bye, and brought him a large quantity of plantains—a welcome accession to our provision-store. A few miles up and we were clear of the mangroves, and the river began to widen, and its shores became beautiful. Fine palms

lined the banks, and seemed even to guard them from the encroachments of the full river, which ran along quite level with its banks.

We pulled nearly all night, and by noon of the next day reached Monwé Island, thirty-five miles from the mouth of the river, but only about ten miles from the sea, as the reader will see by the map. Here we took a rest, the heat being excessive.

A little above Monwé the Fernand Vaz becomes much narrower. It then takes an easterly direction; and from this point upward it is known to the natives as Rembo, which means "The River." At Quayombi several small islands divide the river temporarily into different channels, without, however, seriously obstructing the navigation.

The land which divides the river into three here we found to be mere mud-banks, half overflowed and covered with reeds. When we got into the main stream I found it suddenly narrower, but a full rushing tide, two hundred yards wide, and from four to five fathoms in depth all along, with no shallows or other impediments to navigation.

On the 28th we passed numerous towns, my men shouting, singing, and firing guns at every inhabited place, and the people gazing at us from shore in great wonder. In the afternoon I went ashore at the village of "Charley," a quarrelsome fellow, who had become known to white traders some years before by seizing and imprisoning a whole canoe-load of negroes who had been sent up on a trading expedition. He put them into a very uncomfortable kind of stocks called *ntchogo*, which consists of a heavy billet of wood in which the feet are stuck, and a lighter billet into which the hands are secured. Thus the man is helpless both against men and against musquitoes and flies; and here the poor fellows were kept till the trader, who was waiting in a ship, sent up a ransom for them.

The two chiefs treated me very well, and said they felt friendly towards me, as indeed they showed by killing in my honour the fatted calf (it was a goat), and sending besides some chickens and plantains. They were much alarmed at the charmed pistol (one of Colt's revolvers), which I fired off to show them how many of them I could kill without stopping; and I owe my safety, in fact, to Mr. Colt, whose wares have a great reputation wherever I have been in Africa.

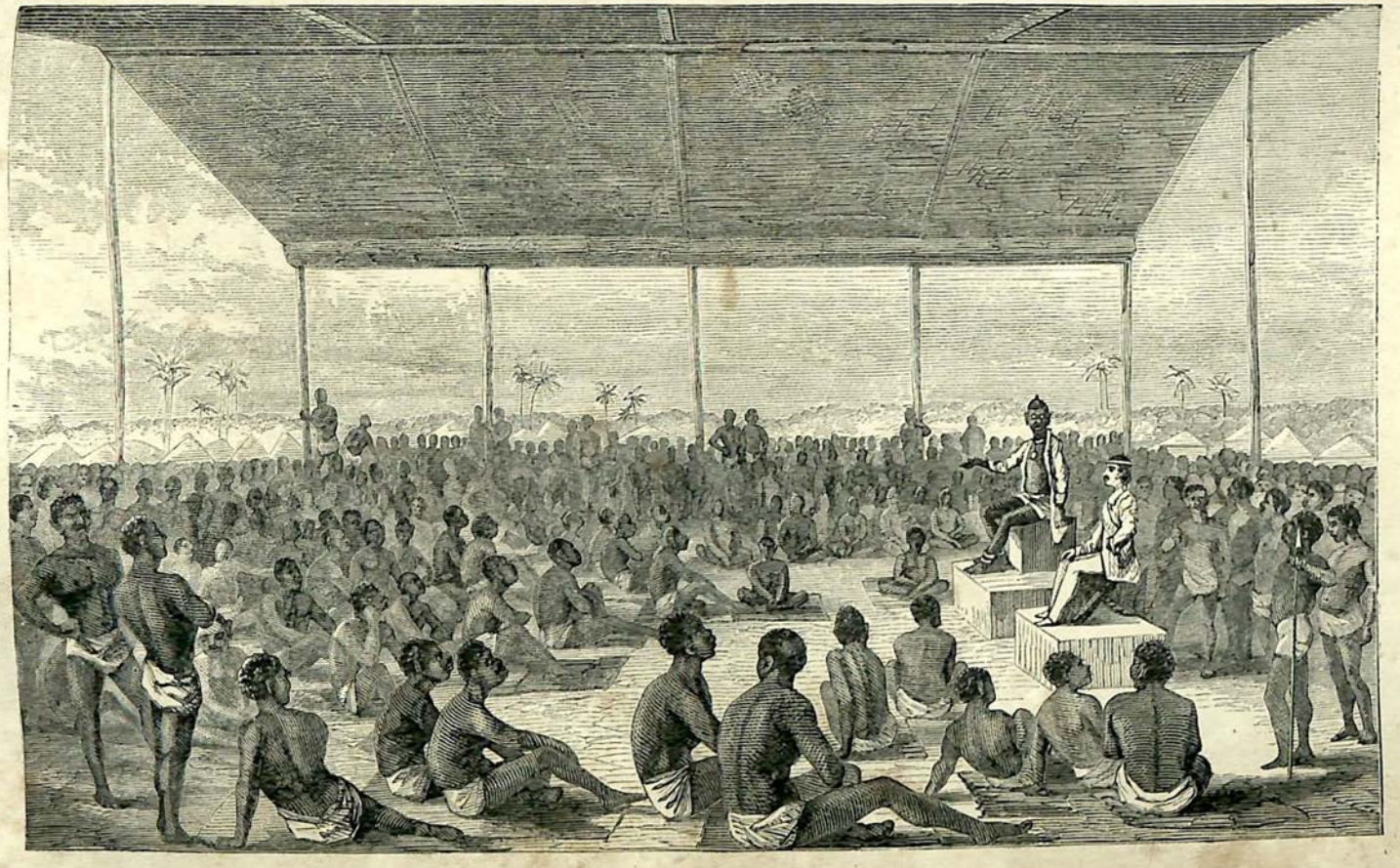
We slept all day, and towards sunset set out up river again. I made the men pull all night, giving them tobacco to keep them awake. They smoked, sang their most exciting songs, and, whenever we passed a town, fired off guns; being determined, so they said, to let all the country know that their white man was ascending the Rembo.

About one o'clock the next day (the 29th) we came to Goumbi, the residence of King Quengueza. Here we were received in a most triumphant manner. I could not make myself heard for shouts and the firing of guns. The whole population of Goumbi crowded down to the shore to see me; and I was led up in procession to an immense covered space, capable of holding at least a thousand people, and surrounded by seats. These were quickly filled up by the people, among whom I presently found there were strangers from various parts of the interior, drawn thither by the news that I was coming up to Goumbi, and now gazing at me, and especially at my hair, with the greatest wonder in their countenances.

A large high seat was appointed for me, and another close to it was for Quengueza, who presently arrived, and, with a face beaming with joy, shook hands with me.

He is an old, white-woolled negro, very tall, spare, and of a severe countenance, betokening great energy and courage, which he has, and for which he is celebrated all over this country. He is a very remarkable man, for his opportunities; and has more natural intelligence than any other negro I met in Africa. He made haste to explain to me that, as he was in mourning for his brother, who had died two years ago, he could not dress finely. He had on a finely-knit black cap, and a cloth of black also, both of Ashira make, and really beautiful; no shirt—which article is not allowed to mourners—and an American coat too small for him.

When he had done welcoming me, I called his little son, Akoonga, whom he had sent me as a hostage, and who had been brought up in my canoe. When he came forward, I said to the king, in a loud voice, that the people might hear, "You sent your son to me to keep, so that I might feel safe to come to you. I am not afraid. I like you, and can trust you. I believe you will treat me and my men rightly; and therefore I have brought your little son back to you. I do not want him for safety."



RECEPTION AT GOUMBI.

At this there was tremendous shouting, and all the people seemed overjoyed.

Then I reminded the king of his promise to let me go into the interior, and to help me. The king and the people shouted approval. Then I said I had come to benefit them. I had brought goods, and would buy their ebony and ivory, as much as they would get. At this announcement the shouts and rejoicings grew boundless and obstreperous. I had touched—as I expected—their most sensitive nerve.

The king then rose to reply. There was immediately a dead silence—for Quengueza is honoured by his people. He first gave me a large house, which he pointed out to me. It had a veranda with seats in front. Then he turned to the people, and said:—

"This is my *ntangani* (white man). He has come from a far country to see me. I went down to beg him to come up to me. Now he has come. Let no one do any harm to his people. For him, I need not speak. Give food to his people. Treat them well. Do not steal anything. A big palaver would come on you."

Then he addressed himself to the Ashira and Bakalai, who were present, saying, "Beware! Do not steal my white man, for, if you should make the attempt, I would sell you all."

This closed the ceremonies. I was permitted to go to my house; and the people were ordered to go down and unload my boat, and bring my things up to the house.

Goumbi is ninety-five miles from the mouth of the river. It is the last town of the Camma; and is important because it commands the whole of the upper river, so far as the natives are concerned, by an hereditary right. The Abouya family, who reside in Goumbi, and of whom Quengueza is the chief, claim, and are allowed to have, the sole right of trading up river. Sometimes they allow a few down-river Camma who have wives in Goumbi to go up and cut ebony; but even this privilege is sparingly granted, and for all intents and purposes Quengueza has a monopoly of all the commerce with the rich country beyond, and really considers the people who live above him as his vassals.

It is very singular that among all these people descent and inheritance are taken from the mother. The son of a Camma

man by a woman of another tribe or nation is not counted a Camma; and, to narrow it down to families, to be a true Abouya (citizen of Goumbi), it is necessary to be born of an Abouya mother. If only the father were Abouya, the children would be considered half-breeds.

Up to Goumbi there is safe navigation for little steamers in almost every month of the year, and with light-draught steamers at any time. The river is deep and narrow, and the banks steep all the way up. About fifteen miles above Quayombi the current becomes stronger. Here the hills come down to the river, receding, however, above. The country seemed fertile and productive; and the number of villages we passed on our way argues well for its fertility.

On the 1st of March I received a visit from one Igoumba, a chief of the Ashiras, an interior people. He had fled from his home because he had been accused of practising sorcery. Also several Bakalai chiefs came to see me, and asked me to visit their country.

Quengueza was all this time perfectly happy. He danced, and sang, and made jokes, and altogether was as jolly as though all his wishes and desires had been gratified at once. He gave me back his little boy, Akoonga, to stay with me; and, as Makondai is already my steward, the young prince has been appointed to wash my dishes. I gave Quengueza his present of fifty yards of cloth, a gun, a neptune, and some beads, &c. He was greatly pleased, and promised again that I should go into the interior as far as he had authority and influence. He is an unusually sensible negro, and sees how my explorations may be of great benefit to him so long as he holds the key of the country.

Nevertheless, he is curiously superstitious. For a year he had not passed down a street which leads most directly to the water, but had always gone a roundabout way. This was because when he came to the throne this street was pronounced to be bewitched by an enemy of his; and he was persuaded that if he passed by it he would surely die. Several times efforts had been made by distinguished doctors to drive away the witch which there lay in wait; but the king, though he believed in sorcery, had not much faith in the exorcisers or doctors.

A last attempt to drive off the *aniemba* or witch was made on the night of March 2nd–3rd. A famous doctor from the

far-off Bakalai country had been brought down to perform this act. His name was Aquailai. The people gathered in great numbers under the immense *hangar* or covered space in which I had been received, and there lit fires, around which they sat. The space thus covered was one hundred and fifty feet long by forty wide, and roofed with bamboo and leaves. About ten o'clock, when it was pitch-dark, the doctor commenced operations by singing some boasting songs, recounting his power over witches. This was the signal for all the people to gather into their houses and about their fires under the *hangar*. So much haste did they make, that two women, failing to get home, and afraid to go farther through the streets, took refuge in my house.

Next all the fires were carefully extinguished, all the lights put out; and in about an hour more not a light of any kind was in the whole town except mine. I gave notice that white men were exempted from the rules made in such cases, and this was allowed. The most pitchy darkness and the most complete silence reigned everywhere. No voice could be heard, even in a whisper, among the several thousand people gathered in the gloom.

At last the curious silence was broken by the doctor, who, standing in the centre of the town, began some loud babbling of which I could not make out the meaning. From time to time the people answered him in chorus. This went on for an hour, and was really one of the strangest scenes I ever took part in. I could see nothing but the faces of the two women in my house, who were badly frightened, poor things! as, in fact, all the people were. The hollow voice of the witch-doctor resounded curiously through the silence; and when the answer of many mingled voices came through the darkness, it really assumed the air of a serious, old-fashioned incantation scene.

At last, just at midnight, I heard the doctor approach. He had bells girded about him, which he jingled as he walked. He went separately to every family in the town, and asked if the witch which obstructed the king's highway belonged to them. Of course all answered, No. Then he began to run up and down the bewitched street, calling out loudly for the witch to go off. Presently he came back and announced that he could no longer see the aniemba, and that doubtless she had gone never to come back. At this all the people rushed out

and shouted, "Go away! go away! and never come back to hurt our king!"

Then fires were lit, and we all sat down to eat. This done, all the fires were once more extinguished, and all the people sang wild songs until four o'clock. Then the fires were again lit.

At sunrise the whole population gathered to accompany their king down the dreaded street to the water.

Quengueza, I know, was brave as a hunter and as a warrior. He was also intelligent in many things where his people were very stupid. But the poor old king was now horribly afraid. He was assured that the witch was gone; but he evidently thought himself walking to almost certain death. He would have refused to go if it had been possible. He hesitated, but at last determined to face his fate, and walked manfully down to the river and back amid the plaudits of his loyal subjects.

By the 6th, matters began to be put in train for some hunting-expeditions. Food was scarce in town on account of the great number of strangers present; but the king's thirty wives—he has only this moderate number—bring food for me and my men every day. Quengueza has given me Etia, his favourite hunter and slave, for a guide in the bush. This Etia is a fine-looking old man, a native of the far interior, whence the king bought him many years ago. He lives now on a little plantation outside of town, where he has a neat house and a nice old wife, who always treated me in a kind motherly way. Etia's business is to supply the royal larder with "bush-meat;" and he hunts almost every week for this purpose.

Also, Quengueza gave me Mombon, his overseer, chamberlain, steward, man of business, factotum; the man whose place it was to take care of the king's private affairs, set his slaves to work, oversee his plantations, and who had the care of the keys of the royal houses. Mombon was to see that I was made comfortable in town.

A man's wealth is reckoned here, first by the number of slaves he owns, next by the number of wives, and then by the number of chests. Chests are used to secure goods in. Therefore chests have come to be the synonym here for property of this kind, as banks indicate money with us. Now chests, to be secure, must have locks, and therefore locks of American make are in great demand all over this country. Native locks are not very secure.

But as locks secure chests, so keys are worn in great numbers as the outward symbol of ownership in locks, and chests, and property. And I found shams even in Goumbi, for several of my Camma friends had a great array of chests, most of which were empty; and indeed it is the mode to collect as many boxes as you can, no matter if you have nothing to put in them.

Some of their houses have locks also. But to have a lock you must have a door; and though this door is but a very narrow, shabby affair, a whole great tree must be whittled down with their rude axes to make the board which shall answer for a door. Therefore doors are a luxury in Goumbi, as indeed also on the coast.

On Sunday, the 7th, I rested, and had a talk with the people, trying to explain to them something about the one true God, and the absurdity of their superstitions. They have always one answer to everything a white man says against their customs, and this was brought forward this day, as usual. An old man said, "You are white, we are black. The God who made you did not make us. You are one kind of people, we are another. You are mbuiri (spirits), and do not need all the fetiches and idols that we have. We are poor people, and need them. God gave you the good things, to us he has not given anything."

It is difficult to meet this point of difference of race, which is asserted in all good faith by every honest negro you meet in Africa. You cannot convince them that they and we are all men and brethren. And till you do this, they remain strong in their superstitions.

On the 8th we started for a two days' hunt. Etia and Gambo, the latter a son of Igoumba, an Ashira chief, and a noted hunter, and a few others, with myself, made up the party. We set out from Etia's house, where the old fellow had skulls of elephants, hippopotami, leopards, and gorillas ranged around as trophies of his prowess. Gambo was an ill-looking fellow, by reason of being much pitted with the small-pox; but he had fiery eyes, good courage, and a kind heart, as I discovered.

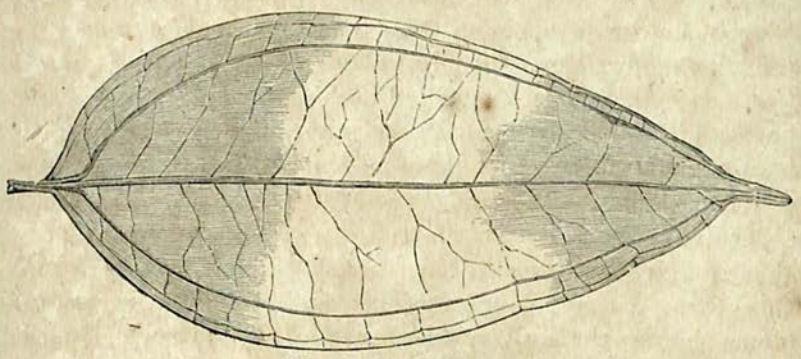
I was amused at a remark Quengueza made, as we started from the town together. "See," said he, to some people, "how hunters love each other! No matter if they come from different nations, and are different people. See how my white man loves these black hunters!"

We had been going through the woods about three hours, when at last we came upon fresh gorilla-tracks. Etia now set out by himself, while Gambo and I walked silently in another direction. The gorilla is so difficult of approach that we had literally to *creep* through the thick woods when in their vicinity. The dead silence and the tediousness of the approach, together with the fact that the hunter cannot expect to see his enemy till he is close upon him, while even then the gloom of the forest makes him but dimly visible—all this makes the hunt of this animal most trying to the nerves. For it is in the hunter's mind that if he misses—if his bullet does not speed to the most fatal point, the wounded and infuriated animal will make short work of his opponent.

As we crept silently along, suddenly the woods resounded with the report of a gun. We sped at once towards the quarter whence the report came, and there found old Etia sitting complacently upon the dead body of the largest *female* gorilla I ever saw. He had hit her fatally with his first ball. The total height of the animal was 4 feet 7 inches; length of the hand, $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches; length of the foot from the hair comprising the heel, $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches; round of hand above the thumb, $9\frac{1}{4}$ inches; ditto, under the thumb, 9 inches. *Length of the fingers (hands)*: thumbs, $1\frac{2}{5}$ inches; first finger, 4 inches; second, $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches; third, $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches; fourth, $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. *Circumference of the fingers (hands)*: thumb, $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches; first finger, $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches; second, 4 inches; third, $3\frac{1}{3}$ inches; fourth, 3 inches. *Circumference of the toes*: thumb, $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches; first finger, $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches; second, $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches; third, $2\frac{1}{5}$ inches; fourth, $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches. This was a huge anmal for a female, for these are always much smaller than the males.

The next morning I heard a great commotion on the plantation, and learned that an old doctor, named Olanga-Condo, was to drink the *mboundou*. This is an intoxicating poison, which is believed by these people to confer on the drinker—if it do not kill him—the power of divination. It is much used in all this part of the country to try persons accused of witchcraft. A poor fellow is supposed to have bewitched his neighbour, or the king, and he is forced to drink mboundou to establish his innocence. If the man dies he is declared a witch. If he survives he is innocent. This ordeal is much dreaded by the negroes, who

often run away from home and stay away all their lives rather than submit to it. The doctors have the reputation of being unharmed by the mboundou; and I am bound to admit that Olanga drank it without serious consequences. Nevertheless, it is a deadly and speedy poison. I have seen it administered, and



Mboundou Leaf (half size).*

have seen the poor drinker fall down dead, with blood gushing from his mouth, eyes, and nose in five minutes after taking the dose. I was told by a native friend that sometimes, when the mboundou-drinker is really hated, the dose is strengthened secretly; and this was the case, I suppose, in those instances where I saw it prove fatal. I have also been assured by negroes

* I gave to Prof. John Torrey, of New York, some of the leaves and root of this remarkable plant for chemical analysis, and insert here the note in which he communicates his opinion as to its properties and chemical affinities.

"96, St. Mark's Place, New York, Nov. 27th, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR,—The leaf and root of the *mboundou* which you placed in my hands for examination are insufficient materials for determining with *certainty* the plant to which they belong. From the intensely poisonous quality of the root, and the symptoms which result from its administration, there can be little doubt that the active principle is a vegeto-alkali belonging to the *Strychnine* group. Under a powerful glass, I have not been able to detect any crystalline salt in the bark. The taste of the infusion is extremely bitter. The *ligneous* portion of the bark is much less active, is very hard, and, from the numerous annual rings, it must be of very slow growth.

"The mboundou pretty certainly belongs to a natural order that contains many venomous plants—viz., the LOGANIACEÆ; and, from the peculiar veining of the leaves, it is probably a species of *Strychnos* belonging to that section of the genus which includes *S. nux vomica*.

"Yours truly,

"JOHN TORREY.

"Mr. Paul B. Du Chaillu."

that sometimes the veins of the person who drinks it burst open.

This time I overlooked the whole operation. Several of the natives took the root and scraped it into a bowl. To this a pint of water was poured. In about a minute fermentation took place: the ebullition looked very much like that of champagne when poured into a glass. The water then took the reddish colour of the cuticle of the mboundou root. When the fermentation subsided, Olanga was called by his friends. The drinker is not permitted to be present at the preparation of the mboundou, but he may send two friends to see that all is fair.

When Olanga came he emptied the bowl at a draught. In about five minutes the poison took effect. He began to stagger about. His eyes became bloodshot. His limbs twitched convulsively. His speech grew thick;* and other important symptoms showed themselves, which are considered as a sign that the poison will not be fatal. The man's whole behaviour was was that of a drunken man. He began to babble wildly; and now it was supposed that the inspiration was upon him. Immediately they began to ask him whether any man was trying to bewitch Quengueza. This question was repeated several times. At last he said, "Yes, some one was trying to bewitch the king." Then came the query, "Who?" But by this time the poor fellow was fortunately hopelessly tipsy, and incapable of reasonable speech. He babbled some unintelligible jargon, and presently the palaver was declared over.

While he was being questioned, about one hundred people sat around with sticks in their hands. These they beat regularly upon the ground, and sung in a monotone,

> "If he is a witch, let the mboundou kill him.
> If he is not, let the mboundou go out."

The whole ceremony lasted about half an hour; and when it was over the people dispersed, and Olanga, who had by that time partially recovered, lay down to sleep. I was told that this old Olanga could drink the poison in very considerable

* A frequent and involuntary discharge of the urine is the surest indication that the mboundou will have no fatal effect, as it proved with Olanga, otherwise it is generally followed by death. The very words employed by the men when any one drinks the poison seem to imply what are its usual consequences.

quantities and at frequent intervals, with no other ill effect than this intoxication. This gave him, of course, a great name among these superstitious people.

When the mboundou ceremony was over we returned to Goumbi. Next day (the 10th) we were to go to a considerable distance, to a spot where Etia gave me hopes we should catch a young gorilla alive, perhaps. This I was most anxious of all to do. I would have gone through any hardships and peril to get one large enough to be kept alive.

This time we had a large party: Etia, Gambo, myself, and ten men, each armed and laden with provisions for a couple of days. The men were covered with fetiches and charms. They had painted their faces red, and had cut their hands — this bleeding of the hands being done for luck. The fellows were very nearly naked—but this is their usual habit.

As for me, I had also made extra preparations. I had blackened my face and hands with powdered charcoal and oil, and my blue drilling-shirt and trousers and black shoes made me as dark as any of them. My revolver hung at my side, with ammunition-bag and brandy-flask. My rifle lay upon my shoulder. All this excited the admiration of the crowd who assembled to see us set out.

Quengueza was greatly delighted, and exclaimed, "What kind of *ntangani* (white man) is this? He fears nothing; he cares for neither sun nor water; he loves nothing but the hunt."

The old fellow charged the people to take great care of his white man, and to defend him with their lives if need be.

We travelled all day, and about sunset came to a little river. Here we began at once to make a fire and leafy shelters for the night. Scarce was the firewood gathered, and we safely bestowed under our shelters, than a storm came up, which lasted half an hour. Then all was clear once more. We cooked plantains and smoked fish. I fried a piece of ham for myself; and, with tobacco, afterwards, we were as jolly as could be. Now came stories of gorillas, to which I always listened with great interest. The natives of the whole gorilla region have like superstitions about these ferocious beasts, though each relater speaks from different authority.

"I remember," said one, "my father told me he once went out to the forest, when just in his path he met a great gorilla.

My father had his spear in his hands; when the gorilla saw the spear he began to roar. Then my father was terrified and dropped his spear. When the gorilla saw that my father dropped the spear he was pleased. He looked at him, then left him and went into the thick forest. Then my father was glad, and went on his way."

Here all shouted together, "Yes! so we must do when we meet the gorilla. Drop the spear. That appeases him."

Next Gambo spoke: "Several dry seasons ago a man suddenly disappeared from my village after an angry quarrel. Some time after an Ashira of that village was out in the forest. He met a very large gorilla. That gorilla was the man who had disappeared. He had turned into a gorilla. He jumped on the poor Ashira, and bit a piece out of his arm. Then he let him go. Then the man came back, with hisbleeding arm. He told me this. I hope we shall meet no suchman-gorillas. They are very wicked. We would have terrible times."

Chorus. "No, we shall not meet such wicked gorillas."

Then one of the men spoke up: "If we kill a gorilla to-morrow, I should like to have a piece of the brain for my fetich. Nothing makes a man so brave as to have a fetich of gorilla's brain. This gives a man a strong heart."

Chorus (of those who remained awake): "Yes! this gives a man strong heart."

Thus we gradually dropped off asleep.

Next morning we cleaned and reloaded our guns, and started off to the hunting-ground. There is a particular little berry growing close to the ground of which the gorilla is very fond, and where this is found in abundance you are sure to meet the animal. We had gone on about an hour when we heard the cry of a young gorilla after its mother. Etia heard it first, and at once pointed out the direction in which it was.

At once we began to walk with greater caution than before, and presently Etia and Gambo crept ahead, as they were expert with the net, and also the best woodsmen. I unwillingly remained behind, but dared not go with them lest my clumsier movements should betray our presence.

In about half an hour we heard two guns fired. Running up we found the mother-gorilla shot, but her little one had escaped. They had not been able to catch it.

The poor mother lay there in her gore, but the little fellow was off in the woods; so we concealed ourselves hard by to wait for its return. Presently it came up, jumped on its mother, began sucking at her breasts and fondling her. Then Etia, Gambo, and I rushed upon it. Though evidently less than two years old, it proved very strong, and escaped from us. But we gave chace, and in a few minutes had it fast; not, however, before one of the men had his arm severely bitten by the wicked little wretch.

It proved to be a young female. We carried it back to the mother, first securing it with some stout cords and sticks. It ran to its dead mother, and in a touching way buried its head in her bosom, and seemed really to feel grief.

We determined to go back to the camp for the day. The mother was at once skinned, and I took skin and skeleton, while the men divided the meat among them. The little one was then carried along, but proved very troublesome, making savage attempts to bite all who came near her.

The mother-gorilla was 4 feet 4 inches in height; the little one was 2 feet 1 inch high. I lost the skin of the old one, which was spoiled before I could prepare it.

The little one, unhappily, lived but ten days after capture. She persistently refused to eat any cooked food, and anything, in fact, but the nuts and berries which they eat in the forest, and which my men were obliged to gather daily for her use. She was not so ferocious as the male I had before, but quite as treacherous and quite as untameable. She permitted no one to approach her without making offensive demonstrations. Her eyes seemed somewhat milder, but had the same gloomy and treacherous look, and she had the same way as my other intractable captive of looking you straight in the eyes when she was meditating an attack. I remarked also the same manœuvre practised by the other when she wished to seize something—say my leg, which, by reason of her chain, she could not reach with her arm: she looked me straight in the face, then quick as a flash threw her body on one leg and arm, and reached out with the other leg. Several times I had narrow escapes of a grip from her strong great-toe. I thought I saw sometimes that when she looked at me it was as though she were cross-eyed, but of this I could not make certain. All her motions were remarkably

quick, and her strength, though so small and young, was extraordinary.

While she was alive no woman who was *enceinte*, nor the husband of such woman, dared approach her cage. They believe firmly that should the husband of a woman with child, or the woman herself, see a gorilla, even a dead one, she would give birth to a gorilla, and not to a man child. This superstition I have noticed among other tribes too, and only in the case of the Gorilla.

When we returned to town I found the king making a tremendous row about the misconduct of a piece of property he had inherited from his deceased brother. I have already explained that in this country the children do not inherit. When a man dies, his brothers, if he has any, come into possession of his property. If there are no brothers, then cousins, uncles, and only in the last resort children. It should be added that property means chiefly slaves and wives. The house remains to the widows till the mourning-time is over, and is then burned down. Plantations are not property, because any man may cultivate any piece of land, but holds only during use. Guns and such personal property are all divided immediately after death.

Now the piece of property which had caused Quengueza's ire was the favourite wife of the deceased king. The mourning-time was nearly over, and Quengueza had announced that the royal widows should be divided among his male relatives—cousins—he reserving to himself only one or two of the best-looking. Now the royal fancy had been set particularly upon this one in question, and she, with feminine perverseness, had been caught in an intrigue with a common—but very good-looking—fellow of the town. Quengueza was highly enraged. He swore he would not take a single one of his brother's widows. He swore revenge on the fellow who had so displaced him. The people were very much distressed. They came in a body and begged him to take at least two of his brother's wives. The town was agitated the whole day upon the important question; and I was pleased to hear at sunset that Quengueza had at last thought it best to accede to the wishes of his people. So that fuss was over.

The poor fellow who caused such a popular commotion sent

slaves to his majesty as a peace-offering. But his majesty grandly sent them back, and with them word that he would receive nothing from one who had so injured him.

For several days I hunted the woods near Goumbi, shooting chiefly birds. I find the birds and also the quadrupeds of this region very much the same as in the Cape Lopez interior. The soil appears rich, and thick forests prevail hereabouts. Ebony is cut a little farther up the river. India-rubber vines I have not seen in such plenty here. Elephants are abundant some twenty miles off. But ebony is likely to be the chief produce of the vicinity of Goumbi.

On the 18th of March I asked Quengueza to expedite me to the interior. The Bakalai and Ashira chiefs had both asked me to come to their country, assuring me good hunts and kind treatment. Quengueza spoke of more presents, as a way of enhancing his importance among the neighbouring tribes. I gave him some things, and "trusted" him with 200 dollars' worth of goods, for which he is to give me ebony when I return from the interior. I also trusted four of the chief men of the town. At this the whole population was extravagantly delighted, for this gave them all profitable employment at cutting ebony.

At last, on the 22nd, we got off for up the river. Quengueza and I with my baggage were in a large canoe, which had twenty-two paddlers. The Ashira and Bakalai chiefs followed in other canoes, and to them followed several Goumbi canoes. It was intensely hot. Even the negroes suffered; and, though I had a thick umbrella over my head, and sat quite still, I had frequently to bathe my head, for I feared a sunstroke.

The river is narrow but quite deep above Goumbi, and the current is much stronger than below. It is, in fact, now a real and live river, flowing in a deep channel between high lands and hills. Here I fancy the dry season does not diminish it so much but what steamers may always safely navigate.

Everybody complained but my little Makondai. The little rascal had a pride in all he endured in my company. He is the most spirited little negro I ever saw, a real little hero; and I am glad I took him with me, though it was hard for him sometimes.

The first town we stopped at was Akaka, the first of the Bakalai towns, about fifteen miles from Goumbi. From here I could see the high mountains of the far interior. They rose blue

against the sky to the E.N.E.; and I should think the nearest hills could not have been more than thirty-five miles away on an air-line. The high blue peaks were much farther off, of course. But these farthest peaks I hoped yet to reach, there to plant the American flag where no white man had stood before.

A little before we got to Akaka we came to a holy place on the river called *Evendja-Quengouai.* Here all hands got out of the canoes to dance. It is the rule that all who have not passed up the river before shall sing a song of praise to the god of the place, and pluck a branch from a tree which must be set in the mud near the shore. This is for luck. Poor Makondai was hurried off to take his share in the devotions before I knew what was going to be done. I also was invited, but told Quengueza that there was but one God, to whom I trusted all of us.

"Yes," said he, "that is good for you. But we must have many. We are poor. We are not like you white men."

In the afternoon we lay by at a plantation, while a terrible rainstorm burst over the country, cooling the air deliciously. These storms, which come up at this season nearly every day, help one to bear the dreadful heat which, without this relief, would be, I believe, insupportable. To-day at noon my thermometer stood at 119° Fahrenheit in the shade of my umbrella.

When we stopped for breakfast next day, I noticed a little way from us an extraordinary tree, quite the largest in height and circumference I ever saw in Africa. It was a real monarch of even this great forest. It rose in one straight and majestic trunk entirely branchless, till the top reached far above all the surrounding trees. There at the top the branches were spread out somewhat like an umbrella, but could not give much shade, being so high. I found that this tree was highly venerated by the people, who call it the *oloumi.* Its kind are not common even here, where its home is said to be. Its bark is said to have certain healing properties, and is also in request from a belief that if a man going off on a trading expedition washes himself first all over in a decoction of its juices in water, he will be lucky and shrewd in making bargains. For this reason great strips were torn off this tree to the height of at least twenty feet.

In the afternoon we passed a creek or bayou, called the Elivamonos—so called because of the exceeding abundance there of that delicious fish the mullet. Bakalai villages now became more frequent; and I see that these people are more energetic

and provident than the seashore tribes. At Mpopo I saw thousands of plantain-trees surrounding the village. Finally we arrived at the village of Obindji, a chief who is a great friend of Quengueza's, and with whom we shall make our headquarters for a while.

The people rushed down to the banks to see me, none of them having ever seen a white man before. They looked at me with great curiosity, and particularly admired my hair, which is always an object of curiosity to the Africans.

We came up firing guns and singing songs. When we approached the shore Obindji came down in great state, dressed in his silk hat (the crown), a coat and shirt, and a nice cloth. He was ringing his kendo, a bell, which is the insignia of kingship here—something like a royal sceptre.

I said, "Why do you ring your kendo?"

He replied, "Obindji's heart is glad, and he thanks his Mboundji (fetich) that he has to-day come up higher than he ever stood before. A Mbuiri (spirit) has come to see Obindji."

When we were landed, and the two kings and I were seated in chairs, the grand reception began. Quengueza gave a relation of his entire intercourse with me from the time he came down to see me to the present hour. All was said in short sentences; and the people who listened gave frequent approval. Then Obindji replied, giving, in like manner, a statement of his feelings when he heard that Quengueza was about to bring a white man to see him, &c. Then they clapped hands; Obindji shook hands with me (very awkwardly); and then the ceremony, which had lasted three-quarters of an hour, was over.

The town of Obindji is, by my reckoning, about 140 miles from the mouth of the river. It is a recent settlement, and not very large. The family is quite powerful; but when their chief wished to remove to the river from his inland settlement, most of his people refused. These Bakalai are reputed to be very warlike, and various circumstances show that they are so. They are much dreaded by other tribes; and I find that these others have left all the right side of the river to their fighting neighbours. Those who live on the river-bank, however, are in some sort bound to keep the peace; for they have no right near the water but with the leave of Quengueza, and this they get only on promise of peaceable behaviour.

Their houses also show their prominent trait. They are not

built of split bamboos, like those farther down the river, but of bark, which is peeled off large trees in slips four to five feet long and a foot wide, and securely lashed on the sides. This makes them tight. The bamboo walls always have open strips, through which an enemy can see to shoot those inside. From this danger the bark walls protect them. The houses here are small, however, not more than twelve feet long by eight wide. They are generally two rooms deep, and in the back room the family sleep, while in front their goods are kept. In war-time they change their sleeping-places in the house every night, so that the enemy may be at a loss where to fire when attacking from the outside.

They have a few guns among them; but a man who owns a gun and some powder is rich. They were much astonished at my percussion-locks, and yet more at my revolver, which was a constant marvel to them. Revolvers of simple construction would bring almost any price among these people if they could be made with flint-locks.

The town, and another which lay just above, separated from Obindji's by a narrow creek, were surrounded with extensive manioc plantations. Here I notice again that the Bakalai raise better crops than the lower tribes.

During the week so many people came from up the river that food grew scarce, and Quengueza sent down to Goumbi for supplies for our party. One very old chief came down from his town, over a hundred miles farther up the river. When he came ashore Quengueza and I went to see him in his house, waiving ceremony on account of his age. When he saw me he started back, and was much moved. He exclaimed, "You are not a man. You are a mbuiri" (spirit). He had come the long journey, he said, to see the man who made guns and powder; and I saw clearly he wished to ask me, as the Fan people did, to sit down and make him some guns.

I had a laugh at Quengueza, who endeavours to teach all his neighbours the ideas he gets from me. In common with many of his subjects, the old fellow was much troubled with fleas, and when, as he stood talking with me, a flea became too troublesome, he used to adroitly catch him, and gravely *crack* him on his thumbnail. This disgusted me so that I remonstrated, and at last succeeded in reforming this one of his abuses. But no sooner had he given up the disgusting practice himself, than he

at once forbade it to all his own subjects, and became a most zealous advocate to decency among our Bakalai friends.

"Why do you crack your fleas before my white man, eh? Dirty fellow! Go away! You make my white man sick!" he used to cry out. And to-day, when we had our interview with the up-river chief, Quengueza was equally zealous—though more polite—with him. But the old man replied, "Thus have I done all my life—it is now too late;" and gravely continued his massacre.

Obindji's chair is a remarkable specimen of furniture, the only question arising in my mind is to know how my friend Obindji finds comfort in such a position. It is really amusing to me to look at him while he is seated on a little stool, his back resting on the main part of the arm-chair, while his arms are supported by two of the roots. In this attitude he seems to enjoy his pipe most wonderfully, and presents a perfect type of African laziness. The easy-chair is made out of a single root of a tree, and generally the possession of one is attainable only by rich men.

Obindji in his Easy-Chair.

As Obindji is to be our headquarters, we are having houses built. The men have gone out into the forest to collect bark, and leaves, and posts. Meantime the 28th was Sunday, and I requested Quengueza to make the men rest on this day, explaining to him the nature of our Sabbath.

The old man was puzzled for a moment, then said:—

"We are much hurried now. Suppose you put off the Sunday for three or four weeks; then we can have as many Sundays as you want."

I had a slight attack of fever, caused doubtless by the great heat we suffered from on the river. Some of the men had fever, too, and also Quengueza's brother. I gave them quinine, which cured them and relieved me too.

Up-river chiefs continue to come in with their wives, slaves, and people—all anxious to see the man who makes guns, beads, iron and brass kettles, &c.; and all rapt in astonishment at my strange appearance. They seem really to find a much greater contrast between myself and them than I can see. Most of them regard me as a powerful spirit, and all admire Quengueza's fortune, who has the care of me, and whose friend I am. Many of the chiefs are fine-looking fellows, well armed with spears and bows. They seem brave and warlike. Some of their caps and grass-cloth are very finely made; and I am really anxious, the more I see, to get among the Ashira, who seem to be the most ingenious of all these people. All these visitors had heard of my trusting Quengueza, and now came to beg goods from him, for which they would help him to cut ebony.

On the 30th my house was done, and I set up my bed and other household goods. I had with me an American clock; and this excited the constant wonder and awe of the people, who could not be persuaded but it was a spirit, and a very powerful spirit, keeping watch over me. This day, also, a Bakalai chef who is to hunt with me brought me in a female gorilla which he had killed in the woods. This female was not quite full-grown. It measured three feet eleven inches. Its canine teeth had not attained their full size. The face was intensely black, as were also the hands and feet. The hair on the crown was reddish, but not so deep a colour as in some older females I have seen. On the body the hair was a blackish-red, and no longer on the arms than on the rest of the body. The breast was covered only with very light down.

The heat is still excessive. It rains every night, and that somewhat cools the air; but in the afternoon, my thermometer, standing in a well-shaded place, ranges from 106° to 98°. There is but little breeze, and the air is oppressively hot. On the 2nd of April I saw another trial by ordeal performed. A little boy, son to Aquailai, the doctor who had driven the witch from the main street of Goumbi, reported that one of Quengueza's men had damaged a Bakalai canoe. The owner required to be paid for the injury. The Goumbi man denied the act, and asked for trial.

An Ashira doctor was called in, who said that the only way to make the truth appear was by the trial of the ring boiled in oil. Hereupon the Bakalai and the Goumbi men gathered together, and the trial was at once made.

The Ashira doctor set three little billets of bar-wood in the ground with their ends together, then piled some smaller pieces between, till all were laid as high as the three pieces. A native pot half-full of palm-oil was set upon the wood, and the oil was set on fire. When it burned up brightly a brass ring from the doctor's hand was cast into the pot; the doctor stood by with a little vase full of grass soaked in water, of which he threw in now and then some bits. This made the oil blaze up afresh. At last all was burned out, and now came the trial. The accuser, the little boy, was required to take the ring out of the pot. He hesitated, but was pushed on by his father. The people cried out, "Let us see if he lied or told truth."

Finally he put his hand in, seized the red-hot ring, but quickly dropped it, having severely burnt his fingers. At this there was a shout, "He lied! he lied!" and the Goumbi man was declared innocent.

I ventured to suggest that he also would burn his fingers if he touched the ring; but nobody seemed to consider this view. I judge that where an accuser has to substantiate a charge in this way information is not easily to be got.

On the 6th, at last, we set off for a two or three days' hunt. We went up-river for about ten miles, and then struck inland to a deserted Bakalai village, where we made our camp. When that was arranged we went out to look for gorilla-tracks. It was too late to hunt; but Querlaouen, my chief hunter, wanted to be ready for the morrow. I saw nothing; but Malaouen, another hunter, came in after dark, and said he had heard the cry of the kooloo, and knew where to find it in the morning. I myself on returning to the camp had heard this cry, but did not know what animal had uttered it.

Of course I asked what this kooloo was, and received for answer a circumstantial description of the animal, which threw me into the greatest excitement; for I saw that this was most certainly a new species of ape, of which I had not even heard as yet. It was called *kooloo-kamba*, by the Goumbi people, from its noise or call, "kooloo," and the Camma word *kamba*, which means "speak." The Bakalai call it simply "koola."

I scarce slept all night with fidgeting over the morrow's prospects. The kooloo was said to be very rare here, and there was a chance only that we should find that one whose call had been heard.

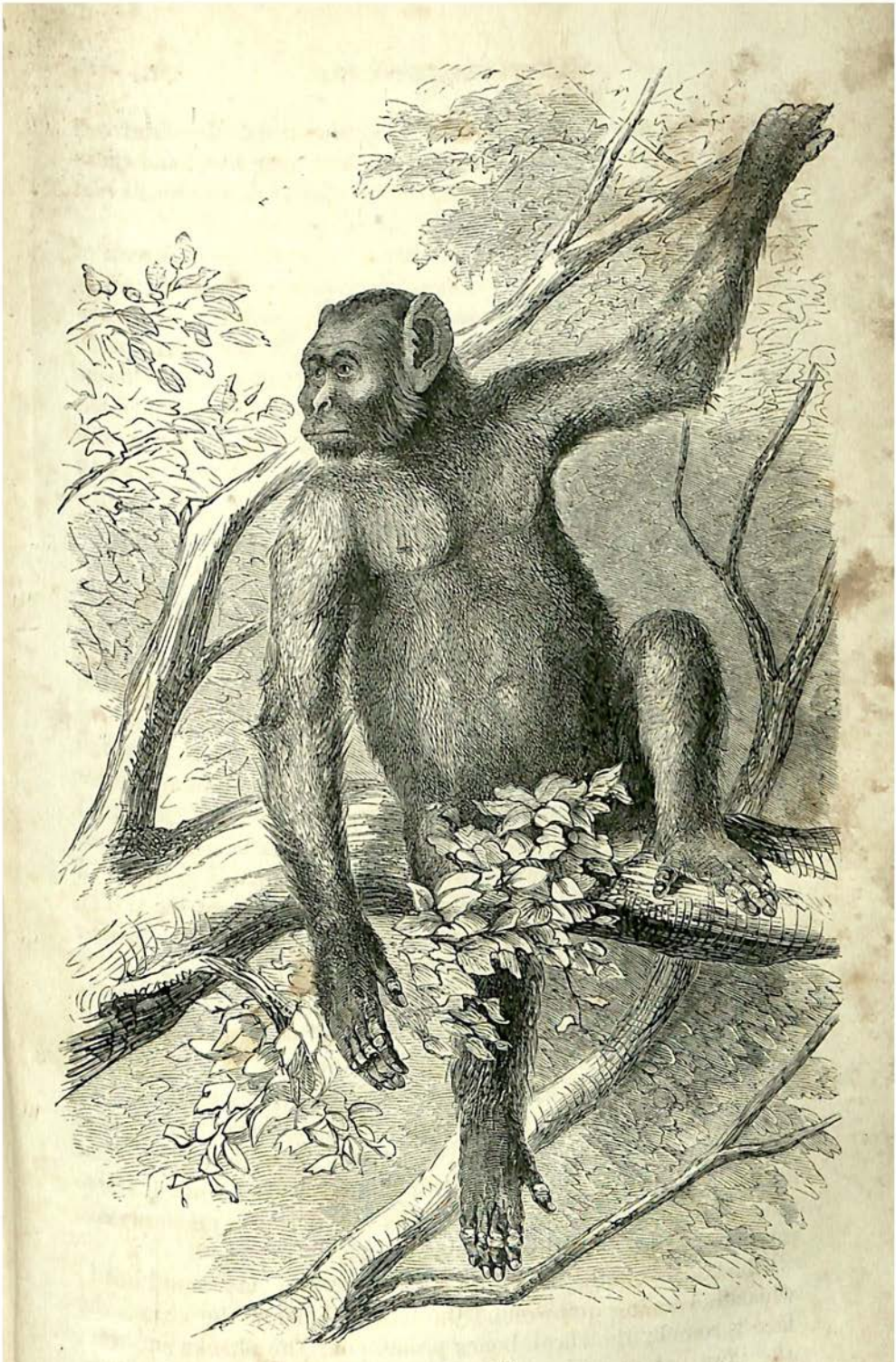
At last the tedious night was gone. At the earliest streak of dawn I had my men up. We had fixed our guns the night before. All was ready, and we set out in two parties. My party had been walking through the forest about an hour, when suddenly I stepped into a file of bashikouay ants, whose fierce bites nearly made me scream. The little rascals were infuriated at my disturbance of their progress, and held on to my legs and to my trousers till I picked them off. Of course I jumped nimbly out of the way of the great army of which they formed part, but I did not get off without some severe bites.

We had hardly got clear of the bashikouays when my ears were saluted by the singular cry of the ape I was after. "Koola-kooloo, koola-kooloo," it said several times. Gambo and Malaouen alone were with me. Gambo and I raised our eyes, and saw, high up in a tree-branch, a large ape. We both fired at once, and the next moment the poor beast fell with a heavy crash to the ground. I rushed up, anxious to see if, indeed, I had a new animal. I saw in a moment that it was neither a nshiego mbouvé, nor a chimpanzee, nor a gorilla. Again I had a happy day—marked for ever with red ink in my calendar.

We at once disembowelled the animal, which was a male. I found in its intestines only vegetable matter and remains. The skin and skeleton were taken into camp, where I cured the former with arsenic sufficiently to take it into Obindji.

The animal was a full-grown male, four feet three inches high. It was less powerfully built than the male gorilla, but as powerful as either the chimpanzee or nshiego mbouvé. When it was brought into Obindji, all the people and even Quengueza, at once exclaimed, "That is a kooloo-kamba." Then I asked them about the other apes I already knew; but for these they had other names, and did not at all confound the species. For all these reasons I was assured that my prize was indeed a new animal; a variety, at least, of those before known.

The kooloo-kamba has for distinctive marks a very round head; whiskers running quite round the face and below the chin; the face is round; the cheek-bones prominent; the cheeks sunken; the jaws not very prominent—less so than in any of the apes.



THE KOOLOO-KAMBA.

The hair is black; long on the arm, which was, however, partly bare.

The chimpanzee is not found in the woods where I shot this kooloo-kamba. The gorilla is evidently much the more powerful animal of the two. The kooloo is, however, the ape, of all the great apes now known, which most nearly approaches man in the structure of its head. The capacity of the cranium is somewhat greater, in proportion to the animal's size, than in either the gorilla or the nshiego mbouvé. Of its habits these people could tell me nothing, except that farther interior it was found more frequently, and that it was, like the gorilla, very shy and hard of approach.

Meat was now becoming scarce, and I was glad to go back to town; and happier yet when Querlaouen overhauled us with a wild pig as a prize, of which the good fellow gave me half. The negroes were feasting on the kooloo-meat, which I could not touch. So the pig was welcome to me, as indeed it was to Quengueza, whom we found almost crying with an affection which is common in Africa, and is called *gouamba*—but for which we, happily, have no name. *Gouamba* is the inordinate longing and craving of exhausted nature for meat. The vegetable diet here is not of a satisfying nature at best. Just now all provisions were scarce in Obindji, and even Quengueza had not tasted meat for four days. He was exhausted, nervous, and, though a stout old fellow, really whimpering. This was *gouamba*, of which I have suffered often enough in these wilds to vouch that it is a real and frightful torture.

The rainy season is now at its height. The river is swollen; the water rushes down in a yellow muddy stream, and on a level with the banks. My house is but about four feet above the water-level, and it stands on high ground. Below, at this time, all is overflowed; and on the Anengue Lake the crocodiles have probably retired to the reeds.

Accusations of sorcery are really the cause of very many troubles and miseries among these people. On the 11th Obindji's younger brother was brought up on a charge of having bewitched to death his elder brother, Obindji's predecessor. This man had been dead a year, and his poor brother had already drunk mboundou three times to establish his innocence. Still the charge was pushed. He gave away some slaves for peace'

sake. But now his brother-in-law demanded another trial. I interfered and procured his release, at least while I am here.

On the 12th Quengueza went down to Goumbi to attend to another case of mboundou-drinking. A young girl is accused of having bewitched some fellow who died, and has now to undergo the ordeal. God help her! I made the king promise me she should not be killed. More I could not do.

I meantime went off to a neighbouring town where a friend of mine had killed three elephants. These animals are not very plentiful hereabouts, but they are not much hunted either. The natives are too idle to take the trouble, and would rather suffer *gouamba* often than go hunt. Besides this, guns have become so much the use here that they no longer entrap or spear the huge beast, but trust to their hunters for supplies. Those only have guns. It is strange how even here, where no white man has ever been, guns and powder, brass and iron pots, beads, &c., are not at all uncommon. Of course all such things have an extravagant value, which is an advantage to the trader, or would be, could he come up here.

I came into the town just when the ceremonial dance was about to be performed which precedes the division of the meat. This is a thankoffering to two spirits, *Mondo* and *Olombo*, who seem to have an influence on the hunt. An Ashira doctor was leading in the ceremonies. I find here, as I have heard it said also in more civilized countries, that the prophet gains in repute the farther he travels from home. In Goumbi a Bakalai doctor was held in high esteem. In Biagano a Goumbi doctor was chief of all the prophets. Here, among the Bakalai, only an Ashira doctor was thought worthy. So it goes.

They had three pieces, cut from the hind-quarters of the elephants, boiling in large pots. Around these they danced, while the Ashira doctor chanted praises and petitions to the spirits. A piece was cut off and sent into the woods to appease the hunger of these deities (or more likely of their representatives, the leopards), and then the rest was eaten. Next came the division of the great heaps of uncooked meat. The town, the town's friends, the hunters, the hunters' friends, and *their* friends, all came and got shares. I received about fifty pounds for myself; and though the meat is unpleasant to the taste, tough to chew, and in every way unpalatable, as I knew to

my cost by former sad experience, I was glad to have it; for meat was scarce, and I had the appetite of a hunter.

The killing of an elephant is an event among the Bakalai, not only for the meat, but because the ivory is sent down to the coast, and procures for them the cloth, powder, guns, trinkets—whatever they get of civilized people; for they do not yet cut much ebony or bar-wood.

Hunting in the rear of the village, on the 15th, I shot a curious bird, the *Alethe castanea*—a new species. It is said by the natives to have a devil in it—for what reason I could not discover; probably for none. But its habit makes it singular. They fly in a small flock, and follow industriously the bashikouay ants in their marches about the country. The bird is insectivorous; and when the bashikouay army routs before it the frightened grasshoppers and beetles, the bird, like a regular camp-follower, pounces on the prey and carries it off. I think it does not eat the bashikouay.

My old enemies the snakes are quite abundant in these woods. As we push through the bush we often see some great anaconda hanging from a projecting bough, waiting its prey. The other day I shot a little bird which, in its fall, lodged among some vines. I was anxious to get it, and began to climb up after it. Just as I was reaching out for my bird, a snake, belonging to one of the most venomous kinds found in this part of Africa, stuck out his head at me from the thick vine foliage. I was very much startled, and dropped down to the ground without loss of time.

Fortunately I had only to drop a few feet. It was one of the narrowest escapes I had in Africa—for there is no cure for this serpent's bite, and I could literally feel its breath against my face before I saw it.

Singularly few accidents happen from snake-bites among the natives. They wander everywhere barefooted, and seem to have no dread till they see a snake, when they scamper off fast enough if it is very venomous. The python they kill because they like its meat, which, they say, makes a delicious soup. I have never tasted it.

When, as here, I am hunting regularly, I get up at five in the morning. Monguilomba then makes me a strong cup of coffee, which is served by Makondai. This drunk, daylight shows itself; I start for the bush and hunt until ten, which is my

breakfast-hour. After breakfast I stuff the birds shot in the morning, and rest till three. Then out again into the bush till six, which is sunset and dark here, when I get back and find my dinner ready, with Makondai to wait on me. After dinner bird-stuffing goes on again, till all the prizes of the day are secure. That done, I go among the people and hear them talk until it is time to go to sleep.

This is the average day. Of course, when we go out on great hunts, all orderly arrangements are broken up; and I have often to sit up half or all the night to prepare my prizes, which will not keep till next day in this hot climate.

CHAPTER XVI.

Venomous Flies — Gorilla — Cutting Ebony — The Ebony-tree — Anguilai's Town — Superstitions — Severe Sickness — Kindness of the native Women to me — Child murdered for Sorcery — New Cure for Sterility — Ivory-eaters — Manioc — Capture a young *Nshiego Mbouvé* — Its grief for its Mother — Biography of Nshiego Tommy — Easily tamed — His Tricks — Habits — Love for Wine and Scotch Ale — His Death — Curious Colour — Famine — Njani Oil — Gorilla — Evidence of their vast Strength — Guaniony — Return to Obindji's — Letters and Papers from Home — Astonishment of the Negroes at my Reading — The Ofoubou River — Starvation — Njalie Coody — The Njambai Festival — Woman's Rights among the Bakalai — A midnight Festival — A Mystery — An Attempt at Blackmail — Nature of the Njambai, or Guardian Spirit — Hunter killed by Gorilla — Native Superstitions — The Dry Season — Gouamba — The Eloway Fly — Huge Serpents — Enormous Gorilla killed — Curious Superstition about the Gorilla and a pregnant Woman — Animals peculiar to this Region — Generosity of the Blacks — The Superstition of Roondah — Return.

ON Tuesday, the 20th of April, we set out for one of our great hunts, going up the river a short distance and then striking into the forests. We found many open spots in these woods, where the soil was sandy, and the grass was not very luxuriant, growing not more than two feet high. The sun is very oppressive in these clear spots.

We were troubled, too, on the prairie by two very savage flies, called by the negroes the *boco* and the *nchouna*. These insects attacked us with a terrible persistency which left us no peace. They were very quiet bloodsuckers, and I never knew of their attacks till I felt the itch which follows the bite when the fly has left it. This is again followed by a little painful swelling.

The next day we were out after gorillas, which we knew were to be found hereabouts by the presence of a pulpy pear-shaped fruit growing close to the ground, the *tondo*, of which this animal is very fond. I also am very fond of the subdued and grateful acid of this fruit, which the negroes eat as well as the gorilla. It is curious that that which grows in the sandy soil of the prairie is not fit to eat.

We found everywhere gorilla-marks, and so recent that we

began to think the animals must be avoiding us. This was the case, I think, though I am not sure. At any rate we beat the bush for two hours before, at last, we found the game. Suddenly an immense gorilla advanced out of the wood straight towards us, and gave vent as he came up to a terrible howl of rage—as much as to say, "I am tired of being pursued, and will face you."

It was a lone male—the kind who are always most ferocious; and this fellow made the woods ring with his roar, which is really an awful sound, resembling very much the rolling and muttering of distant thunder.

He was about twenty yards off when we first saw him. We at once gathered together, and I was about to take aim and bring him down where he stood, when Malaouen stopped me, saying, in a whisper, "Not time yet."

We stood therefore in silence, guns in hand. The gorilla looked at us for a minute or so out of his evil gray eyes, then beat his breast with his gigantic arms, gave another howl of defiance, and advanced upon us.

Again he stopped, now not more than fifteen yards away. Still Malaouen said, "Not yet."

Then again an advance upon us. Now he was not twelve yards off. I could see plainly the ferocious face of the monstrous ape. It was working with rage; his huge teeth were ground against each other so that we could hear the sound; the skin of the forehead was moved rapidly back and forth, and gave a truly devilish expression to the hideous face: once more he gave out a roar which seemed to shake the woods like thunder, and, looking us in the eyes and beating his breast, advanced again. This time he came within eight yards of us before he stopped. My breath was coming short with excitement as I watched the huge beast. Malaouen said only "Steady!" as he came up.

When he stopped, Malaouen said, "Now." And before he could utter the roar for which he was opening his mouth, three musket-balls were in his body. He fell dead almost without a struggle.

"Don't fire too soon. If you do not kill him he will kill you," said Malaouen to me—a piece of advice which I found afterwards was too literally true.

It was a huge old beast indeed. Its height was 5 feet 6

inches. Its arms had a spread of 7 feet 2 inches. Its huge brawny chest measured 50 inches around. The big toe or thumb of its foot measured 5⅜ inches in circumference. Its arm seemed only immense bunches of muscle, and its legs and claw-like feet were so well fitted for *grabbing* and holding, that I could see how easy it was for the negroes to believe that this animal conceals itself in trees, and pulls up with its foot any living thing—leopard, ox, or man—that passes beneath. There is no doubt the gorilla *can* do this, but that he *does* it I do not believe. They are ferocious, mischievous, but not carnivorous.

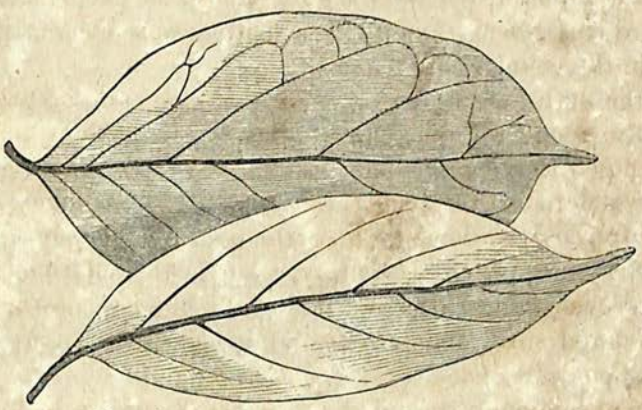
The face of this gorilla was intensely black. The vast chest, which proved his great power, was bare, and covered with a parchment-like skin. Its body was covered with gray hair. Though there are sufficient points of diversity between this animal and man, I never kill one without having a sickening realization of the horrid human likeness of the beast. This was particularly the case to-day, when the animal approached us in its fierce way, walking on its hind legs, and facing us as few animals dare face man.

On the 27th of April Quengueza and I, with about twenty slaves and some hunters, started up river for the ebony country, where the king wished to cut wood, while I should hunt. All the forests up here are full of precious woods. Ebony is found in greatest plenty at the top of the hills which line, at some distance, the river-course. Bar-wood is found everywhere, and in great abundance. The natives have not yet cut much of it, and there is enough here for a brisk trade for years. The India-rubber vine is found on all hands; and when a regular trade is once established, this will be one of the great staples of the river. There are also many other varieties of hard woods, some pink, some chesnut, some yellow in colour, and all susceptible of a high polish, many of which would, no doubt, have a commercial value were this region opened to white trade.

As we were to stay a month, the king took some of his wives with him. We pulled up the river against the strong current as before; and I learned that the country where we killed the gorilla is called *Kanga-Niaré*.

The ebony-tree is not found on low ground, or near the river. It is met with all along the ridges and hills which run here north and south. It is one of the finest and most graceful trees

of the African forest. Its leaves are long, sharp-pointed, dark green, and hang in clusters, producing a grateful shade. Its bark is smooth, and of a dark-green. The trunk rises straight and clean to a considerable height—often fifty or sixty feet; then large heavy branches are sent out. I have seen one of these trees which had a diameter of five feet at the base. The mature ebony-tree is always found hollow, and even its branches are hollow. Next the bark is a white "sap-wood," which is not valuable. This, in an average tree, is three or four inches thick, and next to this lies the ebony of commerce. The young trees are white or sappy to the centre; and even when they attain a diameter of nearly two feet the black part is streaked with white. Trees less than three feet in diameter are not cut down.



Ebony Leaves: Male and Female (half the natural size).

The ebony-tree is found intermixed with others in the forest. Generally three or four trees stand together, and none others within a little distance. Thus the cutters move through the woods constantly seeking trees.

We were bound to the town of a chief named Anguilai, whom I had met at Obindji's town. The place was called N'calai-Boumba, and was a considerable town, though very lately built. We were nearly all day on our journey. On the way we passed several villages, the largest of which, Npopo, I afterwards visited. The river-banks all the way up are densely wooded, but very sparsely inhabited by the animal creation. We saw but one monkey and a few birds the whole day.

Two hours before reaching this point we had been drenched

by a severe rain-storm. Great, therefore, was our surprise, when, having climbed over the trees which had been cut down in front of the town, and which lay there a very formidable barrier to any one's approach, we found the street dry; and the people were as much surprised at seeing us wet. We had happened only to encounter a passing rain-cloud.

Anguilai's town is the hottest place I saw in Africa. Most of the negroes have wit enough to build on top of some hill, where they get a breeze. But this town was set in a hollow, and the houses were so small and close as to be quite unendurable to me. All these Rembo Bakalai are but lately from the interior. They have been induced to move to the river by Quengueza, who makes them useful to him, and they are not yet at home there. N'calai-Boumba was not yet a year old. The people were still awkward canoe-men; and in other matters were evidently not at home in the country.

On the 29th I went down to a little village called Npopo, and found the people all gone into the bush. Everything was open and exposed to thieves; chickens and goats were walking about, and I wondered to see such carelessness in the village. But in the centre, looking down on everything, stood the *mbuiti*, or god of Npopo, a copper-eyed divinity, who, I was informed, safely guarded everything. It seemed absurd; but I was assured that no one dared steal, and no one did steal, with the eyes of this mbuiti upon him.

This uncommonly useful divinity was a rudely-shaped piece of ebony about two feet high, with a man's face, the nose and eyes of copper, and the body covered with grass.

On the last of April I was brought down to my bed with fever. In three days I took 150 grains of quinine and two heavy doses of calomel. This was the severest attack I had yet had in Africa. I suffered very much from the heat in the little houses, and was glad when Quengueza had his *shades* built on the ebony-ground and we moved thither.

While I lay sick the people came and entreated me not to hunt so much and so constantly. They said, "Look at us; we hunt one day and rest two. When we hunt three days we rest a week after it. But you go out every day!" I think they are right, and shall follow their rule.

I shall never forget the kindness of the women to me while I

was sick. Poor souls! they are sadly abused by their task-masters; are the merest slaves, have to do all the drudgery, and take blows and ill-usage besides; and yet at the sight of suffering their hearts soften just as in our own more civilized lands; and here, as there, no sooner did sickness come than these kind people came to nurse and take care of me. They tried to cook nice food for me; they sat by me to fan me; they brought more mats for my bed; brought me water; got me refreshing fruits from the woods; and at night, when I waked up from a feverish dream, I used to hear their voices as they sat around in the darkness, and pitied me and devised ways for my cure. They thought some *aniemba* (devil) had entered my body, and could not be persuaded that I was not bewitched.

Poor Anguilai was sadly alarmed at my illness. He accused his people of wickedly bewitching me; and one still night walked up and down the village, threatening, in a loud voice, to kill the sorcerers if he could only find them.

On the 5th of May I was able to walk again a little, and went to see an ebony-tree which had been cut down not far from the town. It was a magnificent tree, four feet and over in diameter at the base, and furnished eleven splendid billets, weighing 1500 pounds. I took particular pains with these, and they went to America afterwards in fine condition, and are of a size that large wide boards could be sawn from them.

To cut down such a tree is no small undertaking for these negroes with their slight, rude axes. They cut only on one side. Several get to work together, and many hours of steady labour pass ere the tree at last falls. To get my logs down to the river I had to call in the help of the Bakalai, and we cut a road down to the shore, along which the logs were drawn. Some weighed nearly three hundred pounds, and were by far the largest ever taken from here.

On the 6th one of those barbarous scenes occurred in the village, which show how even these kind-hearted negroes are wrought to horrid cruelties by their devilish superstitions. A little boy of ten years had been accused of sorcery. On being examined, he confessed that he had "made a witch." Hereupon the whole town seemed to be seized of the devil. They took spears and knives, and actually cut the poor little fellow to pieces. I had been walking out, and returned just as the

dreadful scene was over. I doubt if I could have saved his life had I been on the spot. As it was, I could not even make the wretched men feel shame at their bloody act. They were still frantic with rage, and were not quiet for some hours after.

The next day (7th) I witnessed another curious scene of superstition. One of the king's wives stood up in the open street and had herself cut on the back of her hands with knives. She bled very freely, and seemed to be very glad in her heart at the pain inflicted on her. I asked what was the reason for such conduct; and she explained, with a smiling face, that she was weakly and barren, and that now she would be strong and have children. It seems to be their method of letting blood.

At last, on the 8th, we started for the ebony-woods. Our new location was about nine miles from the river, on the side of a long hill, and close by where a cool sparkling rivulet leaped from rock to rock down into the plain, making most pleasant music for me as I lay, weak and sick, in camp. Five huge ebony-trees lifted their crowned heads together in a little knot just above us. All around were pleasant and shady woods. It was a very pleasant camp, but proved to have one drawback: we nearly starved to death. I sent out the hunters immediately on our arrival. They were gone two days, but brought back nothing. Game is scarce here, and without an ashinga or net, such as the Gaboon Bakalai and other tribes have, not much is to be got. On the 11th we began to suffer from gouamba, and got no meat. So I went out myself and shot several birds—two new: the *Camaroptera caniceps* and the *Geocichla compsonota*—and a very remarkable animal of the squirrel kind, called by the natives the *mboco*, which eats ivory. I have called it the "ivory-eater," *Sciurus eborivorus*," as the fact that it hunts in the woods the carcasses of elephants and gnaws the ivory, often destroying the finest tusks, cannot be disputed. A number of these bitten tusks reach the European market. All the negroes of different tribes tell this story about it. It has very sharp and large cutters, well adapted to its business.

The birds and the ivory-eater I ate, preserving their skins, and this relieved my gouamba for the time. On the 12th our hunters returned. They had killed a gazelle, but, being famished themselves, had eaten it. Their hands were empty, and I was nearly in despair, for we could not buy either fowl or goat; and

though the sister of Anguilai sent me out daily plantains and yams, I needed meat. All the rest, poor fellows, were suffering with me; and they had to live on manioc, which is worse than gouamba for me.

Mboco, or Ivory-Eater (*Sciurus elorivorus*).

Manioc is the bread of these people, and a very poor kind of bread it is. It is a root, and is poisonous when first dug from the ground. It must, therefore, be laid to soak in water, for from three to five days, according to the season. By this time it is rotted, or in a fermented condition, and quite soft, and now it is ready for cooking; or if it is for a journey, for drying and smoking. Thus prepared it will keep for six weeks or two months. But I never could get to like the tasteless sour stuff, and never ate it when anything else was to be got.

At last I could stand it no longer, and determined to make up a regular hunting-party, and stay out till we got something to eat. Malaouen told me that if we went off about twenty miles

we should come to a better game country; and so we started in the direction he pointed out, where, he thought, we should also find the gorilla, or perhaps the nshiego mbouvé.

The men were covered with greegrees and fetiches, and had cut their hands for luck. Anguilai told me that his *ogana* (idol) had told him that to-morrow the heart of *otanga* (the white man) would be glad, for we should kill game.

For some hours after we started we saw nothing but old tracks of different wild beasts, and I began to think that Anguilai's *ogana* had been too sanguine. Finally, towards twelve o'clock, when we were crossing a kind of high table-land, we heard the cry of a young animal, which we all recognized to be a nshiego mbouvé. Then all my troubles at once went away out of mind, and I no longer felt either sick or hungry.

We crawled through the bush as silently as possible, still hearing the baby-like cry. At last, coming out into a little cleared space, we saw something running along the ground towards the spot where we stood concealed. When it came nearer we saw it was a female nshiego mbouvé, running on all-fours, with a young one clinging to her breasts. She was eagerly eating some berries, and with one arm supported her little one.

Querlaouen, who had the fairest chance, fired, and brought her down. She dropped without a struggle. The poor little one cried "Hew! hew! hew!" and clung to the dead body, sucking the breasts, burying its head there in its alarm at the report of the gun.

We hurried up in great glee to secure our capture. I cannot tell my surprise when I saw that the nshiego baby's face was pure white—*very* white indeed—pallid, but as white as a white child's.

I looked at the mother, but found her black as soot in the face. The little one was about a foot in height. One of the men threw a cloth over its head and secured it till we could make it fast with a rope; for, though it was quite young, it could walk. The old one was of the bald-headed kind, of which I had secured the first known specimen some months before.

I immediately ordered a return to the camp, which we reached towards evening. The little nshiego had been all this time separated from its dead mother, and now, when it was put near her body, a most touching scene ensued. The little fellow ran instantly to her, but, touching her on the face and breast, saw evi-

dently that some great change had happened. For a few minutes he caressed her, as though trying to coax her back to life. Then he seemed to lose all hope. His little eyes became very sad, and he broke out in a long plaintive wail, "Ooee! ooee! ooee!" which made my heart ache for him. He looked quite forlorn, and as though he really felt his forsaken lot. The whole camp was touched at his sorrows, and the women were especially moved.

All this time I stood wonderingly staring at the white face of the creature. It was really marvellous and quite incomprehensible; and a more strange and weird-looking animal I never saw.

While I stood there, up came two of my hunters and began to laugh at me. "Look, Chelly!" said they, calling me by the name I was known by among them, "look at your friend. Every time we kill gorilla, you tell us, 'Look at your black friend!' Now, you see, look at your white friend!" Then came a roar at what they thought a tremendously good joke.

"Look! he got straight hair, all same as you. See white face of your cousin from the bush! He is nearer to you than gorilla is to us."

And another roar.

"Gorilla no got woolly hair like we. This one straight hair, like you."

"Yes," said I; "but when he gets old his face is black; and do not you see his nose how flat it is, like yours?"

Whereat there was a louder laugh than before. For, so long as he can laugh, the negro cares little against whom the joke goes.

I may as well add here some particulars of the little fellow who excited all this surprise and merriment. He lived five months, and became as tame and docile as a cat. I called him Tommy, to which name he soon began to answer.

In three days after his capture he was quite tame. He then ate crackers out of my hand; ate boiled rice and roasted plantain; and drank the milk of a goat. Two weeks after his capture he was perfectly tamed, and no longer required to be tied up. He ran about the camp, and, when we went back to Obindji's town, found his way about the village and into the huts just as though he had been raised there.

He had a great affection for me, and used constantly to follow me about. When I sat down, he was not content till he had climbed upon me and hid his head in my breast. He was ex-

tremely fond of being petted and fondled, and would sit by the hour while anyone stroked his head or back.

He soon began to be a very great thief. When the people left their huts he would steal in and make off with their plantains or fish. He watched very carefully till all had left a house, and it was difficult to catch him in the act. I flogged him several times, and, indeed, brought him to the conviction that it was *wrong* to steal; but he could never resist the temptation.

From me he stole constantly. He soon found out that my hut was better furnished with ripe bananas and other fruit than any others; and also he discovered that the best time to steal from me was when I was asleep in the morning. At that time he used to crawl in on his tiptoes, move slyly towards my bed, look at my closed eyes, and, if he saw no movement, with an air of great relief go up and pluck several plantains. If I stirred in the least he was off like a flash, and would presently re-enter for another inspection. If my eyes were open when he came in on such a predatory trip, he at once came up to me with an honest face, and climbed on and caressed me. But I could easily detect an occasional wistful glance towards the bunch of plantains.

My hut had no door, but was closed with a mat, and it was very funny to see Tommy gently raising one corner of this mat to see if I was asleep. Sometimes I counterfeited sleep, and then stirred just as he was in the act of taking off his prize. Then he would drop everything, and make off in the utmost consternation.

He kept the run of meal-times, and was present at as many meals as possible; that is, he would go from my breakfast to half-a-dozen others, and beg something at each. But he never missed my breakfast and dinner, knowing by experience that he fared best there. I had a kind of rude table made, on which my meals were served in the open part of my house. This was too high for Tommy to see the dishes; so he used to come in before I sat down, when all was ready, and climb up on the pole which supported the roof. From this perch he attentively surveyed every dish on the table, and, having determined what to have, he would descend and sit down at my side.

If I did not immediately pay attention to him he began to howl, "Hew! hew! hew!" louder and louder, till, for peace'

sake, his wants were satisfied. Of course I could not tell what he had chosen for dinner of my different dishes, and would offer him first one, then another, till the right one came. If he received what he did not want, he threw it down on the ground with a little shriek of anger and a stamp of his foot; and this was repeated till he was served to his liking. In short, he behaved very much like a badly-spoiled child.

If I pleased him quickly, he thanked me by a kind of gentle murmur, like "Hoohoo," and would hold out his hand to shake mine. He was very fond of boiled meat—particularly boiled fish, and was constantly picking bones he collected about the town. He wanted always to taste of my coffee, and when Makondai brought it, would beg of me, in the most serious manner, for some, and if given without sugar he would not drink it.

I made him a little pillow to sleep on, and this he was very fond of. When he was once accustomed to it he never parted from it more, but dragged it after him wherever he went. If by any chance it was lost, the whole camp knew it by his howls; and sometimes I had to send people to look for it when he had mislaid it on some forest excursion, so that he might stop his noise. He slept on it always, coiled up into a little heap, and only relinquished it when I gave him permission to accompany me into the woods.

As he became more and more used to our ways, he grew more impatient of contradiction, and more fond of being caressed; and whenever he was thwarted he howled in his disagreeable way. As the dry season came on it became colder, and Tommy began to wish for company when he slept, to keep him warm. The negroes would not have him for a companion, for he was for them too much like one of themselves. I would not give him room near me. So poor Tommy was reduced to misery, as he seemed to think. But soon I found that he waited till everybody was fast asleep at night, and then crawled in softly next some of his black friends, and slept there till earliest dawn. Then he would up and away undiscovered. Several times he was caught and beaten, but he always tried it again.

He showed an extraordinary fondness for strong drink. Whenever a negro had palm-wine Tommy was sure to know it. He had a decided taste for Scotch ale, of which I had a few bottles, and even begged for brandy. Indeed, his last exploit was with a

brandy-bottle, which, on going out, I had carelessly left on my chest. The little rascal stole in, and seeing it, and being unable to get out the cork, in some way broke it. When I returned, after some hours' absence, I found my precious bottle—it was the last, and to the traveller in this part of Africa brandy is as indispensable as quinine—broken in pieces, and Master Tommy coiled up on the floor by the side of the fragments in a state of maudlin drunkenness. When he saw me he got up and tried to stagger up to me, but his legs tottered, and he fell down several times. His eyes had a glare of human drunkenness; his arms were extended in vain attempts to reach me; his voice came thick; in fact, he looked disgustingly and yet comically human. It was the maudlin and sentimental stage of human drunkenness very well represented. I gave him a severe thrashing, which served to sober the little toper somewhat; but nothing could cure him of his love for liquor.

He had a great deal of intelligence; and if I had had leisure I think I might have trained him to some kind of good behaviour, though I despaired of his thieving disposition. He lived so long, and was growing so accustomed to civilized life, that I began to have great hopes of being able to carry him alive to America. He delighted to eat with the negroes; while they were seated round the dish he used to dip his hands into it at the same time they did. As the dry season advanced, and the nights grew cooler, he became exceedingly fond of sitting near the fire with the men in the evening; and Master Tommy seemed then to enjoy himself wonderfully, and quite as much as any human being. From time to time he looked up into the faces of those round him, as if to say, "Do not drive me away!" and the very white colour of his face contrasted singularly with the black heads around him. His eye was intelligent, and when left to himself his whole countenance had a look of sadness, sometimes painful to behold. Many times I tried to penetrate and read the inward thoughts of this wonderful little creature, which not only excited my wonder, but that of the natives. Tommy had a reputation quite as great as mine throughout the country. But alas! poor Tommy! One morning he refused his food, seemed downcast, and was very anxious to be petted and held in the arms. I got all kinds of forest-berries for him, but he refused all. He did not seem to suffer, but ate nothing; and

next day, without a struggle, died. Poor fellow! I was very sorry, for he had grown to be quite a pet companion for me; and even the negroes, though he had given them great trouble, were sorry at his death.

The mother of Thomas was an adult female, aged, to judge by her teeth, which were much worn; but quite black in the face and hands. She was of the bald-headed variety of the nshiego—the nshiego mbouvé of the Bakalai. Eyebrows thin, and from half to three-quarters of an inch long. Eyelids thin and short. Upper and lower lips and chin sparsely covered with short gray hairs. Neck hairy. Thin hair on the cheeks, beginning at the temples parallel with the upper part of the ear. Ears large. The head entirely bald down to a line drawn from the middle part of the ears behind; this bald skin was quite black. On the back fine black hair. Rump partly bare, and where bare the skin was quite *white*. Hair on the chest grayish-black and thin, growing thicker on the abdomen, and grayer on the legs. Height 3 feet 9 inches. This female differed very decidedly from the female of the gorilla or chimpanzee.

Tommy turned darker as he grew older, and at his death was yellow rather than white.

To return now to our camp. On the next day, May 15th, we set out again, in hopes to kill at least a gazelle. It was already late in the afternoon when we saw our first piece of game, a beautiful little monkey, called by the negroes the *ndova*. He poked his white nose out of a bush and chattered at us, and Malaouen, without loss of time, replied with a charge of buck-shot, which tumbled him over. With this we were obliged to return to camp, having taken no provisions along. Gouamba was very strong in me to-day, and I determined to have soup made of the monkey, and try it. The animal was very fat; and as hunger stifled my disgust, I made a pretty good meal. I shared with Quengueza and his wives, who did not touch the nshiego-meat. This made a fat feast for the Bakalai and the slaves, who were exceedingly rejoiced. I could not stomach it; it was too much like cannibalism. Nor have I ever but once tasted the meat of any of these great apes, though necessity compelled me, after this, to dine off monkey.

My men were now getting short of every kind of provisions, and I was obliged to purchase for them from the villages. The

chief articles brought were some loaves of *ndica*, a kind of bread made of the seeds of the wild mango-tree pounded and dried. It does not taste unpleasantly, but I could not live on it. There was also a clear yellow oil, which, when cool, had the colour and consistency of scorched lard, and was called *agali njavi* (njavi oil). It is made, with infinite labour, from the seeds of a certain tree which is abundant here. and is one of the finest ornaments of these forests. They boil the seed, then mash it on a hollowed-out board, and then squeeze out the not very abundant oil with their hands. It makes a nice-looking oil, which is used to cook meat in; and thus prepared, meat does not taste badly.

They also mix the oil with a kind of odoriferous powder called *yombo*, and this mixture is then applied in great quantities upon their wool. They think it gives out a pleasant fragrance, but in reality it makes an abominable stench.

But another use of the oil is really sensible. When the men have been for some time out in inclement weather, or are dusty or parched with working in the sun, their skin becomes dried up, cracked, and reddish in colour. Then they come home, wash off clean, and oil themselves all over with this soft oil. The dried-up skin becomes in a little time smooth, and of a shiny, healthy black again. Palm-oil is used elsewhere for this purpose; but the palm-oil tree is very scarce here, and the little of the oil they have is brought from the Ashira country to the east, which is now my Promised Land, towards which I daily lift longing eyes.

On the 16th I went out by myself and shot some birds, and, to my great joy, a *nchombi*, a beautiful gazelle. Now gouamba was put off for some days. The meat was carefully smoked, and the next day Malaouen retured to the village, and Querlaouen came out to hunt with me. This changed the luck, it seemed, for we had hardly gone an hour's walk from camp when we came upon a herd of wild pigs, and bagged two.

Unfortunately my salt is all used up. I have been able to buy a little, but it is a very dear article here, as they have to get it from the seashore natives, and the trade is very irregular.

On the 18th, as we were hunting, I heard in the far distance what I at first took to be muttering thunder. I hurried on to reach some shelter in an ebony-grove at a distance before the storm should break, but presently perceived the noise to be

caused by a male gorilla which was roaring to its female; who, after a while, could be heard answering with a weaker roar. The forest fairly shook with the tremendous voice of this animal. The echoes swelled and died away from hill to hill, until the whole forest was full of the din.

Unluckily I had gone out with my smallest gun loaded with shot to shoot birds. I put in a ball instead of the shot, and determined to follow up the animals. By-and-by I could hear the deep drum-like sound which the male gorilla causes by beating his breast with his huge fists. The jungle was quite thick, and our advance slow. Poor Makondai was in a great fright as we heard the animal, which kept up its terrible roaring, waiting at short intervals to hear the replies of its female.

Presently I heard trees cracking, and saw through the woods how every few minutes a sapling was swung about and then broken off. While I was watching these actions I suppose the animal became aware of the presence of danger, for presently a dead silence followed on the loud roars; and when, gun in hand, I broke through the wood, my gorilla was gone.

I am sure that I must have heard this gorilla's roar three miles off, and the noise of beating his breast at least a mile. No words can describe the thunderous noise which it produces.*

In examining the wood where these gorillas were moving and feeding, I learned, for the first time, the cause of the great wear there is on the canine teeth of this animal, and especially of the male, which I could not before account for, and also saw some surprising evidences of their strength. Several trees, each of which was from four to six inches in diameter, had broken down by these animals; and I found that they had bit into the heart of these trees and eaten out the pith. Now the wood is hard, and by the peculiar form of the gnawing I saw at once that it was by this work that the very singular abrasion of the canines is caused.

The Rembo is still deep and rapid as far as we ascended, and the land becomes more mountainous, the hills approaching nearer and nearer to the banks of the river. When we returned, the town was filled with joy at our success on the hunt. Quen-

* I say three miles off, because I was three-quarters of an hour before coming near the beasts.

gueza made himself sick carousing on four hams which I gave him from my share of some wild pigs we had shot. The old fellow has brought all the ebony down—a heavy job, as the pieces weighed from twenty to sixty pounds, and had to be carried on men's shoulders over a very rough and woody country.

I ought to mention that on our way up river the people pointed out to me a tree which contained a nest, which they said belonged to a bird called the *guanionian*, an immense eagle, according to their description, which preys on monkeys. I could not see the bird—nor did I ever see it—though once a bird was pointed out to me as this mysterious eagle; but it was so high in the air that I could not say what it was, and, notwithstanding my great endeavour, I am sorry to say I was unable ever to get one.

On the 28th of May we started down the river for Obindji's town. I bade good-bye to all my friends, and distributed presents among them, remembering particularly the women who had been so kind to me. Our canoes were loaded with ebony; and in the stern of mine was perched, near my shoulder, little Tommy, the nshiego.

When we got to Obindji's, I found a man who had come all the way from Biagano with a package of eight letters and a file of New York papers, which had been forwarded to me by my friends the missionaries at the Gaboon. I had now been many months in utter ignorance of the doings of the great civilized world; and while the letters from friends and home were most eagerly opened and read, the file of papers lay before me like some great mystery about to be revealed—a mystery of no very near personal interest to me, but yet one which I was eager to probe to such bottom as I could get at. So I sat down to read. The people were much astonished—and so was I at many things I read. It was a singular intermingling of two lives. In the body I was yet in the rude town of poor old Obindji, far enough from civilization to make civilized life seem improbable. But in the spirit I was walking New York streets, with a friend at my side revealing to me at every step all that had occurred in these many months. I am sure no papers were ever more thoroughly read than these; even the advertisements had a delightful novelty to me. Happily the 29th was Sunday, and I took my ease with my papers all day.

On the 30th we started with one hundred men up the Ofoubou, the river which joins the Rembo just above Obindji, for a Bakalai town called Njali-Coudié, the chief of which was a friend of Quengueza's, who had sent to promise me some gorilla-hunts if I would come to see him.

The Ofoubou is a smaller river than the Rembo, but at present had overflowed its banks, and spread its waters over the strip of lowland which bordered it and separated it from the hills. Njali-Coudié lies about ten miles from the river among the hills. After pulling up the stream for about five miles, we came to the landing-place, whence we had to strike inland. Here we found a swamp, having from two to two and a-half feet water upon it, through which we had to wade, over clayey, slippery ground, for nearly a mile. This mile lasted an hour. Then we came to high and dry ground, and travelled onward till at three o'clock we reached the town, where we were received with a hearty welcome.

We had left Obindji's without a morsel of breakfast even; and as I had not broken my fast since the previous evening, I was not sorry when Mbango, the chief, sent me a goat and some bunches of plantains, of which, when cooked, I made a very satisfying meal.

Obindji's town was nearly at the starvation-point. The poor fellows had been very generous to us while they had food to give; but now was the time of general scarcity, when the last crop was eaten up, and the coming crop was not yet ready. They were actually living on the poor roots they could gather in the woods. In Mbango's town they were a little better off; but, even here, our advent soon created a famine. The staples of this country are plantains and manioc. New plantains, even if plucked green, will soon ripen and rot. They do not know how to dry and preserve them. Manioc may be dried, and thus made to last two months at farthest; but long before that it is poor eating. Of course, there are periods every year when these perishable provisions are eaten up, and when even a prudent town suffers for want of food; for fish are not very plentiful here, and as for game, they are not very good hunters, and even I found it a poor game country. Often I wished for a few ears of Indian corn to establish a new order of things among these poor people, but corn is not grown at all in these parts of the

interior, and on the seashore they do not use it much as an article of food.

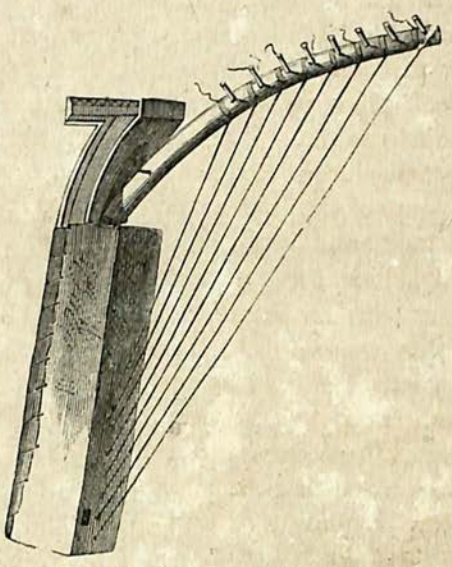
Mbango had been notified of our coming, and had built for me a very neat, commodious bark house, with a clay floor pounded hard, and all very clean and comfortable. The village itself is one of the neatest I have seen among the Bakalai. When I had eaten my dinner, the people came in crowds to see me. My hair was, as usual, the most singular part of my person to them. A considerable number of female strangers were in the town to celebrate the feast of *Njambai*, one of their spirits; and these could not look at me or wonder at my appearance enough.

There was such a crowd, indeed, that next day food began to grow scarce, and I had to send Makondai over, with thirty men and some articles of barter to buy some plantains. In buying food, beads are the best trade. The women cultivate the ground and sell the surplus products, and they prefer beads above everything else. The women in all this country seem to have a good deal of privilege in this way. They are expected to feed their husbands; and Quengueza frequently tells his wives to feed him well and take good care of him, because he treats them well. But what is left or not needed of the fruits thus raised the men have no right to. The women sell and keep for themselves the articles received. Makondai returned next day with forty-five bunches of plantains and two fowls—a very good supply for the time.

Meantime the feast went on, and gave me a sleepless night, as no African feast or ceremony is complete without shouting, singing, drumming, and dancing, and playing on such a harp as is shown in the picture overleaf. Mbango, it appears, is the head or chief of his clan or family, which includes half-a-dozen towns within thirty miles around. As chief, Mbango keeps the idol of the clan, and all come hither at regular periods to sing songs of invocation to it. It is a female figure, of wood, nearly life-size, and with cloven feet like those of a deer. Her eyes were of copper; one cheek was painted red, and the other yellow. About her neck hung a necklace of tigers' teeth. She is said to have great power, and the people believe that on certain occasions she nods her head. She is said to talk frequently—as might, indeed, be expected. She is very highly venerated by the people.

I told Mbango that the noise near my house disturbed my

sleep, and the good fellow ordered his people to celebrate a little farther away. On the 30th and 31st, however, there was a dead silence and a great darkness. No light was allowed but my own. The mbuiti (idol) was set out in the middle of the street, and the people stood all around her. She is said to have bowed, walked about, and spoken to some one, expressing her pleasure



Harp of the Bakalai. The strings are made out of the dried root of a species of tree.

at two gazelles which had been offered her the night before. She ate some of the meat—so I was assured—and left the rest for the people.

On the 2nd (June) the women began their peculiar worship of Njambai, which, it seems, is their good spirit; and it is remarkable that all the Bakalai clans, and all the females of tribes I have met during my journeys, worship or venerate a spirit with this same name. Near the seashore it is pronounced Njembai, but it is evidently the same.

This worship of the women is a kind of mystery—no men being admitted to the ceremonies, which are carried on in a house very carefully closed. This house was covered with dry palm and banana leaves, and had not even a door open to the street. To make all close it was set against two other houses, and the entrance was through one of these. Quengueza and Mbango warned me not to go near this place, as not even they were permitted so much as to take a look. All the women of

the village painted their faces and bodies, beat drums, marched about the town, and from time to time entered the idol-house, where they danced all one night, and made a more outrageous noise than even the men had made before. They also presented several antelopes to the goddess, and, on the 4th, all but a few went off into the woods to sing to Njambai.

I noticed that half-a-dozen remained, and in the course of the morning entered the Njambai-house, where they stayed in great silence. Now my curiosity, which had been greatly excited to know what took place in this secret worship, finally overcame me. I determined to see. Walking several times up and down the street past the house to allay suspicion, I at last suddenly pushed aside some of the leaves, and stuck my head through the wall. For a moment I could distinguish nothing in the darkness. Then I beheld three perfectly naked old hags sitting on the clay floor, with an immense bundle of greegrees before them, which they seemed to be silently adoring.

When they saw me they at once set up a hideous howl of rage, and rushed out to call their companions from the bush. In a few minutes these came running in, crying and lamenting; rushing towards me with gestures of anger, and threatening me for my offence. I quickly reached my house, and, seizing my gun in one hand and a revolver in the other, told them I would shoot the first one that came inside my door. The house was surrounded by above three hundred infuriated women, every one shouting out curses at me; but the sight of my revolver kept them back. They adjourned presently for the Njambai-house, and from there sent a deputation to the men, who were to inform me that I must pay for the "palaver" I had made.

This I peremptorily refused to do; telling Quengueza and Mbango that I was their stranger, and must be allowed to do as I pleased, as their rules were nothing to me who was a white man and did not believe in their idols. In truth, if I had once paid for such a transgression as this, there would have been an end of all travelling for me, as I often broke through their absurd rules without knowing it, and my only course was to declare myself irresponsible.

However, the women would not give up, but threatened vengeance not only on me, but on all the men of the town; and as I as positively refused to pay anything, it was at last, to my great surprise, determined by Mbango and his male subjects

that *they* would make up from their own possessions such a sacrifice as the women demanded of me. Accordingly Mbango contributed ten fathoms of native cloth, and the men came one by one and put their offerings on the ground—some plates, some knives, some mugs, some beads, some mats, and various other articles. Mbango came again, and asked if I, too, would not contribute something; but I refused. In fact, I dared not set such a precedent. So when all had given what they could, the whole amount was taken to the ireful women, to whom Mbango said that I was his and his men's guest, and that they could not ask me to pay in such a matter, therefore they paid the demand themselves. With this the women were satisfied, and there the quarrel ended. Of course I could not make any further investigations into their mysteries. The Njambai feast lasts about two weeks. I could learn very little about the spirit which they call by this name. Their own ideas are quite vague. They know only that it protects the women against their male enemies, avenges their wrongs, and serves them in various ways if they please it.

On the 6th I went out to see the *mbando*, or *olako*, of Igoumba, the Ashira chief of whom I made mention at Goumbi. It lies about ten miles east from Mbango's town, and the people were engaged in cutting ebony, which was to be given to Quengueza. The camp was placed in a very beautiful spot, a half-clearing on the hill-side, not far from where the Niama Bembai falls down through the hills by several pretty cascades. This is a very pretty stream, which has its rise eastward in the Ashira country, and flows into the Ofoubou. Its bed is gravelly, and its waters clear and purling like some northern brook. Here it affords plenty of water-power, waiting for factories.

On the way I killed a beautiful bird, the *Apoloderma narina*, the size of the common dove, but with a splendid crimson breast, golden green on the back, and wings coloured a fine pearl gray. Also one of the men shot a young *T. calvus*, female. It was two feet eleven inches high, and was of a curious mulatto-colour.

The next day, 7th, we went on a gorilla-hunt. All the olako was busy on the evening of my arrival with preparations; and, as meat was scarce, everybody had joyful anticipations of hunger satisfied and plenty in the camp. Little did we guess what frightful death was to befall one of our number before the next sunset.

HUNTER KILLED BY A GORILLA.

I gave powder to the whole party. Six were to go off in one direction for gazelles and whatever luck might send them; and six others, of whom I was one, were to hunt for gorillas. We set off towards a dark valley, where Gambo, Igoumba's son, said we should find our prey. The gorilla chooses the darkest, gloomiest forests for its home, and is found on the edges of the clearings only when in search of plantains, or sugarcane, or pineapple. Often they choose for their peculiar haunt a wood so dark that, even at midday, one can scarce see ten yards. This makes it the more necessary to wait till the monstrous beast approaches near before shooting, in order that the first shot may be fatal. It does not often let the hunter reload.

Our little party separated, as is the custom, to stalk the wood in various directions. Gambo and I kept together. One brave fellow went off alone in a direction where he thought he could find a gorilla. The other three took another course. We had been about an hour separated when Gambo and I heard a gun fired but a little way from us, and presently another. We were already on our way to the spot where we hoped to see a gorilla slain, when the forest began to resound with the most terrific roars. Gambo seized my arms in great agitation, and we hurried on, both filled with a dreadful and sickening alarm. We had not gone far when our worst fears were realised. The poor brave fellow who had gone off alone was lying on the ground in a pool of his own blood, and I thought, at first, quite dead. His bowels were protruding through the lacerated abdomen. Beside him lay his gun. The stock was broken, and the barrel was bent and flattened. It bore plainly the marks of the gorilla's teeth.

We picked him up, and I dressed his wounds as well as I could with rags torn from my clothes. When I had given him a little brandy to drink he came to himself, and was able, but with great difficulty, to speak. He said that he had met the gorilla suddenly and face to face, and that it had not attempted to escape. It was, he said, a huge male, and seemed very savage. It was in a very gloomy part of the wood, and the darkness, I suppose, made him miss. He said he took good aim, and fired when the beast was only about eight yards off. The ball merely wounded it in the side. It at once began beating its breasts, and with the greatest rage advanced upon him.

To run away was impossible. He would have been caught in the jungle before he had gone a dozen steps.

He stood his ground, and as quickly as he could reloaded his gun. Just as he raised it to fire the gorilla dashed it out of his hands, the gun going off in the fall; and then in an instant, and with a terrible roar, the animal gave him a tremendous blow with its immense open paw, frightfully lacerating the abdomen, and with this single blow laying bare part of the intestines. As he sank, bleeding, to the ground, the monster seized the gun, and the poor hunter thought he would have his brains dashed out with it. But the gorilla seemed to have looked upon this also as an enemy, and in his rage almost flattened the barrel between his strong jaws.

When we came upon the ground the gorilla was gone. This is their mode when attacked—to strike one or two blows, and then leave the victims of their rage on the ground and go off into the woods.

We hunted up our companions and carried our poor fellow to the camp, where all was instantly excitement and sorrow. They entreated me to give him medicine, but I had nothing to suit his case. I saw that his days were numbered; and all I could do was to make him easy by giving him a little brandy or wine at intervals. He had to tell the whole story over again; and the people declared at once that this was no true gorilla that had attacked him, but a man—a wicked man turned into a gorilla. Such a being no man could escape, they said; and it could not be killed, even by the bravest hunters. This principle of fatalism and of transmigration of souls is brought in by them in all such cases, I think, chiefly to keep up the courage of their hunters, on whom such a mischance exercises a very depressing influence. The hunters are the most valued men in these negro villages. A brave and fortunate one is admired by all the women; loved—almost worshipped—by his wives; and enjoys many privileges among his fellow-villagers. But his proudest time is when he has killed an elephant or a gorilla and filled the village with meat. Then he may do almost what he pleases. The next day we shot a monster gorilla, which I suppose is the same one that killed my poor hunter, for male gorillas are not very plentiful.

June 11th. Yesterday I had a very severe chill, but was able

to check it with quinine, fortunately. The dry season has now definitely set in here, and the days are cloudy and the nights somewhat cool. We are no longer obliged to build shelters when sleeping out in the woods; and can hunt all day without being wet through as formerly—all which gives me a good deal of comfort.

The poor fellow who was hurt by the gorilla died on the 9th; and some men went out on the 10th and shot a large gorilla, whose remains were brought into camp with great rejoicings on their parts, but great rage on mine. My hunters had seen me skin gorillas and other animals so often that they thought they could do this for me, and, wanting the meat of this one, they took off the hide. So far so good; but the fellows did not know what a value I placed upon the bones, and, to save themselves time and labour, they broke the bones of the legs and of the pelvis. Thus a fine specimen was spoiled for me, or at least made incomplete. I scolded them so that they ran away into the woods, as they said, to get out of hearing of my tongue.

This gorilla was an adult male, and measured five feet seven inches in height.

With the dry season, which has now regularly set in, various migratory birds return from their wanderings, and enliven the forests and rivers, which are inhabited by other species during the rainy season. All nature has brightened up, and the long-dreary forest is alive with the chatter and song of birds. The spurred quail (*Peliperdrix Lathami*), with its pretty spotted breast, I met at every turn in the wood. The splendid *Numida plumifera* is more abundant; great numbers of kingfishers occupy the logs and overhanging branches on the rivers, watching for prey; and doves are cooing to each other all day long. In the little purling streams in the hill country a beautiful little otter has made his appearance, and watches, beneath rocks and in dark pools, for passing fish; while on the Ofoubou and the Rembo a large otter, with fine brown fur, plunges into the water almost before one can get even a sight of him. Several varieties of swallows twitter and skip over the water, and one flies, like the lark, so high that it can scarce be distinguished. Parrots, of varied colours and size, are screaming and chattering all day in the open woods. One in particular, the gray parrot, flies in flocks of hundreds together, and makes the whole wood alive

with its screams. These birds build their nests in hollow trees, and are very sociable in their nature.

Until the 1st of July we moved at random almost about the country between Mbango's town and the Rembo. Game is not at all plentiful, and we suffered occasionally from gouamba, I particularly, who do not like the meat of either the elephant or the crocodile—on which, nevertheless, I had to live by turns for a week at a time. The meat of the elephant is very tough and stringy. The natives smoke it, which makes it tougher still, and we had sometimes to boil it two days before it was masticable. It tastes rank and coarse, and has not a bit of the delicate flavour of hippopotamus-meat. As for the flesh of the crocodile, nothing but hunger could make me eat it; but necessity of that kind knows no law. It is really very white, and also tender; and the negroes think it delicious. But I could never conquer my disgust; and it seemed to me, besides, tasteless and dry.

This upper country has few musquitoes, but, in their stead, several varieties of flies, which are exceedingly troublesome. The *igoogouai* is a small, almost imperceptible gnat, which appears in great numbers in the morning, until ten o'clock, from which time it is seen no more till four, when its operations are recommenced, and last till sunset. These little flies are most determined bloodsuckers, very sly in their approaches, but leaving behind them a bite which itches terribly and for a considerable time. Small as they are, even the thick hides of the negroes are punctured by them. In hunting they are very troublesome, and often made my men so nervous that they could hit nothing.

Another is the *ibolai*, an insect twice as large as our common house-fly. It approaches you with a sharp whistle, and its sting is long and strong enough to pierce the thickest clothes one can wear in the heat of an African summer. The sting is so sharp that I have often jumped up with the sudden pain, which was as if a pin had been stuck savagely into my person. But the bite of this insect, if painful, does not last, like that of another of the same size, which is called the *nchouna*. This animal makes no noise to warn you of its approach, and inserts its bill so gently that often it gets its fill of blood before you know you are bitten. Presently, however, the itching begins, and lasts for several hours, varied, at intervals, by sudden sharp stabs of pain, as

though a scorpion had bitten you. Often this lasts the whole day. These last-named animals are found mostly on the rivers.

The *iboco*, another fly, is the size of a hornet, and very quick in its motions. Its bite is the most severe of all, and clothing is no protection from them. Often the blood has run down my face or arm from one of their savage attacks, and even the well-tanned skin of the negroes is punctured till it bleeds, so that one would think a leech had been at his work on them.

But most dreadful of all is the *eloway*, a nest-building fly (? wasp) which frequents the water-side, where its clay hives are hung to the pendent branches of trees. This fly is really a monster of ferocity, and the natives run from it as they do from no other animal or insect of these woods. The eloway is a little fly, shaped much like a bee, but not quite so big. The body is longer in proportion than that of a bee. Their hives are made of clay, and evidently have separate apartments, as the whole pendent bottle-shaped mass is filled with holes, each of which has a little roof over it. They generally choose a branch which is full of leaves for their *nago* or nest, and thus are hidden from view. The clay of the nest is so hard that even a bullet fired from a reasonable distance made no impression upon it, as I found by several trials. The hives seem to be very full; when disturbed I have seen them issuing in large swarms, and several from each hole.

When troubled they are very savage, and attack with a kind of blind rage. Sometimes when paddling down the Rembo a canoe accidentally strikes against a tree containing an eloway *nago*. Instantly they fall ferociously upon the men. The natives always dive into the water and swim under water for a little distance; but I noticed that if one of these venomous little insects had settled on a man, he clung to him even in the water, and had literally to be picked off. In such cases I always covered myself up with matting and lay still till they retired. Happily, they do not pursue far; and when the enemy is out of their sight they return quietly to their nests.

Their bite is exceedingly painful, and they leave in the wound an acrid poison, which pains for two or three days. At intervals of an hour the poison seems to gather fresh force, the wound begins to throb, and for a little while is excessively painful. The natives fear these eloways very much, and retreat with all expedition when they have accidentally disturbed a nest. When

they see a nest, also, they always paddle to the opposite side of the stream. Going nearly naked, they are very much exposed to its attacks; and its motions are so very quick that even a speedy tumble overboard does not generally save them from one or two bites.

Of snakes all this back country has a great abundance. A few are harmless; some of the large species attack the larger beasts and crush them in their folds; or, if smaller, they have poison-fangs. It is curious that the negroes have no vegetable or other remedy for a snake-bite; but they are not often bitten. The snakes are easily alarmed, and the noise of an approaching hunter scares them out of his path. Sometimes they hang from the limbs of trees, waiting, probably, for prey to pass beneath, and several times such a pendent animal has given me a fright by falling down beside me as I stood under a tree. But they never attack man, so far as I have seen. I saw and killed on several occasions pythons measuring from 20 to 25 feet; but the largest I ever saw had been killed by a party of natives, and was just skinned as I came up. This was on the Rembo. The skin measured a little over 33 feet in length.

The smaller snakes feed on birds, and squirrels, and rats, which I am convinced, from frequent observation, they are able to charm with their look. This power of charming I had always doubted, but was convinced by one day watching a venomous black snake, over four feet long, subduing and catching a squirrel which sat on the lower branch of a tree. It was in the rear of Obindji's town. I had gone out to shoot birds, and my attention was attracted by the very peculiar and continued chattering of a squirrel. When I saw it I did not know what to make of its movements. It seemed as though tied to its branch and very anxious to get away. Its head was thrust forward, its eyes fixed and glaring; but its body trembled, and was jerked about from side to side. All the time it was screaming and chattering in a really pitiable manner. Following the direction of its glance I saw the cause of its alarm. The black snake was slowly creeping out on the limb, and as steadily kept his eyes on his victim. The whole curious process went on under my inspection for at least ten or twelve minutes, during all which time the snake seemed to fix the gaze of the squirrel upon itself. The squirrel came nearer and nearer, until it reached

the mouth of the snake, which made a spring, grasped its prey in its mouth, and quickly coiled its folds about it.

I have seen many such cases of charming, both of birds and squirrels; and sometimes firing my gun dissolved the charm, by diverting momentarily the gaze of the snake.

Though snakes are dangerous animals, their presence is a great blessing to the country. They destroy great numbers of rats and mice, and other of the smaller quadrupeds which injure the native provisions; and it is but just to say, that while they sometimes frequent houses, and are fond of creeping over the roofs or along the hollow bamboos of the sides of the native huts, they are peacefully inclined, and never attack man unless trodden on. They are glad enough to get out of the way; and the most feared snake I saw in Africa (the *Echidna nasicornis*) was one which is very slow in its movements, from which cause it happens that it oftener bites people than others, being unable to get out of the way quickly. Though serpents abound in all parts of the country, I have travelled a month at a time without seeing one, probably on account of the bushy character of the country.

The country near the river, though hilly, is not entirely healthy for whites. I have had several attacks of fever, owing to the retiring water leaving the muddy soil bare and damp, but all were slight; and I suppose if a man came up here and lived carefully he would be quite safe. I sleep often in the forest, and am forced to be as reckless of health as a man can be; and I do not expect to escape fever if there is any in the country. The natives are generally tolerably healthy. I have seen cases of what I judge to be leprosy, but they have little fever among them, or other dangerous diseases.

Gambo and I have been hunting for a week after another gorilla. The natives said that a monstrous animal had been several times seen in the forest some ten miles to the east, and it was just such a one I needed to make my series complete. Therefore I determined to get him. On June 10th we were at last lucky enough to find him. We had been on the hunt for several hours, when we came upon tolerably fresh tracks of an animal which I saw must be a very large one. These tracks we followed cautiously, and at last, in a densely wooded and quite dark ravine we came suddenly upon the beast. There were two gorillas, a male and female. Owing to the dense jungle, in a

nook of which they were concealed, they saw us first. The female uttered a cry of alarm, and ran off before we could get a shot at her, being lost to sight in a moment in the bush. The male, however, whom I particularly wanted, had no idea of running off. He rose slowly from his haunches and at once faced us, uttering a roar of rage at our evidently untimely intrusion. Gambo and I were accompanied only by a single hunter and an Ashira boy, who bore an extra gun. The boy fell back, and we stood side by side and awaited the advance of the hideous monster. In the dim half-light of the ravine, his features working with rage, his gloomy, treacherous, mischievous gray eyes, his rapidly-agitated, and frightful, satyr-like features had a horrid look, enough to make one fancy him really a spirit of the damned.

He advanced upon us by starts, as is their fashion, pausing to beat his fists upon his vast breast, which gave out a dull, hollow sound like some great bass-drum with a skin of ox-hide. Then he roared, making the forest ring with his short bark and the refrain, which is singularly like the loud muttering of thunder.

We stood at our posts for at least three long minutes, guns in hand, before the great beast was near enough for a safe shot. In this time I could not help thinking of the misfortune of my poor hunter but a few days ago; and, as I looked at the gorilla before us, I could fancy the horror of the situation when, with empty gun, the poor fellow stood before his remorseless enemy, who came upon him, not with a sudden spring like the leopard, but with a slow, vindictive certainty which is like fate.

At last he stood before us at a distance of six yards. Once more he paused, and, raising his head, began to roar and beat his breast. Just as he took another step towards us we fired, and down he tumbled, almost at our feet, upon his face, dead.

I saw at once that we had the very animal I wanted. It is the oldest of all my collection, and very near the largest I ever saw. Gambo, who, though a young man, was still an old hunter, said a few were larger, but not many. Its height was five feet nine inches, measured to the tip of the toes. Its arms spread nine feet. Its chest had a circumference of sixty-two inches. The hands, those terrible claw-like weapons, with one blow of which it tears out the bowels of a man or breaks his arms, were of immense muscular power, and bent like veritable claws. I

could see how frightful a blow could be struck with such a hand, moved by such an arm, all swollen into great bunches of muscular fibre, as this animal possessed. The big toe was no less than six inches in circumference.

As we brought it into the olako, three women, who were pregnant, hastened out at the other end with their husbands, and nothing could induce them to return till the skin was dried and put away. They could not be convinced but that, if even the husband saw the beast, the wife would bear a young gorilla.

The people were very glad of the meat; and I was wishing I could eat it as they do—for I had no meat, and felt gouamba a little—when old Querlaouen sent me half a gazelle he had killed, which placed me beyond need for the present.

On the 13th of July we started for Obindji's town, on my return. Going down the Ofoubou, a canoe of Bakalai, strange to the river, were a little before us. Suddenly we saw them stop paddling and pitch headlong out of the canoe. My men said they had disturbed a nest of eloway, which we found afterwards to be the truth. Our canoe was immediately shot up stream for a quarter of a mile, and we waited an hour before the crew would venture past the dreaded eloway's nest; such is their fear of this revengeful little fly. Even then they were very careful to paddle quite over to the farther bank of the river.

The Rembo has lost a good deal of its waters since I was here on my way up. It has fallen from twelve to fifteen feet, but is yet deep enough for navigation. The numerous aquatic birds and waders which come in with the dry season now give the river a lively, pleasant air. The white sand which lines the shores is clean and bright, and with the cool mornings, which are sometimes foggy, and the bright green of the well-wooded banks, the traveller has a charming scene before him. The stream is still yellow, but is much clearer than it was a month ago. Then the rains were driving down a turbulent tide, laden with mud; now the clear waters roll on placidly, as though all was peace and civilization at their borders.

The country about here is probably the richest field for an enterprising naturalist now remaining in the world. Equatorial Africa seems to have a fauna of its own. The lion, common both to North and South Africa, is not found here at all. Neither are the zebra, gnu, giraffe, rhinoceros, or ostrich, and the great

number of antelopes so common in other parts of the continent, known here. There are no tame cattle, no horses, no donkeys; in fact, the only domesticated animals are goats and fowls, and a species of sheep. I do not think the *Bos brachicheros*, the wild bull of this country, could be tamed. It is found here, but not in such herds as roam on the Cape Lopez prairies. Several kinds of gazelles offer sport to the hunter-naturalist; and I saw several specimens of a very beautiful antelope hitherto unknown, which may be considered by far the handsomest antelope yet discovered in Africa. This animal, of which I am enabled to give an excellent representation, drawn from a well-preserved specimen in my collection, is rare, and very shy; swift of foot, as are all its kind, and exceedingly graceful in its motions, though more heavily built than most of the antelope kind. Among the carnivora, the leopard takes the first rank. It is a very large and majestic animal here. I have killed several over five feet long. There is also a hyena, whose raids among the goats are often troublesome; and several varieties of tiger-cats, of which the *Genetta Aubryana* and *Fieldiana* are of the finest species yet known. The crocodile is found in the swamps and lagoons which border the Rembo; the iguana occurs in the woods; while of monkeys there were a dozen new varieties; of squirrels upwards of half-a-dozen; and of rats several, the chief of which was fifteen inches long. Most of these are peculiar to this part of the continent, and are unknown to the north and south.

Among the most peculiar of the monkeys is the little oshingui, one of the smallest of the whole monkey tribe. It is a frolicsome and innocent little animal, and remarkable for its fondness for the water; so that where you meet one of them hopping about the branches overhead, you may be sure water is not far off. They always sleep on some tree whose branches overhang a water-course. This little monkey is also a great favourite with the monkey-birds (*Buceros albocrystatus*), which I often saw playing with it.

Of birds, the most remarkable which I shot in this region was the "nchalitoguay"—so called by the negroes. It resembles somewhat the Asiatic bird *Muscipeta paradisi*, and is one of the most graceful and lovely birds I ever saw. Its back, tail-cover, and very long flowing tail are pure milk-white; its crested head and breast are greenish-black, and abdomen an ashy-brown. The

THE BONGO ANTELOPE.

(*Trogelaphus albo-virgatus.*)

General colour, bright orange, with a chestnut patch between the horns and eyes, below which is a white crescent, having in the middle a dark brown stripe; but the chief features of the animal are the stripes on each side.

white feathers of the back seem to form a fine mantle, and give the bird a very singular appearance. This little bird has been named after myself, the *Muscipeta du Chaillui.*

At last, on the 2nd of August, I began to make preparations for a return to Biagano. It was high time. I was still suffering from fever attacks, and had not quinine enough left for one large dose, which might have put a stop to it. Solution of arsenic I did not like to take much of. As a febrifuge, it must be carefully used, and not very often, or it leaves its effects on the system.

Not only was I sick, but also poor and ragged. My clothes were torn and patched, and I looked, in reality, very little better or more civilized than my negro friends. Food was scarce; and though my friends and hunters, Querlaouen, Obindji, and others, gave me what they had, it was robbing them, I felt; and even then I did not get such food as I began to need. My goods, too, were all gone, so that even if I had been well I could not have gone farther into the interior. But the numerous hardships of this long trip, the sleeping night after night in wet clothes, the tramping through rain and hot sun, the sufferings from the intolerable gouamba, and the yet less tolerable total starvation—all these had done their work upon me, and I began to feel the want of a long and thorough repose. So I told Quengueza we must go.

Obindji was very sorry. I believe he and many of the others, particularly Querlaouen and his fellow-hunters, had conceived a real affection for me. They gave me of their poor store without ever asking for a return, and took all pains to please me and make me comfortable, even when they saw that my goods were getting very low. And I must own, that I had a kind of affection for a country where, in the discovery of new and strange animals, I had enjoyed one of the greatest pleasures possible to man. The rough life was forgotten when I looked at my precious collections; and the thought of a gorilla even now enabled me to shake off the fever.

I need not say that the faithfulness of the poor natives touched me nearly. Not one but had treated me as though I was his own brother; and I should have been a brute had I not heartily returned all their affection.

My little boys, Makondai and Monguilomba, who had acted so

bravely during all these months, were overjoyed when they saw my preparations for returning to the seashore. Quengueza, too, was tired of bush-life, as he called it—calling these Bakalai his bushmen. He is to go down to Biagano with me, where I can reward him for all his kindness and faithfulness to me. He had done royally for me in everything. Every fowl or goat he got as a present up here he gave me; I, in return, hunting for him. We always ate together at a table which I had made, and which was covered, when we were in town, always with a clean white cloth. I was anxious to show these people the difference between civilized and savage life, and this was one of the points most apt to strike them; for, like all rude people and little children, they are very observant of small things.

This day I had a glimpse at another curious superstition of these people. One of the hunters had shot a wild bull, and when the carcass was brought in the good fellow sent me an abundant supply of the best portions. The meat is tough, but was most welcome for a change. I had a great piece boiled for dinner, and expected Quengueza to eat as much as would make several hungry white men sick. Judge of my surprise, when, coming to the table and seeing only the meat, he refused to touch it.

I asked why?

"It is roondah for me," he replied. And then, in answer to my question, explained that the meat of the Bos brachicheros was forbidden to his family, and was an abomination to them, for the reason that many generations ago one of their women gave birth to a calf instead of a child.

I laughed; but the king replied very soberly that he could show me a woman of another family whose grandmother had given birth to a crocodile—for which reason the crocodile was roondah to that family.

Quengueza would never touch my salt-beef, nor even the pork, fearing lest it had been in contact with the beef. Indeed they are all religiously scrupulous in this matter; and I found, on inquiry afterwards, that scarce a man can be found to whom some article of food is not "roondah." Some dare not taste crocodile, some hippopotamus, some monkey, some boa, some wild pig, and all from this same belief. They will literally suffer the pangs of starvation rather than break through this

prejudice; and they very firmly believe that if one of a family should eat of such forbidden food, the women of the same family would surely miscarry and give birth to monstrosities in the shape of the animal which is roondah, or else die of an awful disease.

Sometimes I find that the fetich-man forbids an individual to touch certain kinds of food for some reason, or no reason rather. In this case the prohibition extends only to the man, and not to his family.

It is astonishing how strictly such gross feeders as they are adhere to their scruples. It shows the power a superstitious faith has even over a lawless people as these are. I am certain nothing in the world would have induced the old king to eat the flesh of the wild bull, or even to eat out of a dish in which that had been cooked or otherwise contained.

As we were preparing to go, my Bakalai friends came in with presents of provisions. Baskets of cassava, smoked boar-hams, sweet potatoes, and manioc are brought as freewill offerings, for they know I have little to give in return.

At last, on the evening of the 6th, I gave Obindji a present I had reserved for him, and which he well deserved, and on the following day we started in the canoes for Goumbi. All the chief people came to the shore to shake hands and say good-bye. All said I must come again and bring trade. Also, they said, I had spoken to them of white men coming to teach poor black people; and they would like to have some such teachers. They all had a look of regret at our parting, and nearly every one came with some little parting gift. I was very much touched myself at their simple affectionate ways.

When all was ready for a start Makondai fired a gun, and then I swung out the American flag to the breeze, the first time that it or any other flag of a civilized nation had floated over these waters. The people shouted, and we were off.

Presently, several miles down stream, we passed Querlaouen's plantation. He and his kind old wife and their children stood on the shore and beckoned me to stop. We paddled in, and the good fellow silently put into my boat another smoked boar-ham, while his wife gave me a great basket of sweet potatoes. As we started away again the wife shouted, "When you come back, bring me some beads." The children cried out, "When you

come back, bring us some cloth." But old Querlaouen stood still and silent like a black statue, until, by a turn of the river, he was lost to our sight.

On the next day we made a triumphant entry into Goumbi, where we remained two days to lay in provisions.

From Goumbi to Biagano our voyage was a triumphal procession. Quengueza accompanied me to show to Ranpano that he brought me back safe; and all of Goumbi that had canoes accompanied Quengueza for fun's sake, beating tam-tams, singing songs, and firing guns.

At last, on the 13th of August, I got back to Biagano, where the whole population turned out to receive me, headed by Ranpano and old Rinkimongami, my housekeeper. I found my house undisturbed, and my live-stock on hand and in good condition, and made old Rinkimongami very proud by expressing my satisfaction. He said, "Now you tell me what I stole?" And Ranpano exclaimed, "Ah! we don't steal from our white man."

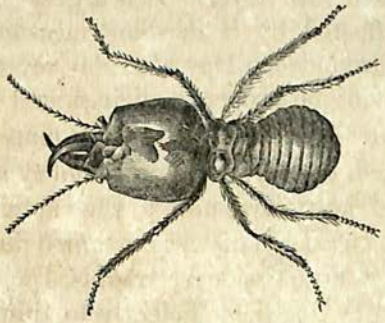
And now came the time when I was to pay for my long tour. It is quite usual for natives of the interior coming to the seashore to be seized with fever. It is a great change, and I expected to be affected by it in some measure. Nor were my expectations ungrounded. Day after day my fever attacks grew worse, until, having no proper medicines, and living necessarily here without many of the comforts a sick man needs, I was quite prostrated. Then, luckily, one day came by a vessel. Some of my men boarded her with a note to the captain. He *was* going to the Gaboon, and I gladly accompanied him. There, under the kind care of my missionary friends, I managed, in a short time, to recover my health sufficiently to think of another trip, in which I hoped to make a thorough geographical exploration of the farther interior.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Ants of Equatorial Africa — The Bashikouay — The Red Ant — The Nchellelay — The Little Ant — The Red Leaf-ant — The Nest-building Ant.

In the forests of this part of Africa are found vast numbers of ants, some of whose tribes are so terrible to man, and even to the beasts of the wood, from their venomous bites, their fierce temper and voracity, that their path is freely abandoned to them, and they may well be called lords of the forest.

I know of ten different species of ants found in these regions, all differing widely in their choice of food, the quality of their venom, the manner of their attack, or the time of their operation. The most remarkable and most dreaded of all is the *bashikouay*.



The Bashikouay Ant, magnified to twice its natural size.

This ant, also called *nchounou* by the Mpongwe, is very abundant in the whole region I have travelled over in Africa, and is the most voracious creature I ever met. It is the dread of all living animals, from the leopard to the smallest insect.

I do not think that they build a nest or home of any kind. At any rate they carry nothing away, but eat all their prey on the spot. It is their habit to march through the forests in a long regular line—a line about two inches broad and often

several miles in length. All along this line are larger ants, who act as officers, stand outside the ranks, and keep this singular army in order. If they come to a place where there are no trees to shelter them from the sun, whose heat they cannot bear, they immediately build underground tunnels, through which the whole army passes in columns to the forest beyond. These tunnels are four or five feet underground, and are used only in the heat of the day or during a storm.

When they grow hungry the long file spreads itself through the forest in a front line, and attacks and devours all it overtakes with a fury which is quite irresistible. The elephant and gorilla fly before this attack. The black men run for their lives. Every animal that lives in their line of march is chased. They seem to understand and act upon the tactics of Napoleon, and concentrate, with great speed, their heaviest forces upon the point of attack. In an incredibly short space of time the mouse, or dog, or leopard, or deer is overwhelmed, killed, eaten, and the bare skeleton only remains.

They seem to travel night and day. Many a time have I been awakened out of a sleep, and obliged to rush from the hut and into the water to save my life, and after all suffered intolerable agony from the bites of the advance-guard, who had got into my clothes. When they enter a house they clear it of all living things. Cockroaches are devoured in an instant. Rats and mice spring round the room in vain. An overwhelming force of ants kills a strong rat in less than a minute, in spite of the most frantic struggles, and in less than another minute its bones are stripped. Every living thing in the house is devoured. They will not touch vegetable matter. Thus they are in reality very useful (as well as dangerous) to the negroes, who have their huts cleaned of all the abounding vermin, such as immense cockroaches and centipedes, at least several times a year.

When on their march the insect-world flies before them, and I have often had the approach of a bashikouay army heralded to me by this means. Wherever they go they make a clean sweep, even ascending to the tops of the highest trees in pursuit of their prey. Their manner of attack is an impetuous *leap*. Instantly the strong pincers are fastened, and they only let go when the piece gives way. At such times this little animal

seems animated by a kind of fury which causes it to disregard entirely its own safety, and to seek only the conquest of its prey. The bite is very painful.

The negroes relate that criminals were in former times exposed in the path of the bashikouay ants, as the most cruel manner of putting them to death.

Two very remarkable practices of theirs remain to be related. When on their line of march they require to cross a narrow stream, they throw themselves across and form a tunnel—a living tunnel—connecting two trees or high bushes on opposite sides of the little stream, whenever they can find such to facilitate the operation. This is done with great speed, and is effected by a great number of ants, each of which clings with its fore claws to its next neighbour's body or hind claws. Thus they form a high, safe tubular bridge, *through* which the whole vast regiment marches in regular order. If disturbed, or if the arch is broken by the violence of some animal, they instantly attack the offender with the greatest animosity.

The bashikouay have the sense of smell finely developed, as indeed have all the ants I know, and they are guided very much by it. They are larger than any ant we have in America, being at least half an inch long, and are armed with very powerful fore legs and sharp jaws, with which they bite. They are red or dark-brown in colour. Their numbers are so great that one does not like to enter into calculations; but I have seen one continuous line passing at good speed a particular place for *twelve hours*. The reader may imagine for himself how many millions on millions there may have been contained here.

There is another species of bashikouay which is found in the mountains to the south of the equator. It is of great size. The body is grayish-white in colour; the head of a reddish-black. Its fangs are very powerful, and it is able to make a clean bite out of a piece of flesh. It is thus a very formidable animal; but fortunately its motions are not so quick as those of its fierce brother; it does not march in such vast armies, nor does it precipitate itself upon its prey with such irresistible fury. In its motions it is almost sluggish. They do not invade villages, nor climb trees in pursuit of prey; and I do not think them nearly so voracious as their fellows before mentioned. If they were, they could doubtless clear the country of every living thing, for

they are much more powerful. They are, in fact, to ants what whales are to fishes.

Next to the bashikouay come the *nchellelay*, or white ants. These troublesome animals do not bite or attack living things at all. They live on vegetable substances, and are particularly fond of cotton-cloth, paper, and old wood. They have a great aversion to daylight, and use all means possible to avoid it. To reach an object which is situated in the light they build a clay tunnel, through which they pass in safety. The clay seems to be moistened with some juices of their own, and becomes quite firm on exposure to the air. Their nests, which are curiously shaped, with overhanging flat roofs (exactly like a toadstool or gigantic mushroom), are constructed in the same manner, and are built up from within, the underground excavations doubtless furnishing clay for this purpose.

It is almost impossible to keep anything safe from these destroyers. They work in silence, unseen, and with wonderful rapidity. One night's negligence suffices to spoil a box of clothing or books. They seem to be attracted by smell rather than sight to their prey. They are always near; and they cut through any—the hardest—wood, in order to reach the object of their desires. I have noticed that they always cut through the middle of a piece of cloth first, as though they were trying to do as much mischief as possible. Such is their perseverance and destructiveness, that I think one of the greatest boons to this part of Africa would be to rid it of this pest.

The earth of which they build their houses becomes so hard, after it has been mixed with their saliva, that it stands the heaviest and longest rain-storms without melting or breaking away, and they last many rainy reasons. They leave no opening in their house for air or light, for both which they seem to have a particular aversion. And thus, too, they are protected from other ants who are their enemies, and against whom, being unarmed, they would find it difficult to defend themselves.

Among these enemies the chief is the bashikouay ant, which pursues the white ant with great fury. I have sometimes, when I noticed some of these white-ant-hills in the track of an army of bashikouay, knocked away the top. No sooner was this done than the bashikouay rushed to their work, and in a short time not a white ant was left.

When the house is only slightly injured, the working ants are called, and immediately set to work to mend the hole, using clay brought from the interior. The outside work is only carried on during the night.

These ants, though called white, are really of a straw colour. They emit a strong smell, especially if crushed.

The Little Ant.

This is a minute house-ant, found in myriads in every African village in this region, and a great plague; for the least carelessness with food on your part will bring them on you, and ruin everything you have eatable to which they can gain access. In an African's house all food is suspended from the ceiling by cords which are limed (*tarred* on the coast) to make the ants' passage impossible. But even then they sometimes *drop down* on their prey. Tables are set in cups of water on the coast to keep off these troublesome visitors. I was unfortunate enough once to leave my sugar-bowl within their reach. I returned in less than half-an-hour for it, and then already it was covered, inside and out, with countless thousands of these little scavengers. The whole bowl, inside and out, was one living, heaving mass of black.

They seem to have a very acute smell. They are never seen till something to eat is within their reach, and then they come —where from I do not know—in such vast numbers that the traveller is not only astonished, but alarmed at such a besieging army.

There are two kinds of these little ants, one red and the other black; but in other respects, so far as I know, alike.

The Black Ant

lives in the forests, generally in rotten trees, and is not troublesome, as it mostly hunts singly, not in swarms, and does not attack man unless it is first disturbed. When it does attack, its bite, as I have experienced, is very sharp and painful; but the pain does not last long, and the poison, if there is any, is not very virulent.

The Red Leaf-ant.

This animal has a singular manner of building its nest. It

prefers to live in certain trees, which very often are completely killed by these ingenious house-builders. They choose the end of a branch where there is generally a thick bunch of leaves. These leaves they glue one to the other by their edges in such a way that they make a bag the size of an orange, and this is the nest. It is a very singular sight to see a number of trees in the forests with pendants of this kind to every limb and branch; for they will build all over a tree, and so occupy and abuse it as very shortly to kill it. The bite of these ants is very painful, and their temper, as with most ants who can defend themselves, very vindictive. Woe to the traveller who inadvertently shakes a tree or branch on which these fellows have built. They immediately fall upon him in great numbers, and bite him without mercy.

There is a reddish-black ant, of medium size, which builds its nest about the roots of certain trees, which it ascends to eat the tender shoots of the branches. Its bite is rather painful, and it often kills the trees on whose shoots it feeds, and about whose roots it lives.

The common Black Sand-ant.

This is, next to the bashikouay, the most to be dreaded of any ant I met in Africa. It is a little black ant, living chiefly in the Camma country, near the villages, and found travelling solitarily through the sand of the prairie. Fortunately it is not very numerous.

Its bite is not felt at the time, but in a little while after there is a very severe and distressing pain as though a scorpion had bitten you; and this lasts, with intermissions, sometimes for many hours. After suffering half-a-dozen times from the bite of this little plague, I came to dread it more than any other ant or other venomous insect of Africa. The bashikouay gives you warning, and the bite is only painful at the moment; but this Camma ant attacks singly and unperceived, and you are bitten before you know it.

A Nest-building Ant.

There is also a black ant, which builds a very ingenious hanging nest, suspending it from the branches of trees. This nest is generally two feet long by a foot in diameter, and inside

is full of galleries and highways, where work is done, and food is stored, and eggs are laid, and the young are raised. To make these nests safe and waterproof in the heavy rains which prevail here, the ants construct them just as our houses are roofed or shingled, with this difference, that while the tiers of leaf which they use to shingle their building *overlap* each other, and thus shed the water, they do not touch each other—by which means a fine system of ventilation is kept up in the nest.

Small Underground Bashikouay.

This ant is not so much dreaded as the formidable reddish-black bashikouay. It is smaller, of a reddish colour, and does not live in the forest, but in the villages and houses among men. It does not appear in numbers above-ground till it smells food near. Then they issue from a great number of little holes in the ground, whose passages seem all to communicate with each other below the ground. Its bite, though not so terrible as that of the bashikouay, is still very painful. It is not a roving ant.

The large Red Ant.

This, though one of the largest of the African ants, does not attack man. It is a night ant, and is never seen by day; it even avoids candlelight. This ant is excessively fond of cooked meat, and also of sugar. It chooses its habitation in dark corners and hidden closets, where the light will not disturb it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Seasons and the Fevers of Equatorial Africa.

THE Western Coast of Africa has two seasons—the dry and the rainy season. Both the time and the duration of these seasons depend on the latitude and longitude of the place. That is to say, the sun rules the season; and whenever the sun is in the zenith of any given place, that spot has then its rainy season. Thus, when the rains are at their height in Senegambia, it is dry under the equator.

But the duration of the rains is also ruled somewhat by the general formation of the country. A wide open country or sandy desert has less rain and a shorter rainy season than a wooded tract; and the mountain ranges have the most rain of all. Thus, on the mountains in the interior, it rains much more and considerably longer than in the same latitude near the seashore.

The rainy season begins in the interior among the mountains, and gradually approaches the seashore; and, on the other hand, the dry season commences on the seaboard and passes to the interior. There is almost a month of difference in the seasons in these countries, though situated in the same latitude, and only about one hundred and fifty miles apart.

The tract nearest the equator on both sides has the longest rainy season; and as we approach the tropics the rains become shorter and the dry season longer.

Near the equator the rains begin about the middle or end of September, and terminate in the beginning, or sometimes not till the close of May. The dry season lasts from May to September.

But on or near the equator this long rainy season is interrupted by a short period, when the rains cease. This "little dry season" lasts from a month to six weeks, and sometimes even longer. It occurs in the middle or end of December, lasting into January or the beginning of February. During this time it rains very little.

The period of the "little dry season" is, therefore, that at

which the sun is nearest the southern tropic. As by the revolution of the earth the sun becomes non-vertical near the equatorial line, the rains again begin, and grow heaviest when the sun is on the line.

Though the rains are heavy before this little dry season, they are as nothing compared with those which follow. Tornadoes then become frequent, and blow with extraordinary force during February, March, and April.

During the rainy season the streams become swollen and overflow their banks, covering the flat country which borders their courses. The bush vegetation and the grass of the prairies grow luxuriantly; and when the waters retire a heavy deposit of fertile mud remains to enrich the soil, and also to breed fevers and other diseases.

During the rainy season on the coast the prevailing wind is from the south-west.

The hottest part of the year is during the rains. Near the equator the hot months are December, January, February, March, and part of April, though on the coast the thermometer ranges no higher than from 85° to 90°. A few weeks before the dry season sets in the days and nights become cooler, and the wind veers gradually from south-west to south. After the first month of the wet season it rains mostly only at night.

The dry season is the coolest part of the year in this part of Africa, and the natives often suffer from cold. The thermometer ranges as low sometimes, early in the morning, at 64°; the sky is overcast, which is peculiar to this season; the wind on the coast, which had blown from the land in the morning and from the sea by night, now almost turns into one steady sea-breeze, which blows strongly, especially in the afternoon and evening. This is the sickly season in Africa for the negroes, who at this time suffer much from pleurisies and fevers; and it is an uncomfortable fact that it is much healthier and safer for white men to explore the rivers in the dreary rainy season than in the many-ways charming dry season.

This dry season is to the negroes what summer is to us. They go more frequently on travels and trading-tours into the interior; their villages are deserted, everybody going out to the plantations; they burn the dry brush, cut down trees, and clear the ground for agricultural operations; and when the streams have

fairly receded within their banks, go out in search of ivory, which is often found on the dry bottoms of recently full lagoons, and near the recently overflown river-banks.

As we depart from the equator and approach the tropical bounds, the rainy seasons become shorter and the dry seasons longer. This is owing to the influence of the sun, as before explained; and not only is the rainy season shortened by the quicker passage of the sun over the regions nearest the tropical lines, but as the sun is for half the year near one or other of the tropics, so they lack the short intermediate dry season which is a relief to the long rains on the equator. Also, it is observed that the rains somewhat precede the sun in its course, and last, in any given place, until it has receded so far as to have no farther influence.

Near the equator, on the seashore, the rainy season marks its beginning by a continuous drizzle, but without much thunder during the first month. Thunder is heard rolling in the far distance in the direction of the mountains, and finally the rains come on in full force with thunder and lightning. Then the sun is at the zenith for that spot. As it moves to the south or north the rains gradually grow milder; and when the sun stands over the tropic of Capricorn there occurs on the equator that intermediate dry season to which I have alluded.

It is noticeable that the equatorial *dry* season is not interrupted by any short rainy season to balance the "little dry season" which interrupts the long rains at the time when the sun is near the southern tropic; also that the rains, which begin as the sun returns from the north, are more continuous while the sun is to the south of the equator than when it is to the north. Doubtless the conformation of the land and the prevailing winds operate to aggravate the rains at one time and to withhold them at another.

During the dry season there is little and often no perceptible dew.

The first care of a white man coming to remain for a time on the West Coast is to inure his body by degrees to the heat and to the miasms which create the fevers so fatal to the white race. On my first voyage to Africa I arrived in the hottest time of the year—in the middle of the rainy season. My chief solicitude was for a while to keep clear of fever; for those who are seized on

their first arrival suffer more severely, and are prostrated for longer periods afterwards than those who escape for a time.

I may as well state here that *all* white residents on this coast have the fever more or less. None escape altogether—too many die. That a good constitution, managed with prudence, will stand a good many attacks, is proved by my own experience and that of others. I suffered, in the four years over which this narrative extends, from no less than fifty attacks, and have swallowed quite fourteen ounces of quinine.

I will here relate the treatment which I found, after much experience, to answer best, both as preventive and curative; and by following which and living carefully, I was able to undergo with impunity such hardships and exposures as are too often fatal to white men on the African coast.

From the day of my arrival on the coast I took quinine morning and evening, in doses of three or four grains. This I have found a good preventive. When languor, headache, and aching of the limbs appeared as premonitory symptoms of fever, I increased the dose to eight or ten grains. Thus for the first month I took daily doses of quinine; and for the next month occasional doses, generally every two days. During my whole stay in Africa I took from time to time, even when in perfect health, doses of quinine or quinine wine as a prophylactic or preventive against malaria. Also I took daily, while near the coast, where such articles were, with care, attainable, either port or sherry wine, ale, or claret in moderation. When at my depôt for the time being, I always took care to have these articles at hand. In my journeys to the far interior I could not, however, encumber myself with such supplies. But I always provided a sufficient store of pure brandy to afford me at least a thimbleful daily. This I found an excellent remedy for cramps occasioned by bad food and indigestion, or exposure to wet and cold, and a very valuable tonic for the debilitated system of a half-starved explorer and hunter. Brandy and strong coffee, both daily, but in the greatest moderation, are, next to good habits and a good constitution, the best safeguards against disease to the traveller in Central Africa. Some of my good friends the missionaries sometimes remonstrated with me for what they thought setting a bad example to the natives, and I am bound to say they religiously abstained themselves, except when absolutely necessary.

But they do wrong; and a proof of this is, that many of them succumb to the climate and the fevers, and not one enjoys as good general health as was my good fortune; although the life of a traveller like myself was necessarily more exposed than that of one living steadily in one place, and not subject to extremes of exertion and of hunger.

The fact is that our American missionaries too often carry with them into the tropics the habits of our temperate and healthy climate, and make it a matter of conscience to adhere to such customs as are not at all calculated to preserve health under changed circumstances. Total abstinence may perhaps do for the temperate clime of the United States; but I have no hesitation in saying that a little wine, brandy, or ale every day is absolutely necessary to keep up the tone of the system in a white person in Africa. One esteemed friend, a missionary on the coast, had been a vegetarian at home. He adhered almost literally to this habit in his new field of labour, notwithstanding the advice of those who had experience of the coast. He ate nothing but fruits and vegetables, and, of course, presently contracted a dangerous dysentery. "Circumstances alter cases."

The climate of the West Coast is sickly and exhausting, not because of its extreme heats, but because of its high *average* temperature and moisture, and the universal prevalence of malaria. Owing to the prevalence of a sea-breeze, the mercury is rarely higher than 90° in the shade; but then it rarely falls below 80° for nine months in the year; and even in the remaining three—the dry season—it never gets below 64°. Thus the body gets no relief at all, and is gradually weakened until, finally, fever is brought on by some incautious exposure to the ever-present malaria.

Exposure to the mid-day sun must be carefully avoided. Whenever I walked in the sun, even mornings and evenings, I carried an umbrella over my head and a handkerchief in my hat. In fact, the theory of the *turban*—hot as that head-covering looks—is the true one for a tropical sun. White men cannot work much on the coast. They must rest a great part of every day. Nevertheless, regular exercise is highly beneficial; and those who walk or ride mornings and evenings always enjoy the best health. Between 10 A.M. and 4 P.M. exposure to the sun is dangerous, and should be carefully avoided by new comers.

Finally, coffee is a healthy beverage. And when the system becomes accustomed to quinine, and this medicine ceases to operate, sometimes a small dose of Fowler's solution of arsenic will be found very successful in stopping the chills.

The African coast fever is caused by the miasms which rise from the immense swamps which line this part of the coast, and which are, in fact, the mouths of the various rivers and their lower tributary creeks. These, falling into the low lands, are there dispersed, and become sluggish. Their beds are filled with decaying vegetable matter brought in immense masses from the upper country during the rainy season. The banks are lined and overgrown with dense masses of mangroves, bamboos, and other water-loving trees and jungle, which keep out the light of the sun; and now, when the dry season comes on, the miasms rise and are dispersed, so that no part of the coast is free from their influence.

The heavy rains which prevail during the long rainy season of eight or nine months suffice to saturate the soil, and to decay the mouldering vegetable substance which meanwhile accumulates. The heats of the dry season drain the creeks and expose their beds, which now exhale such poisonous vapours as even the natives cannot withstand. These find the *dry* season the most sickly; and most white residents have a similar experience—contrary to the commonly received opinion. I have no doubt that the great mortality of several African exploring expeditions arose, in a measure, from the mistaken supposition that the dry season was the safest for such ventures.

The beginning of the rainy season is another period of especial unhealthiness. Then the river-beds are still heated, and the first rains are immediately exhaled into feverish vapours. It is only after a severe and continued drenching, when the rainy season is fully set in, that African rivers should be explored.

The preliminary symptoms of fever, which are of the utmost importance for preventive purposes, are too generally overlooked by those newly arrived on the coast. To old stagers, who have had experience, they afford the opportunity, by care and a considerable dose of quinine, to stave off the attack.

These symptoms set in generally a few hours before the chill. Incautious exposure to the mid-day sun, sitting in wet clothes, or unusual excitement, however, often precipitate the attack. I

have seen a man lose his temper, and almost instantly fall into a chill. In fact, the mind must be guarded as well as the body when illness is threatened.

The premonitory symptoms are: loss of appetite and irritability of temper; then heaviness of the head, languor, aching of the limbs, an unpleasant taste in the mouth, continual yawning and stretching, and general prostration.

If these are neglected, there follows gradually a slight sensation of cold. The sufferer seeks shelter from the breeze and puts on an overcoat. Finally comes the regular chill, which is sometimes light, but oftener very severe.

When the chill has lasted for a considerable but variable time, it disappears, and fever sets in. Often the close of the chill is varied with sudden flashes of heat, succeeded by the cold. The hot stage generally lasts about six hours, and subsides gradually. On its cessation the patient feels relieved, but finds himself greatly prostrated. His face is shrunken and pallid, and he has a generally cadaverous appearance.

In some cases fevers begin without chills, but only preceded by headache, nausea, pains in the back and limbs, &c. I have had many more fevers than chills, and was often taken first by fever.

Meantime, between the attacks of fever, quinine must be immediately given, and in as large doses as the system can bear; for Africa is not a place for small doses. The medicine may be taken internally, which is the usual way; or the body may be rubbed with it, in which case a larger quantity must be used, as the pores do not imbibe it readily; or, finally, it may be used by injection.

Frequently the medicine does not prevent a return of the chill for one or even two paroxysms, and at periods of from twelve to twenty-four hours. In this case the symptoms are increased. In the fever stage the skin becomes red and hot, the face turgid, the eyes bright and watery; there is violent pain in the head, great thirst, and often distressing and continued nausea. Sometimes nausea is so severe as to make the internal application of quinine impossible, in which case rubbing it into the skin and taking it by injection will be found useful. But long-continued nausea often seriously complicates the disease and weakens the body, thus making it less able to resist attacks.

During the fever the pulse is always increased in frequency and force; but the range is great, varying from 80 to 130 beats per minute, even in simple and uncomplicated fevers. To allay thirst, weak lemonade is given. The period of recovery varies, of course, with the severity of the attack; but even in very mild cases several days are required to re-establish the patient's health.

The disease I have described is the common and mild form of coast-fever, the simplest and least dangerous of all. Often, however, other symptoms appear with these, and cause a complicated intermittent, which is much more serious, because more difficult to treat when it has once become chronic.

This is occasioned by inflammation of the spleen and liver. The spleen is subject to a chronic enlargement where patients have suffered from intermittent fever, and persons suffering from such enlargement should not remain on the coast. Affections of the spleen cannot always be known without percussion; but affections of the liver are easily recognized by their effect upon the complexion. The white of the eyes becomes yellow, and the whole complexion is sallowed.

Intermittent fever often approaches very insidiously, the first chills being so light as to be almost invariably neglected, until finally a decided chill proclaims that the fever-demon has gained possession.

But the most dangerous form of fever in Africa is that known as malignant or pernicious fever. To this violent disease stout and full-blooded men are much more subject than lean and thin persons. It is noticeable that the African climate is much more fatal to full-blooded, robust, hearty people, than to those who are lank and thin. No length of residence or completeness of acclimation exempts a man from this last-mentioned form of fever. The oldest residents are sometimes carried off with a speed which is truly frightful. The disease not unfrequently runs its course in twenty-four to thirty-six hours.

The approach of malignant fever is very insidious. An attack begins mostly with an ordinary chill, attended by no unusual or marked symptoms. Sometimes the patient has had a light chill a day or two before this, which he has neglected. Sometimes he has felt slightly unwell for ten or fourteen days; has complained of loss of appetite and general weariness; but, as these symptoms are not very marked, they are very apt to be overlooked, espe-

cially with new comers. It requires one fully on his guard and familiar with all the symptoms to detect its approach.

The real attack may begin with a chill or with a fever, but its effects are, in either case, at once evident in a peculiarly yellow skin and haggard countenance. In fever there is profuse perspiration, a rush of blood to the head, high and irregular pulse, and general prostration. Sometimes the body is hot, but dry. Thirst is urgent, but the stomach rejects whatever is swallowed.

Now is the time to give quinine in large doses. In such cases I have stopped or rather cured the attack by taking this medicine at the rate of 60 grains per day, 20 grains at a dose; and if I were suffering from a severe attack, I should not hesitate to take in one day 150 grains.

If the paroxysm of fever returns, it is with renewed force, and the third attack is commonly fatal. Before death the patient becomes insensible: there is violent vomiting, which is, in fact, but a regurgitation of the ingesta, mixed with green and yellow fluids. Immediately after the chill, and even before this has passed off, the urine becomes dark red or black. The pulse is very irregular, the breathing slow, and finally the patient sinks away into a state of coma, and dies without a struggle.

There is another form of attack which ends even more quickly than the one just described. In this there is no yellowness. The countenance is pale, and has a peculiar ghastliness and wildness of expression. The skin is cold to the touch, though the patient does not complain of cold. The whole surface is almost insensible to stimulants. The pulse is generally small and very frequent, particularly in the beginning. Under these symptoms sometimes a patient sinks away, reaction never occurring. The treatment here must be stimulating. In the last stages there is sometimes blindness and deafness; in others there is not only entire prostration of the intellect, but raving delirium, and the patient must be held in bed by force. This soon ends in stupor and death.

The natives sometimes suffer from fever, though by no means as frequently as the whites. With them the chills return sometimes every third or seventh day for some weeks, and finally wear out of themselves. I have known a few—four or five—instances where natives died of malignant fever, but this does not happen often. In the cases I saw they had first, for a few

days, the usual chills, which then turned into malignant fever, under which they sank.

In cases of malignant fever, inflammatory complications of the liver, spleen, or brain greatly aggravate the attack, and almost always give the disease a fatal turn.

If the chills are broken by medicine they are apt to return at longer but regular intervals, mostly in seven, fourteen, or twenty-one days, and precautions should be used against such returns. It is well to take quinine twelve or twenty-four hours before the periodical return of the chill.

Persons residing permanently in any fever district are more liable to attacks than those who are moving about, and in this I had an advantage, though on several occasions a return to the coast from the interior brought on a fever which probably I should have escaped had I remained all the time on the coast. Where a fever is not broken readily by medicine, it is prudent to try a temporary change of locality.

I will conclude this chapter by a summary account of my course of treatment of myself in a fever attack. When the chill was felt I covered myself heavily to induce perspiration. Then my extremities were severely rubbed with pepper and mustard to restore their temperature. The thirst of fever was quenched with cold lemonade. Costiveness was averted by cathartics. For headache cold water was applied, and, when this was without effect, leeches, which are very abundant almost everywhere in this region. If my liver was affected I took calomel, and also applied leeches. Meantime quinine was taken in doses of from 4 to 12 grains, and at the rate of from 12 to 60 grains per day, according to the violence of the attack. And when the fever was broken I continued to take four or five grain doses daily for some weeks, as a preventive.

The treatment must be energetic. Delays are most dangerous; and I have found it well to meet every individual symptom, so far as possible, with a remedy. In intermittent chills, where the paroxysm returns generally after seven days, I was very careful to take quinine the day before and on the day of the chill a few hours before it came on. Patients should not be frightened by the slight deafness and ringing in the ears, which is one of the immediate effects of quinine. These effects go off presently, and they are useful as evidence that the drug has taken effect.

During my residence in Africa I paid much and close attention to the phases of fever; but it was not till after some years of careful study of my own symptoms that I became able to detect its insidious approach with any degree of certainty, and thus, by timely preventives and care, ward off many attacks.

In justice to myself, my readers, and particularly the medical profession, I must say, in conclusion, that I have never studied medicine, and know nothing of diseases or their remedies beyond what my necessities, as a traveller in a barbarous and sickly country, have compelled me to learn experimentally. But necessity is an able teacher.

CHAPTER XIX.

Politics: the Government, Superstitions, and Slave System of Equatorial Africa.

I HAVE found it most convenient to consider these three subjects together, because each is intimately affected by the other; and to treat of them separately would be almost impossible.

Among the tribes which I visited in my explorations I found but one form of government, which may be called the patriarchal. There is not sufficient national unity in any of the tribes to give occasion for such a despotism as prevails in Dahomey and in other of the African nationalities. I found the tribes of Equatorial Africa greatly dispersed, and, in general, no bond of union between parts of the same tribe. A tribe is divided into numerous *clans*, and these again into numberless little villages, each of which possesses an independent chief. The villages are scattered, are often moved on account of death or witchcraft, as I have already explained in the narrative, and not unfrequently are engaged in war with each other.

The chieftainship is, to a certain extent, hereditary, the right of succession vesting in the brother of the reigning chief or king. The people, however, and particularly the elders of the village, have a veto power, and can, for sufficient cause, deprive the lineal heir of his succession, and put in over him some one thought of more worth. In such cases the question is put to the vote of the village; and where parties are equally divided as to strength, there ensue sometimes long and serious palavers before all can unite in a choice. The chief is mostly a man of great influence prior to his accession, and generally an old man when he gains power.

His authority, though greater than one would think, judging from the little personal deference paid to him, is final only in matters of every-day use. In cases of urgency, such as war or any important removal, the elders of the village meet together and deliberate in the presence of the whole population, who finally decide the question.

The elders, who possess other authority and are always in the counsels of the chief, are the oldest members of important families in the village. Respect is paid to them on account of their years, but more from a certain regard for "family," which the African has very strongly wherever I have known him. These families form the aristocracy.

Except in the neighbourhood of the Gaboon, trade with whites is yet insignificant. There is no property in land; they have no cattle, and the riches which give a man consequence consist, therefore, of slaves and wives. The more wives (and fathers-in-law) the more power. The more slaves, the more ease and plenty. The nature of the country and the total absence of national *esprit*, makes such vast predatory wars as we hear of in Dahomey and other kingdoms impossible in this great region. Nevertheless, life and property are by no means secure. The African is a jealous creature. He watches his neighbour's prosperity with jaundiced eyes, and a man acquires wealth in slaves and wives at the constant risk of his life. His relatives cannot help thinking of their rich inheritance if he were out of the way. His neighbours would like to plunder him. And so presently rumours are raised that he is a potent and evil-minded sorcerer —that he "possesses a witch;" then come accusations—witnesses are but too easily obtained—the case is sure to go against him—and he flees for refuge to another tribe, remaining in lifelong banishment; or, if he faces it out, is compelled to try the poison ordeal, and, unless he has firm and influential and faithful friends —a rare thing here—he perishes.

As for other property, such as ivory or trade goods, these are carefully concealed—only the owner, his head wife, and a few trusty friends knowing of their existence.

The villages in all this region are not very populous. Very few have a thousand inhabitants, many have only a few hundreds, and many more not even a hundred. Large expeditions for purposes of robbery or murder are therefore impossible: still less possible because of the nature of the country, which is an almost impenetrable forest, and because the people have no beasts of burden or draught to convey them.

Nevertheless, wars are frequent, and in some parts almost constant. Quarrels or palavers arise on account of bad faith in trade; intrigues with strange women; a desire for slaves, either

for domestic service or for the foreign trade; wanton or vindictive accusations of sorcery; and often out of mere commercial or social jealousy of the neighbours' superior prosperity or good luck.

In war they show no bravery, although on the hunt they are certainly brave enough. They despise boldness and admire cunning; prefer to gain by treachery, if possible; have no mercy or consideration for the enemy's women and children; are cruel to those who fall in their power.

The system of slavery, as it prevails here, is not at all understood, and I shall endeavour to make it plain to my readers. In the first place, I ought to state that its existence has no connection at all with the foreign slave-trade. There were slaves held here long before a barracoon was built on the coast—probably long before the good priest Las Casas thought of relieving his poor Indians by substituting black men in their place. History testifies of this. Nor is it continued because of the present foreign slave-trade. It has an independent existence, and is ruled by laws of its own.

There are two kinds of slaves in all the tribes I met. One class are domestic servants, who are not sold out of the tribe, and who, while suffering some disabilities as slaves, have yet a large portion of liberty, and a certain voice and influence in the village where they are owned. They are protected by their master; have often property of their own; and their chief duty is to provide him with food, either by hunting or by assisting in the tillage of the ground, which is the labour of free *women* and the female slaves.

Masters are seldom very severe with their slaves, and this because they fear the slave will in revenge bewitch them. The slave is held to be in a very inferior position to a free man; and the master may kill his slave if he will, no one having the right of interfering between them. The laws or customs of the country protect him in this privilege, which I have myself known to be exercised. Many slaves enjoy the confidence of their masters to that degree that they are sent on long trading journeys with much valuable property. They are generally faithful to such trusts.

Those tribes which have a connection with the coast, and a foreign market for their slaves, also employ themselves in purchasing slaves from other tribes to supply this trade. This is a

distinct kind of slavery, however; and the domestic slave is, in most cases, in no fear of being sold to the coast so long as he is accused of no crime. The foreign slave-trade is now supplied almost entirely from the interior. Thus many of that singular people, the Fans, have been recently brought down to the coast. So the Ashira and Apingi, and members of tribes living even beyond them, and totally unknown to the whites, find their way down to the Cape Lopez and other barracoons, handed along from tribe to tribe just like a tusk of ivory or a stick of ebony.

It may easily be imagined that the effect of this foreign demand on the tribes living nearest the coast is to multiply accusations of witchcraft and other crimes, for which slavery is a punishment, and thus to enlarge the evils of this system. But it must also be admitted that, whereas now a man is too valuable to kill and is sold, if the foreign demand did not exist, *all* men accused of sorcery would be barbarously murdered.

Inquire of the men of any tribe in this region, and they will tell you that they do not sell their own people, but that *they* are all freemen. Nevertheless, the observer will find that debtors are often sold; sorcerers, adulterers, and cheats are either sold or killed; and in all palavers, of whatever kind, the man who goes to the wall is pretty sure to be sold off. They do not keep such people in their own tribes, but sell them to the next tribe, as I have remarked before. Where tribes are fast disappearing, the children born slaves in the country of their master are not sold, but form a kind of population apart.

No better illustration could be given of the way in which the slave-system has ingrafted itself upon the life and policy of these tribes than this,—that, from the seashore to the farthest point in the interior which I was able to reach, the commercial unit of value is a slave. As we say dollar, as the English say pound sterling, so these Africans say slave. If a man is fined for an offence, he is mulcted in so many slaves. If he is bargaining for a wife, he contracts to give so many slaves for her. Perhaps he has no slaves; but he has ivory or trade goods, and pays of these *the value* of so many slaves—that is to say, as much ivory, or ebony, or bar-wood, or the amount in trade goods which would, in that precise place, buy so many slaves. For it must not be forgotten that at every short remove into the interior the slave's value diminishes; so that, among the Apingi, a slave is

worth only about one-seventh what he would bring at Cape Lopez. This deterioration, however, is balanced by the increased value of trade goods, for which the demand always exceeds the supply, and which, therefore, to some extent, rule the market.

If a man is fined a certain number of slaves, he may pay in "trade" of any kind. If he has no slaves or goods, then he is often sold himself, and the proceeds, be it ivory or other "trade," are divided among those to whom the fine was incurred.

It is a mistake to suppose that the slave-trade is the cause of all the wars and quarrels of the African tribes and nations. Where it plays a part, it doubtless aggravates these; but the total absence of any law but that of the strongest—the almost total ignoring of the right of property, and the numerous superstitions of the people, are the fertile causes of constant warfare.

A greater development of regular civilized trade would be a great boon to these people. Many articles, such as guns, powder, tobacco, brass, and iron in various shapes, &c., have become necessities to the tribes who are within reach of white trade; but they are never obtainable in nearly sufficient quantities, and consequently are held very precious. Now the high prices are a great temptation to the cupidity of the African, who, having a power of life and death over his children, often does not hesitate to sell these where other produce is lacking. He finds that one of his children is not bright, that it has no sense, or that it wants to bewitch the father. Then a consultation ensues with the relatives of the mother; they are promised a share in the produce of the sale—for they have rights also in the child—and, when they are brought to consent, the unhappy child is sold off.

With the increase of legitimate trade such temptations will be done away with. At the same time, I am convinced that the introduction of agricultural industry, the planting of cotton and sugar for export, when these ends are accomplished will only serve to rivet the bonds of the slave by so much as they will increase his value to the master. Now, the slave only adds to his master's ease and consequence; then, he will appeal to his cupidity. Show him that he can make a profit on his labour, and he will never consent to set him free.

Polygamy exists everywhere. A man's great ambition is to have a great many wives. These cultivate the ground for him, and it is, in fact, their duty to feed him. He does not interfere

with their labours on the soil. They are responsible for his daily food. The man buys his wife of her father for a sum agreed on, often when she is but a child. She becomes his wife sometimes at the age of five, and sometimes still younger. Often the young child is placed under care of the future husband's chief wife, a privileged personage, who superintends her husband's affairs, shares his secrets, rules his other wives, and to intrigue with whom is a special and greater offence than adultery with the others. A man's claims on his father-in-law for help in trade, or in a palaver, are rigidly respected, and this gives additional value to a great number of wives. I have found that the wives rarely disagree among themselves. Early marriage and hard treatment makes many of the women childless; and greegrees, which are believed to cure sterility, are in great demand all over the country. Children, whether male or female, are thought a great blessing, not only to the father, but to his village, whose consequence is increased by every birth. They know very little of the right care of children, and a great proportion of the infants die.

Men marry at every opportunity, and at all ages up to seventy or eighty. As long as he can buy wives, this is his great ambition. Obedience is the wife's first duty, and it is enforced without mercy. Such a whip as is figured below is an important instrument found in every house. It is made of the hide of the hippopotamus or manatee, and is a barbarous *weapon*, as hard and heavy as iron. This is laid on with no light hand, the worthy husband crying out, "Rascal, do you think I paid my slaves for you for nothing?" The wives are more harshly treated than the slaves—a stroke of the whip often leaves a life-long mark; and I saw very few women in all my travels who had not some such marks on their persons.

Whip, or the African Peace-maker.

The women in all the tribes are much given to intrigue, and chastity is an unknown virtue. As they are not confiend in

their movements, but roam about freely and till the soil, opportunity is never wanting. And if a woman has many children, her many sins are easily forgiven her. Then she is the pride, not only of her husband, but of the whole village.

Fetichism is the name applied by Europeans to the religion of the tribes and natives of western and southern Africa. It is derived from the Portuguese term *feiticão*, signifying *magic*; and this, in turn, comes from the Nigritian *feitico*, which means "a magic thing." Among the tribes with which I am familiar, there is no native generic term equivalent to our word *religion*, and no necessity for one, as they have no idea of a system of belief. By fetichism is understood the worship of idols, and animate and inanimate objects, such as serpents, birds, rocks, mountain peaks, feathers, teeth, &c.; and the belief in good and evil spirits, in the power of charms (called monda), and in the significance of dreams.

Their religious notions are of the loosest and vaguest kind, and no two persons are found to agree in any particulars about which the traveller seeks information. After the most careful and extensive inquiries, I am unable to present an array of items from which the reader may make up a theological system. Superstition seems in these countries to have run wild, and every man believes what his fancy, by some accident, most forcibly presents to him as hurtful or beneficial.

The only point on which I have come to a determinate conviction is that, though these people lay offerings upon the graves of their friends; though they even sometimes shed the blood of slaves on the grave of a chief or of a father of a family; though they fear the spirits of the recent dead; though their belief in sorcery is very strong: yet they are sunk in an utter materialism, and not only have no definite ideas as to the state of the soul after death, but do not even believe in its existence for any considerable time after it leaves the body.

They fear the spirits of the *recently*-departed; and besides placing furniture, dress, and food at their graves, return from time to time with other supplies of food. When men and women are slain over a grave, they even believe that their spirits join that of him in whose honour they have been killed. During the season appointed for mourning, the deceased is remembered and *feared*; but when once his memory grows dim, the negro

ceases to believe in the prolonged existence of the departed spirit.

Ask a negro where the spirit of his grandfather or great-grandfather, whom he did not know, is, and he will reply confidently that it is "done," "gone out," no more, or that he does not know where it has gone.

I have frequently held such conversation as this:

"Do you believe there is a God?"

"Yes."

"Do you think you will see this God when you die?"

"No."

"After death all is done," is a proverb always in their mouths. The fear of spirits of the departed seems an instinctive feeling for which they do not attempt to account to themselves, and about which they have formed no theory. They believe the spirit is near and about them; that it requires food and property; that it can and sometimes does harm them. They think of it as a vindictive thing, to be feared and to be conciliated. But as the memory of the departed grows dim, so does this fear of his spirit vanish. Ask a negro about the spirit of his brother who died yesterday, and he is full of terror; ask him about the spirit of those who died long ago, and he will tell you carelessly, "It is done;" that is to say, it has no existence.

This total lack of generalization or systematizing a belief is very curious, and goes through all their individual superstitions. Thus a negro told me such a man's soul (whom he knew), when he died, went to the woods, and now inhabited a certain bird, which was therefore sacred. But when I asked if he believed in the transmigration of souls, he confidently told me *No.* He believed in this particular case, and for some special reason, but no farther. The ouganga or doctor had said so, or he had dreamt it, or it was the current belief. But beyond that he did not think.

I found in all the tribes I visited a faith in the existence and power of two great spirits, one called Abambou or Ocoucou, and the other Mbuirri. They have other names in various tribes, but wherever I journeyed I found this belief. Both appear to be evil spirits, though sometimes willing to do good. They are not represented by idols, but have houses built for their occupation when tired of wandering, food offered to them, and are

feared and implored to do no harm. One is generally counted so much less evil than the other, that he may be called a good spirit in some cases, and by comparison. Some tribes believe them to be married to two female spirits. They are said sometimes to walk into the village by night and to let their voices be heard. These two spirits are the potent ones; they seem to be more powerful than all the others. In sickness and on other grave occasions they are always invoked.

The name *Aniambié* stands, I think, for *God*. But yet they have no idea of a Supreme and Almighty Spirit, Creator and Preserver. The word *aniemba*, which sounds much like the previously-named, and is probably derived from the same root, signifies "possessed by a witch."

The large idol of a clan is kept in a house made for the purpose, and hither come its worshippers when they are about to proceed on a hunting or other important expedition. They present food, and then invoke its protection by dancing and singing before it.

Such idols are handed down from generation to generation, and are much feared. There are also *private* idols, possessed and worshipped by individuals; but these have less authority.

Their idols, which are always repulsive figures, are believed to speak, to walk about, to eat and drink—in short, to perform all, or nearly all, the functions of a man. It is remarkable that they have no priests. The *ouganga* or doctor is their wise man and medicine-man—he who exorcises evil spirits and puts power into their charms; but he has nothing to do with the idol.

Next in order, after the idols, come the charms or greegrees, called by them *monda*. Greegree, like fetich, is a term of European origin. In these mondas they have implicit faith. No negro in all this region but has about his person one or more of these articles. The preparation gives a considerable revenue and much honour to the doctors, who have, however, themselves the greatest confidence in these things. The mondas are generally worn about the neck or waist; are made of the skins of rare animals, of the claws of birds, of the teeth of crocodiles or leopards, of the dried flesh and brains of animals, of the feathers of rare birds, of the ashes of certain kinds of wood, of the skin and bones of serpents, &c. &c. Every greegree has a special power. One protects from sickness; another makes the heart

of the hunter or warrior brave; another gives success to the lover; another protects against sorcery; some cure sterility, and others make the mother's breast abound in milk for her babe. The charmed leopard-skin worn about the warrior's middle is supposed to render that worthy spear-proof; and when he has an iron chain about his neck no bullet can hit him. If the charm fails, his faith is none the less firm, for then it is considered that some potent and wicked sorcerer has worked a too powerful counterspell, and to this he has fallen a victim.

The greatest curse of the whole country is the belief in *aniemba*, sorcery or witchcraft. The African firmly believes death to be always a *violence*. He cannot imagine that a man who was well two weeks ago should now be lying at death's door with disease, unless some potent wizard had interfered, and by witchcraft broken the thread of life and inflicted sickness. They have the most terrible and debasing fear of death.

"Are you ready for death?" I sometimes asked.

"No!" would be the hasty reply. "Never speak of that; ah!" with a shudder of horror.

And then a dark cloud settled on the poor fellow's face; in his sleep that night he had horrid dreams, and for a few days he was suspicious of all about him, fearing for his poor life, lest it should be attacked by a wizard.

If the African is once possessed with the belief that he is bewitched, his whole nature seems to change. He becomes suspicious of his dearest friends. The father dreads his children—the son his father and mother, the man his wife, and the wives their husband. He fancies himself sick, and really often becomes sick through his fears. By night he thinks himself surrounded with evil spirits. He covers himself with fetiches and charms, makes presents to the idol and to Abambou and Mbuirri; and is full of wonderful and frightful dreams, which all point to the fact that the village is full of wicked sorcerers. Gradually the village itself becomes infected by his fears. The people grow suspicious. Chance turns their suspicions to some unlucky individual, who is supposed to have a reason for a grudge. Finally, the excitement becomes too high to be restrained; and often they do not even wait for a death, but begin at once the work of butchering those on whom public suspicion is fastened. On the death of a *free* man, at least one or two persons are killed; but

this is not generally the case when women, children, or slaves die. The law of witchcraft makes no distinction, as regards its victims, between prince, slave, or free man, male or female.

In such cases the influence of the ouganga, or doctor, is always potent for evil. He gains in power by every such scene; and it is his interest, therefore, to foster rather than to restrain the excitement. His incantations are waited upon with breathless interest, and woe to the luckless man or woman who has offended him, for now he has his revenge. His decisions follow often the prejudices of the multitude, who have suspected beforehand those that are thought to be possessed of the *aniemba*. From the doctor's decision there is no appeal but that of the mboundou.

The ouganga, or doctor, is a personage whose chief powers are the ability (which is real) to drink great quantities of the mboundou poison, and the power (which is imaginary) to discover sorcerers, and to confer powers on greegrees and charms, which, without his manipulations, are worthless. This personage enjoys, therefore, great consequence in his tribe or village. His word is potent for life or death. At his command—or rather at his suggestion—the village is removed: men, women, and children are slain or enslaved; wars are begun and ended. I was never able to satisfy myself on the interesting point whether these doctors were themselves deceived; but, after close observation and many trials, I conclude that they *are* in most cases. One or two I knew to be such great rascals that I felt pretty sure they were also humbugs; but the great majority were, I am confident, victims to their own delusions. The African has a peculiarly excitable temperament. I noticed that doctors, like other men, when on their death-beds, always laid their death at the door of some malignant sorcerer, and called for vengeance upon him. They are subject to the same fears as their dupes, and have as great confidence in their own dreams.

The region in which I travelled is so amply blessed with rains that there is no necessity for the "rain-maker," who is so important a member of a South African tribe. But in some tribes there are ougangas who pretend to the power to stop the rains, and gain great honours by these pretensions in the rainy season, when, if they really owned the skill they aspired to, they would often be most useful to the poor wet uncomfortable traveller.

On the eve of all the more important undertakings of the village or tribe a doctor is consulted, who pretends to be able, by certain ceremonies of divination, to foretell the issue, and by this they shape their conduct. It sometimes happens, too, that a negro, not a doctor, is seized with the belief that Obambou (a devil) is in his body. The bowels are the seat of this possession; and the possessed goes about in a wild way—sees visions, dreams, and pretends to foresee future events, gaining sometimes considerable temporary prestige.

CHAPTER XX.

Account and Comparison of the great Apes of Africa: the Troglodytes Gorilla, the T. Kooloo-kamba, the Chimpanzee (*T. niger*), and the Nshiego Mbouvé, or *T. calvus*.

IN this chapter I propose to give the reader, in a collected form, the results of my researches into the habits of those species of man-like apes which I met in the forests of Equatorial Africa. Of these the gorilla is the chief; and I am the first white man who has systematically hunted this beast, and who has at all penetrated to its haunts. The other apes—the *Troglodytes calvus*, or nshiego mbouvé, and the *T. Kooloo-kamba*—I had the satisfaction to be the first to make known, by preserved specimens and by description. Such particulars as have been mentioned already in the course of this narrative I shall not repeat here, it being my wish to give in this place only a general view of these animals—their structure, habits, and modes of life—such as would have unduly interrupted the narrative, and been less satisfactory to the reader, had it been interspersed in various places there.

For several centuries naturalists had been vaguely cognizant of the existence of a very peculiar and remarkable species of ape in Western Africa. It was named by Tyson, in 1699, the *Homo sylvestris*, or Pigmy. Linnæus, in some of the editions of his 'Systema Naturæ,' calls it the *Homo troglodytes*.* Blumenbach named it the *Simia troglodytes*, and under this name the chimpanzee afterwards became generally known. This—the chimpanzee—was the first species of anthropoid ape known to the scientific world.

In course of time naturalists became acquainted with another species, brought from Borneo—the orang-outang. This animal differed from the African ape in being covered with reddish-brown hair, and in many other particulars. It was called *Simia satyrus*.

In 1780 the skeleton of another large ape was sent from Batavia to Holland by Baron Wurmb, the resident governor, who

called it the *Pongo*. It received from naturalists the name *Pongo Wurmbi*.

Up to the year 1829, when Cuvier revised his summary of our knowledge of the animal kingdom in his 'Règne Animal,' our knowledge of the anthropoid apes was limited to these three species.

It was long suspected by eminent naturalists that the pongo of Wurmb was but the adult form of the orang. On the other hand, it was found that the facial angle of the young orang of Borneo, and of the young chimpanzee of Africa, by the predominant cranium and small jaws and teeth, approached nearer than any other known mammalian to the human species, and especially to the lower negro forms. This was the opinion of leading comparative anatomists, some of whom maintained that these forms belonged to or denoted separate and advanced species, until, in 1835, Professor Richard Owen, the illustrious British comparative anatomist, investigated the state of dentition of these heads, and established the fact that they belonged to the young of a larger species.

In 1812 Geoffroy St. Hilaire made the genus *Troglodytes* for the chimpanzee, and this classification has been adopted by all who have come after him.

Meantime there had been vague rumours of the existence in Africa of another and larger species of ape. It was not, however, till 1847 that the scientific world was startled by unexpected evidence of the existence of this new species. A skull was discovered accidentally, towards the close of the year 1846, by my good friend Rev. Dr. J. Leighton Wilson, now of New York, and then a missionary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions on the Gaboon, West Africa. Dr. Wilson afterwards obtained another skull and part of a skeleton, which he presented to the Boston Natural History Society.

The first-discovered skull Dr. Wilson presented to Dr. Savage, of Boston, who afterwards procured another, the skull of a female; and from these various bones Dr. Savage and Professor Jeffries Wyman prepared the descriptive memoirs printed in vol. v. of the Boston 'Journal of Natural History,' by which the existence of this new and singular animal was first announced to the scientific world.*

* Other memoirs are in vols. v. and vi. of the 'Bost. Jour. of Nat. Hist.,' by

This brings me to an examination of the accounts brought by various travellers, from Hanno down to a recent period, of an animal resembling more or less the real gorilla, and which have been supposed to allude to that animal, and to furnish evidence that they saw and killed it. The record of Hanno's voyage is one of the most curious fragments of antiquity remaining to us. His voyage is supposed to have occurred in the sixth century before Christ, though some critics place it at a much later period. He was sent out by the government of Carthage to circumnavigate the African continent. His journal begins with the following sentence, which sufficiently relates the object of his voyage:—"It was decreed by the Carthaginians that Hanno should undertake a voyage beyond the Pillars of Hercules, and found Lybo-Phœnician cities. He accordingly sailed with sixty ships of fifty oars each, and a body of men and women to the number of thirty thousand, with provisions and other necessaries." According to Pliny, he was to follow the coast-line of the continent till he reached the Arabian Gulf.

The passage in the *Periplus*, or Voyage of Hánno, in which it is supposed he alludes to the animal now known as the gorilla, reads as follows:—"On the third day, having sailed from thence, passing the streams of fire, we came to a bay called the Horn of the South. In the recess was an island like the first, having a lake, and in this there was another island full of wild men. But much the greater part of them were women with hairy bodies, whom the interpreters called gorillas. * * But pursuing them, we were not able to take the men; they all escaped from us by their great agility, being *cremnobates* (that is to say, climbing precipitous rocks and trees), and defending themselves by throwing stones at us. We took three women, who bit and tore those who caught them, and were unwilling to follow. We were obliged, therefore, to kill them, and took their skins off, which skins were brought to Carthage, for we did not navigate farther, provisions becoming scarce."

Prof. Jeffries Wyman, describing four crania and a skeleton; in vols. iii. and iv. of the 'Transact. of the Zoological Soc. of London,' by Prof. Richard Owen, describing the skeleton; tome viii. of the 'Archives du Muséum,' by Duvernay; and in vol. x. of the 'Archives du Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle,' by Isidore Geoffroy St. Hilaire. Dr. Wyman and Dr. Savage named the new animal the *gorilla*, a name applied by Hanno, an old Carthaginian navigator, to the wild hairy men which he found on the coast of Africa.

According to Pliny, the skins were hung in the temple of Juno, and the name *gorillas* was changed to *gorgones*. Two of these skins were yet in the temple at the time when Carthage was taken. "Penetravit in eas (Gorgades Insulas) Hanno Pœnorum imperator, prodiditque hirta feminarum corpora, viros pernicitate evassisse, duarumque gorgonum cutes argumenti et miraculi gratia in Junonis templo posuit, spectatas usque ad Carthaginem captam."

Comparing this account with the habits of the gorilla, as set forth further on, I believe the reader will join me in the conclusion that the animal seen and captured by Hanno was not the gorilla of our day, though it may have been the chimpanzee. The huge gorilla consumes so great an amount of vegetable food that no considerable number could have found sustenance on an island such as Hanno mentions. Moreover, unless its habits have undergone a very great change, it is not likely that the males would have retreated and left their females in the lurch. In my experience, the male invariably advances towards the foe, and secures the safe retreat of its female, and on such occasions acts with ferocious courage. Again, to capture even a female gorilla by hand and by simple force is, I think, impossible. No one who has seen the animal in its native forests, and watched the exhibition of its enormous strength, would believe the account.

It seems probable, therefore, that Hanno met only the *Troglodytes niger*, or chimpanzee, which is common in the mountains and forests of Senegambia, and which does not attack man. Even of this, however, I doubt if his men captured any adult specimens. They took, probably, some half-grown females, who were not active enough to get away.

Andrew Battel, an African traveller, whose adventures were taken down by Purchas, and printed in his 'Pilgrims,' is the first in modern times who makes mention of two different African apes, the pongo and the engeco. He was for a while prisoner to the Portuguese in Angola, and has this passage on the apes:—

"The greatest of these two monsters is called pongo in their language, and the lesser is called engeco. The pongo is in all proportions like a man, for he is very tall, and hath a man's face, hollow-eyed, with long haires upon his brows. His body

is full of haire, but not very thicke, and it is of a dunnish colour. He differeth not from man but in his legs, for they have no calfe. He goeth alwaies upon his legs, and carrieth his hands clasped on the nape of his necke when he goeth upon the ground. They sleepe in trees, and build shelter for the raine. They feed upon the fruit that they find in the woods, and upon ants, for they eate no kind of flesh. They cannot speake, and have no understanding more than a beast. The people of the countrie, when they travaile in the woods, make fires where they sleepe in the night, and in the morning, when they are gone, the pongos will come and seat about the fire till it goeth out, for they have no understanding to lay the wood together. They goe many together, and kill many negroe that travaile in the woods. Many times they fall upon elephants which come to feed where they be, and so beat them with their clubbed fists and pieces of wood that they will runne roaring away from them. The pongos are never taken alive, because they are so strong ten men cannot hold one of them; but they take many of their young ones with poisoned arrows. The young pongo hangeth on his mother's belly with his hands fast clasped about her, so that, when the country-people kill any of the females, they take the young which hangs fast upon the mother. When they die among themselves, they cover the dead with great heapes of boughs and wood, which is commonly found in the forests."*

This description of Battel seems to me the most accurate of any down to Bowditch, of whom I am presently to speak. I believe that the gorilla is not found south of the Setti-Camma River, this being the last point to which I have been able to trace it. The language of the Mayomba people has some affinity to that of the Mpongwe, though greatly differing from it. The word *engeco*, which is applied by Battel to the smallest of the monster apes, is undoubtedly the *nshiego* of the Mpongwe and Camma tribes of this day. As for the word *pongos*, I am at a loss. It cannot apply to the Mpongwe tribe, for this tribe has emigrated to the Gaboon within this century; three of the Ndina, the former possessors of the river, remaining alive to this day; and in Andrew Battel's time the Mpongwe tribe were

* *Purchas, His Pilgrims*, Part ii., p. 984. London, 1623.

living far in the interior, and their name was unknown, supposing them to have had even existence as a tribe then. Unfortunately, I was unacquainted with Battel's story when I was in Africa, or I should have inquired among the Mayomba people as to the origin and meaning of the name, if, indeed, any traces of the word remain after more than three centuries, which seems to me very doubtful. Allowing that Battel knew the gorilla and chimpanzee, the reader will see that he made many serious errors in his descriptions of their habits and appearance. His stories are mere travellers' tales, and are untrue of any of the great apes of Africa.

After him come other travellers, who tell, however, such absurd and incredible stories that it is plainly to be perceived how they added themselves to the already sufficiently exaggerated reports of the negroes.

Temminck quotes, in his 'Esquisses Zoologiques' upon the coast of Guinea, a passage of Bosman, which seems to refer to the gorilla and chimpanzee. If it is to be counted anything more than a fable, it is a very exaggerated and untrustworthy account. Bosman says: "They [these apes] are in this country by thousands. The first and most common are those which are called by our people *smitten*. They are fawn-coloured, and become very tall. I have seen some with my own eyes who are five feet high, and somewhat smaller than a man. They are very wicked and bold; and what an English merchant told me appears incredible, that there is, behind the fort the English have at Wimba, a great quantity of these monkeys, who are so bold that they attack men."

Bosman continues: "There are negroes who affirm that these monkeys can speak, but that they will not, in order not to work. These monkeys have an ugly face," and so on. "The best thing about these kind of monkeys is, that they can be taught everything their master desires."

Passing by several other travellers' tales of this kind, we come at last to the first real account of the gorilla. This was given by T. E. Bowditch, in his 'Narrative of a Mission from Cape Coast Castle to Ashantee,' published in London, 1819. He, too, is the first to call it by its Mpongwe name. In that part of his work relating his visit to the Gaboon, he says: "The favourite and most extraordinary subject of our conversation

on natural history was the *ingena*, an animal like the orang-outang, but much exceeding it in size, being five feet high and four across the shoulders. Its paw was said to be even more disproportioned than its breadth, and one blow of it to be fatal. It is seen commonly by them when they travel to Kaybe, lurking in the bush to destroy passengers, and feeding principally on wild honey, which abounds. Among other of their actions reported without variation by men, women, and children of the Mpongwe and Sheekaï [Shekiani], is that of building a house in rude imitation of the natives, and sleeping outside on the roof of it." *

So far all travellers spoke either of the chimpanzee (Troglodytes niger), or related hearsay accounts of the gorilla. It remained for the Rev. Dr. Wilson, an American missionary, to present to the world the first real evidence of the existence of this monstrous animal; and for Dr. Savage and Professor Jeffries Wyman, the celebrated comparative anatomist, of Boston, to give to natural history the first memoir on part of the skeleton and on the cranium. Still, no traveller or resident had succeeded in following the animal to its haunts in the unknown regions of the interior, and such particulars of its habits as came to Europe and America were obtained from the natives, whose dread of the monstrous beast fills their minds with superstitious ideas of its nature, and exaggerated notions of its habits.

My long residence in Africa gave me superior facilities for intercourse with the natives, and as my curiosity was greatly excited by their reports of this unknown monster, I determined to penetrate to its haunts and see with my own eyes. It has been my fortune to be the first white man who can speak of the gorilla from personal knowledge; and while my experience and observation prove that many of the actions reported of it are false and vain imaginings of ignorant negroes and credulous travellers, I can also vouch that no description can exceed the horror of its appearance, the ferocity of its attack, or the impish malignity of its nature.

I am sorry to be the dispeller of such agreeable delusions; but the gorilla does not lurk in trees by the roadside, and drag up unsuspicious passers-by in its claws, and choke them to

* Mission to Ashantee, p. 440.

death in its vice-like paws; it does not attack the elephant, and beat him to death with sticks; it does not carry off women from the native villages; it does not even build itself a house of leaves and twigs in the forest-trees and sit on the roof, as has been confidently reported of it. It is not gregarious even, and the numerous stories of its attacking in great numbers have not a grain of truth in them.

It lives in the loneliest and darkest portions of the dense African jungle, preferring deep wooded valleys and also rugged heights. The high plains also, whose surface is strewn with immense boulders, seem to be favourite haunts. Water occurs everywhere in this part of Africa, but I have noticed that the gorilla is always found very near to a plentiful supply.

It is a restless and nomadic beast, wandering from place to place, and scarce ever found for two days together in the same neighbourhood. In part this restlessness is caused by the struggle it has to find its favourite food. The gorilla, though it has such immense canines, and though its vast strength doubtless fits it to capture and kill almost every animal which frequents the forests, is a strict vegetarian. I examined the stomachs of all which I was lucky enough to kill, and never found traces there of aught but berries, pineapple leaves, and other vegetable matter. It is a huge feeder, and no doubt soon eats up the scant supply of its natural food which is found in any limited space, and is then forced to wander on in constant battle with famine. Its vast paunch, which protrudes before it when it stands upright, proves it to be a great feeder; and, indeed, its great frame and enormous muscular development could not be supported on little food.

It is not true that it lives much or at all on trees. I found them almost always on the ground, although they often climb the trees to pick berries or nuts, but after eating they return to the ground. By the examination of the stomach of many specimens, I was able to ascertain with tolerable certainty the nature of its food, and I discovered that, for all *I* found, it had no need to ascend trees. It is fond of the wild sugarcane; especially fond of the white ribs of the pineapple leaf; and it eats, besides, certain berries which grow close to the ground; the pith of some trees, and a kind of nut with a very hard shell. This shell is so hard that it requires a strong blow with a heavy

hammer to break it; and here is probably one purpose of that enormous strength of jaw which long seemed to me thrown away on a non-carnivorous animal, and which is sufficiently evidenced by the manner in which the barrel of the musket of one of my unfortunate hunters was flattened by an enraged male gorilla.

Only the young gorillas sleep on trees, for protection from wild beasts. I have myself come upon fresh traces of a gorilla's bed on several occasions, and could see that the male had seated himself with his back against a tree-trunk. In fact on the back of the male gorilla there is generally a patch on which the hair is worn thin from this position, while the nest-building *Troglodytes calvus*, or bald-headed *nshiego*, which constantly sleeps under its leafy shelter on a tree-branch, has this bare place at its side, and in quite a different way. I believe, however, that while the male always sleeps at the foot of a tree, or elsewhere on the ground, the female and the young may sometimes ascend to the tree-top, as I have seen marks of such ascension.

Those apes which live much in trees, as the chimpanzee, have fingers on both their fore and hind feet much longer than the gorilla's, which, indeed, approximate much nearer to the construction of the human hand and foot, and are, by reason of this different construction, less fitted for tree-climbing. Here I may state that, though young chimpanzees are often captured by the negroes of the Muni Moonda and Gaboon rivers, which shows that they are somewhat abundant in those regions, I never met with a single shelter, and consequently have come to the conclusion that they make none.

The gorilla is not gregarious. Of adults, I found almost always one male with one female, though sometimes the old male wanders companionless. In such cases, as with the "rogue" elephant, he is particularly morose and malignant, and dangerous to approach. Young gorillas I found sometimes in companies of five; sometimes less, but never more. The young always run off, on all fours, shrieking with fear. They are difficult to approach, as their hearing is acute, and they lose no time in making their escape, while the nature of the ground makes it hard for the hunter to follow after. The adult animal is also shy, and I have hunted all day at times without coming upon my quarry, when I felt sure that they were carefully avoiding

me. When, however, at last fortune favours the hunter, and he comes accidentally or by good management upon his prey, he need not fear its running away. In all my hunts and encounters with this animal, I never knew a grown male to run off. When I surprised a pair of gorillas, the male was generally sitting down on a rock or against a tree, in the darkest corner of the jungle, where the brightest sun left its traces only in a dim and gloomy twilight. The female was mostly feeding near by; and it is singular that she almost always gave the alarm by running off with loud and sudden cries or shrieks. Then the male, sitting for a moment with a savage frown on his face, slowly rises to his feet, and, looking with glowing and malign eyes at the intruders, begins to beat his breast, and, lifting up his round head, utters his frightful roar. This begins with several sharp barks, like an enraged or mad dog, whereupon ensues a long, deeply guttural, rolling roar, continued for over a minute, and which, doubled and multiplied by the resounding echoes of the forest, fills the hunter's ears like the deep rolling thunder of an approaching storm. As I have mentioned before, I have reason to believe that I have heard this roar at a distance of three miles. The horror of the animal's appearance at this time is beyond description. At such a sight I could forgive my brave native hunters for being sometimes overcome with superstitious fears, and ceased to wonder at the strange, weird "gorilla-stories" of the negroes.

It is a maxim with the well-trained gorilla-hunters to reserve their fire till the very last moment. Experience has shown them that—whether the enraged beast takes the report of the gun for an answering defiance, or for what other reason unknown—if the hunter fires and misses, the gorilla at once rushes upon him; and this onset no man can withstand. One blow of that huge paw with its nails, and the poor hunter's entrails are torn out, his breast-bone broken, or his skull crushed. It is too late to re-load, and flight is vain. There have been negroes who in such cases, made desperate by their frightful danger, have faced the gorilla, and struck at him with the empty gun. But they had time for only one harmless blow. The next moment the huge arm came down with fatal force, breaking musket and skull with one blow. I imagine no animal is so fatal in its attack on man as this, for the reason that it meets him face to

face, and uses its arms as its weapons of offence, just as a man or a prize-fighter would—only that it has longer arms, and vastly greater strength than the strongest boxer the world ever saw.

The gorilla is only met in the most dark and impenetrable jungle, where it is difficult to get a clear aim, unobstructed by vines and tangled bushes, for any distance greater than a few yards. For this reason, the gorilla-hunter wisely stands still and awaits the approach of the infuriated beast. The gorilla advances by short stages, stopping to utter his diabolical roar, and to beat his vast breast with his paws, which produce a dull reverberation as of an immense bass-drum. Sometimes from the standing position he seats himself and beats his chest, looking fiercely at his adversary. His walk is a waddle, from side to side, his hind legs—which are very short—being evidently somewhat inadequate to the proper support of the huge superincumbent body. He balances himself by swinging his arms, somewhat as sailors walk on shipboard; and the vast paunch, the round bullet-head, joined awkwardly to the trunk with scarce a vestige of neck, and the great muscular arms, and deep, cavernous breast, give to this waddle an ungainly horror, which adds to his ferocity of appearance. At the same time, the deep-set gray eyes sparkle out with gloomy malignity; the features are contorted in hideous wrinkles; and the slight, sharply-cut lips, drawn up, reveal the long fangs and the powerful jaws, in which a human limb would be crushed as a biscuit.

The hunter, looking with fearful care to his priming, stands still, gun in hand, often for five weary minutes, waiting with growing nervousness for the moment when he may relieve his suspense by firing. I have never fired at a male at greater distance than eight yards, and from fourteen to eighteen *feet* is the usual shot. At last the opportunity comes; and now the gun is quickly raised, a moment's anxious aim at the vast breadth of breast, and then pull trigger.

In shooting the hippopotamus at night, and on shore, the negro always scampers off directly he has fired his gun. When he has fired at the gorilla he stands still. I asked why they did not run in this case too, and was answered that it was of no use. To run would be fatal. If the hunter has missed he must battle for his life face to face, hoping by some piece of unexpected good fortune to escape a fatal blow, and come off, perhaps, maimed for

life, as I have seen several in the up-river villages. Fortunately, the gorilla dies as easily as man; a shot in the breast, if fairly delivered, is sure to bring him down. He falls forward on his face, his long, muscular arms outstretched, and uttering with his last breath a hideous death-cry, half roar, half shriek, which, while it announces to the hunter his safety, yet tingles his ears with a dreadful note of human agony. It is this lurking reminiscence of humanity, indeed, which makes one of the chief ingredients of the hunter's excitement in his attack of the gorilla.

The common walk of the gorilla is not on his hind legs, but on all-fours. In this posture, the arms are so long that the head and breast are raised considerably, and, as it runs, the hind legs are brought far beneath the body. The leg and arm on the same side move together, which gives the beast a curious waddle. It can run at great speed. The young, parties of which I have often pursued, never took to trees, but ran along the ground; and at a distance, with their bodies half-erect, looked not unlike negroes making off from pursuit: the hind-legs moved between the arms, and those were somewhat bowed outward. I have never found the female to attack, though I have been told by the negroes that a mother with a young one in charge will sometimes make fight. It is a pretty thing to see such a mother with the baby gorilla sporting about it. I have watched them in the woods, till, eager as I was to obtain specimens, I had not the heart to shoot. But in such cases my negro hunters exhibited no tenderheartedness, but killed their quarry without loss of time.

When the mother runs off from the hunter, the young one grasps her about the neck, and hangs beneath her breasts with its little legs about her body.

I think the adult gorilla utterly untamable. In the course of the narrative the reader will find accounts of several young gorillas which my men captured alive, and which remained with me for short periods till their deaths. In no case could any treatment of mine, kind or harsh, subdue these little monsters from their first and lasting ferocity and malignity. The young of the *nshiego mbouvé* (*T. calvus*), on the contrary, is very easily tamed, and I had one for some months as a companion. The young orang and chimpanzee have been frequently tamed. Of the new and rare kooloo-kamba I was not so fortunate as to secure a living specimen; but being only a variety of the chim-

panzee, the young could be tamed, no doubt. But the gorilla is entirely and constantly an enemy to man—resenting its captivity, young as my specimens were—refusing all food except the berries of its native woods, and attacking with teeth and claws even me, who was in most constant attendance upon them; and finally dying without previous sickness, and without other ascertainable cause than the restless chafing of a spirit which could not suffer captivity nor the presence of man.

The young of the chimpanzee is yellow; that of the nshiego mbouvé is a very pale white; but the young gorilla is coal-black. Even the youngest I got, which was a mere baby in arms and could not walk, was black as jet.

The strength of the gorilla is evidently enormous. A young one of between two and three years of age required four stout men to hold it, and even then, in its struggles, bit one severely. That with its jaws it can dent a musket barrel, and with its arms break trees from four to six inches in diameter, sufficiently proves that its vast bony frame has corresponding muscle. The negroes never attack them with other weapons than guns; and in those parts of the far interior where no European guns had yet reached, as among the Apingi, this great beast roamed unmolested, the monarch of the forest. To kill a gorilla gives a hunter a life-long reputation for courage and enterprise even among the bravest of the negro tribes, who are generally, it may be said, not lacking in this quality of courage.

The gorilla has no cries or utterances that I have heard except those already described, the short, sharp bark, and the roar of the attacking male, and the scream of the female and young when alarmed; except, indeed, a low kind of cluck, with which the watchful mother seems to call her child to her. The young ones have a cry when in distress; but their voice is harsh, and it is more a moan of pain than a child's cry.

It uses no artificial weapon of offence, but attacks always with its arms, though in a struggle no doubt the powerful teeth would play a part. I have several times noticed skulls in which the huge canines were broken off, not *worn* down, as they are in almost all the adult gorillas by gnawing at trees which they wished to break, and which, without being gnawed into, are too strong even for them. The negroes informed me that such teeth were broken in combats between the males for the possession of

a female, and I think this quite probable. Such a combat must form a magnificent and awful spectacle. A struggle between two well-matched gorillas would exceed, in that kind of excitement which the Romans took such delight in, anything in that line which they were ever gratified with.

There is no doubt that the gorilla walks in an erect posture with greater ease and for a longer time than either the chimpanzee or nshiego mbouvé. When standing up, his knees are bent at the joints outwards, and his back has a stoop forward. His track, when running on all-fours, is peculiar. The hind feet leave no traces of their toes on the ground. Only the ball of the foot and that thumb which answers to our great toe seem to touch. The fingers of the fore hand are only lightly marked on the ground.

The natives of the interior are very fond of the meat of the gorilla and other apes. Gorilla-meat is dark red and tough. The seashore tribes do not eat it, and are insulted by the offer of it, because they suspect some affinity between the animal and themselves. In the interior some families refuse to eat gorilla-meat from the superstitious belief explained elsewhere, that at some time one of their female ancestors has brought forth a gorilla. The skin is thick and firm as an ox-hide, but, though much thicker than in any other ape, it is very tender; it breaks easily, especially under the arm, near the hip. When the hide is dried, the epidermis comes off very easily, and in this differs much from the skin of the other apes, which, though not so thick, are not so tender.

I do not give here any account of other superstitions of the negroes concerning the gorilla, because they are fully detailed in other parts of the book.

In height adult gorillas vary as much as men. The adult males in my collection range from five feet two inches to five feet eight; and the parts of a skeleton which my friend Professor Jeffries Wyman has, are so much larger than any in my possession, that I am warranted in concluding the animal to which it belonged to have been at least six feet two inches in height. The female is much smaller, less strong, and of lighter frame. One adult female in my collection measured, when shot, four feet six inches.

The colour of the skin in the gorilla, young as well as adult,

is intense black. This colour does not appear, however, except in the face, on the breast, and in the palms of the hands. The hair of a grown, but not aged specimen, is in colour iron-gray. The individual hairs are ringed with alternate stripes of black and gray, which produces the iron-gray colour. On the arms the hair is darker and also much longer, being sometimes over two inches long. It grows upwards on the fore-arm and downwards on the main-arm. Aged gorillas, the negroes told me, turn quite gray all over; and I have one huge male in my collection whose worn-out tusks show great age, and whose colour is, in fact, a dirty gray, with the exception of the long black shaggy hair on the arm. The head is covered with reddish-brown hair, short, and extending almost to the neck, or where the neck should be.

In the adult male the chest is bare. In the young males which I had in captivity it was thinly covered with hair. In the female the mammæ have but a slight development, and the breast is bare. The colour of the hair in the female is black, with a decided tinge of red, and not ringed as in the male. The hair on the arms is but little longer than that on the body, and is of a like colour. The reddish crown which covers the scalp of the male is not apparent in the female till she is almost grown up.

In both male and female the hair is found worn off the back; but this is only found in very old females. This is occasioned, I suppose, by their resting at night against trees, at whose base they sleep.

The eyes of the gorilla are deeply sunken, the immense overhanging bony frontal ridge giving to the face the expression of a constant savage scowl. The mouth is wide, and the lips are sharply cut, exhibiting no red on the edges, as in the human face. The jaws are of tremendous weight and power. The huge canines of the male, which are fully exhibited when, in his rage, he draws back his lips and shows the red colour of the inside of his mouth, lend additional ferocity to his aspect. In the female these canines are smaller.

The almost total absence of neck, which gives the head the appearance of being set into the shoulders, is due to the backward position of the occipital condyles, by means of which the skull is set upon the trunk. The brain-case is low and compressed, and the lofty ridge of the skull causes the cranial profile

Gorilla's Head.

to describe an almost straight line from the occiput to the supra-orbital ridge. The immense development of the temporal muscles which arise from this ridge, and the corresponding size of the jaw, are evidences of the great strength of the animal.

The eyebrows are thin, but not well defined, and are almost lost in the hair of the scalp. The eyelashes are thin also. The eyes are wide apart; the ears are smaller than those of man, and in form closely resemble the human ear. They are almost on the same parallel with the eyes. In a front view of the face the nose is flat, but somewhat prominent—more so than in any other ape; this is on account of a slightly projecting nose-bone. The gorilla is the only ape which shows such a projection, and in this respect it comes nearer to man than any other of the man-like apes.

The profile of the trunk shows a slight convexity. The chest is of great capacity; the shoulders exceedingly broad; the pectoral regions show slightly projecting a pair of nipples, as in the other apes and in the human species. The abdomen is of immense size, very prominent, and rounding at the sides. The arms have prodigious muscular development, and are very long, extending as low as the knees. The fore-arm is nearly of uniform size from the wrist to the elbow. The great length of the arms and the shortness of the legs form one of the chief devia-

tions from man. The arms are not so long when compared with the trunk, but they are so in comparison with the legs. These are short, and decrease in size from below the knee to the ankle, having no calf. The superior length of the arm (humerus) in proportion to the fore-arm, brings the gorilla, in that respect, in closer anthropoid affinities with man than any of the other apes.

The hands of the animal, especially in the male, are of immense size, strong, short, and thick. The fingers are short and of great size, the circumference of the middle finger at the first joint being in some gorillas over six inches. The skin on the back of the fingers, near the middle phalanx, is callous and very thick, which shows that the most usual mode of progression of the animal is on all-fours, and resting on the knuckles. The thumb is shorter than in man, and not half so thick as the fore-finger. The hand is hairy as far as the division of the fingers, those, as in man, being covered with short thin hairs. The palm of the hand is naked, callous, and intensely black. The nails are black, and shaped like those of man, but smaller in proportion, and projecting very slightly beyond the ends of the fingers. They are thick and strong, and always seem much worn. The hand of the gorilla is almost as wide as it is long, and in this it approaches nearer to those of man than any of the other apes.

The foot is proportionally wider than in man. The sole is callous and intensely black, and looks somewhat like a giant hand of immense power and grasp. The transverse wrinkles show the frequency and freedom of movement of the two joints of the great toe, proving that they have a power of grasp. The middle toe, or third, is longer than the second and fourth, the fifth proportionally shorter, as in man.

The toes are divided into three groups, so to speak. Inside the great toe, outside the little toe, and the three others partly united by a web. The two joints of the great toe measured, in one specimen, six and a half inches in circumference. As a whole, the foot of the gorilla presents a great likeness to the foot of man, and by far more so than in any other ape. In no other animal is the foot so well adapted for the maintenance of the erect position. Also, the gorilla is much less of a tree-climber than any other ape. The foot in the gorilla is longer than the hand, as in man, while in the other apes the foot is

somewhat shorter than the hand. The hair on the foot comes to the division of the toes. With the exception of the big toe, the others present a great likeness to those of man, being free only above the second phalanx; they are slightly covered with thin hair and free.

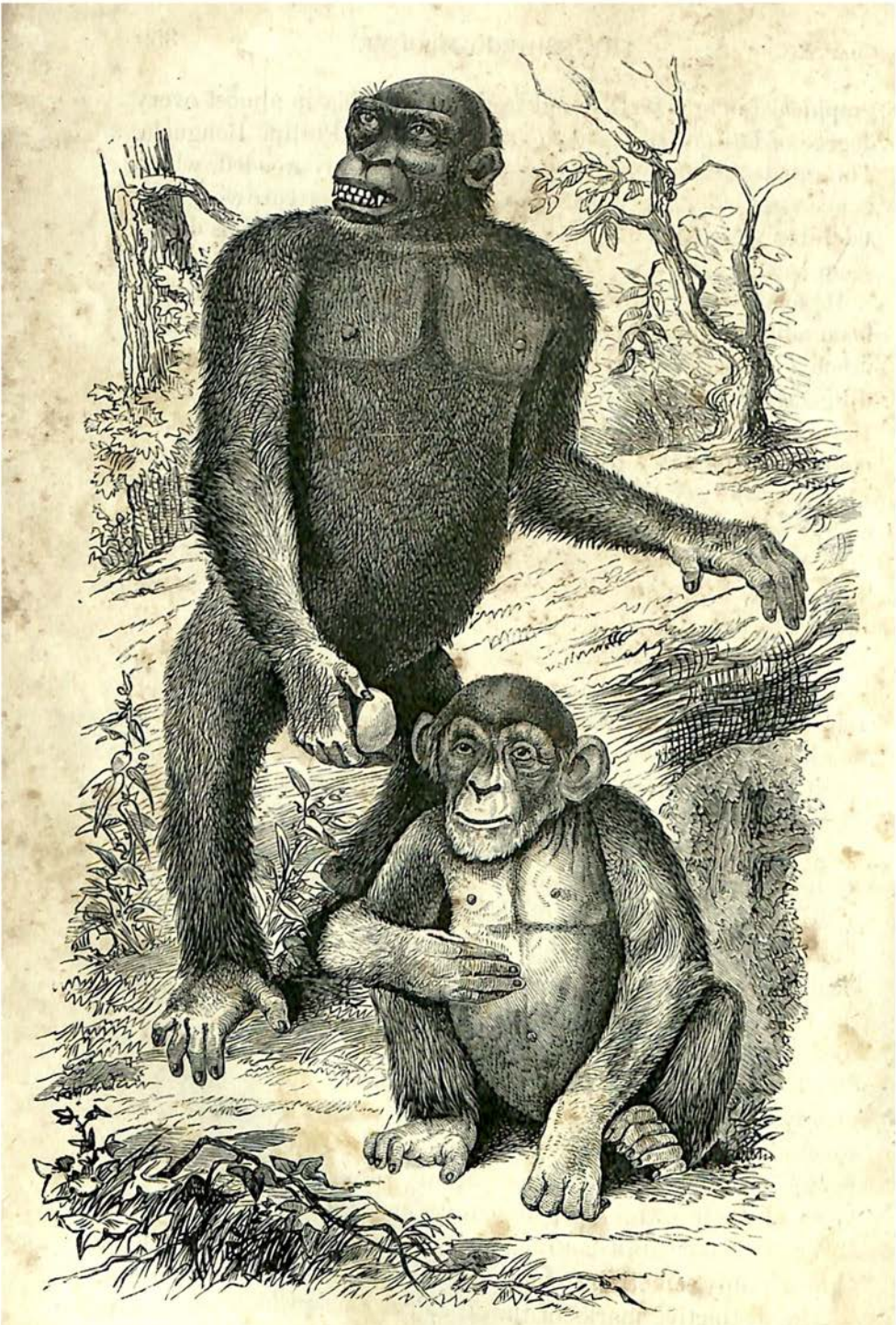
Of the chimpanzee (*Troglodytes niger*), an animal long though not very thoroughly known to naturalists, I regret that I have nothing new to state. Though found in almost all the regions which I visited, it is everywhere very rare, except near the Danger, Gaboon, and Cape Lopez countries. I killed one and saw another in my Cape Lopez expedition; and, in my former days in Africa, I for a short time owned two young living specimens. Both of these died, however, before I was able to make any observations upon their peculiarities. The zoological gardens and menageries of Europe have, at different times, had several specimens of the young of this ape.

The chimpanzee differs from the gorilla in these chief particulars:—It is a great tree-climber, passing much of its time among the branches of the great trees of tropical Africa. It is, though untameable when grown, still not fierce and malign like the gorilla. It has never been known to attack man, and its young are tractable and easily tamed. While the gorilla resists man, the chimpanzee flies to the densest woods: it is therefore hunted with even greater difficulty than the gorilla.

Like its great congener, it is not gregarious. The young consort in small companies, but the adults go in pairs or singly. The young have a yellow face, which changes to an intense black as they grow older. They are difficult to keep in a state of captivity, dying almost invariably of consumption or dysentery.

I do not know of an instance of an adult chimpanzee being caught alive, and think, on account of their shyness and activity, it would be a very difficult animal to capture. Here I may observe that, though the negroes are very ingenious in their contrivance of traps for nearly all the greater beasts of the forest, catching by various devices not only the elephant, hippopotamus, antelope, but even the leopard, I know of no case in which an ape of any kind was caught in this way. They must kill the mother in order to capture the young.

The chimpanzee is remarkable for its unusually wide geo-



NSHIEGO MBOUVÉ AND YOUNG.

(*Troglodytes calvus.*)

graphical range. It is found from the Gambia in almost every degree of latitude down to the parallel of St. Philipe Benguela. The greatest part of this large region is densely wooded, which is necessary for the animal's existence; but there are very considerable variations in the climate, such as the other apes do not seem to bear.

Its food consists of berries, leaves, and nuts. So far as I have been able to ascertain, it builds no shelter like the nshiego mbouvé. In the Cape Lopez country I examined and inquired diligently, but could find no trace of any such habit, although the negroes are familiar with the animal. In the Gaboon country the chimpanzee is called nshiego; in the interior it is known as the nchèko, a name which very much resembles that of the leopard—n'gègo.

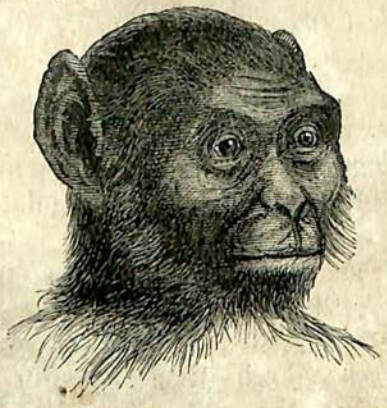
The nshiego mbouvé (*Troglodytes calvus*) has a much narrower range than the chimpanzee, and even than the gorilla. I found it only in the table-lands of the interior and in the densest forests. I have reason to believe that it is found indifferently in the haunts of the gorilla in the farther interior, and do not know that the two species quarrel. It differs from the gorilla in being smaller, milder, far more docile, less strong, and in the singular habit of building for itself a nest or shelter of leaves amid the higher branches of trees. I have watched, at different times, this ape retiring to its rest at night, and have seen it climb up to its house and seat itself comfortably on the projecting branch, with its head in the dome of the roof, and its arm about the tree. The shelter is made of leaves compactly laid together, so as easily to shed rain. The branches are fastened to the trunk of the tree with vines, in which these forests greatly abound. The roof is generally from six to eight feet in its greatest diameter, and has the exact shape of an extended umbrella. There are mostly two of these shelters in adjoining trees, from which I conclude that male and female live together all the year. The young probably stay with the parents till old enough to build nests of their own. The ingenuity and intelligence shown in this contrivance always struck me as something quite marvellous. It is certainly something which the gorilla is not at all capable of.

The distinctive marks of the *T. calvus*, those which prove it to be a separate variety of the chimpanzee, may be stated as follows: its head is bald, and shining black; its temper is not fierce like

the gorilla's; its young is *white*, while the young gorilla is black, and the young chimpanzee yellow. Its head is nearly round, and bullet-formed; the nose is very flat; the ears larger than in the gorilla, but smaller than in the kooloo-kamba and chimpanzee; the eyes sunken; the teeth and canines small when compared with the gorilla's. The arms reach a little below the knee. The hands are long and slender; the foot shorter than the hand. The toes are *free*. The callosities on the back of the fingers show that this animal goes commonly on all-fours, and rests its weight on the doubled-up hands. The hair is of one uniform rusty-black colour. The male is larger than the female. I have killed an old male whose skeleton seems more powerful than that of any female gorilla I have seen, but I suspect it to have been an uncommonly large specimen, it being much larger than the other adult specimen I had.

I cannot tell if this animal would attack man if it were only wounded, but I doubt it. Its docility, when young, makes it very strikingly different from the gorilla. Those I saw ran away as soon as they caught sight of me.

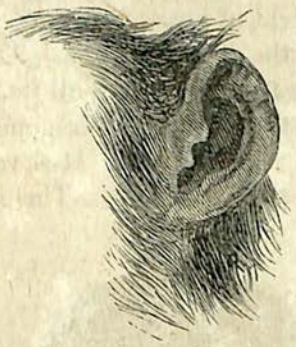
Lastly, we come to the kooloo-kamba. This ape, whose singular cry distinguishes it at once from all its congeners in these wilds, is remarkable, as bearing a closer general resemblance to man than any other ape yet known. It is very rare, and I was able to obtain but one specimen of it. This is smaller than the



Head of Kooloo-kamba.

adult male gorilla, and stouter than the female gorilla. The head is its most remarkable point. This struck me at once as

having an expression curiously like to an Esquimaux or Chinaman. The face is bare and black. The forehead is higher than in *any* other ape, and the cranial capacity greater by measurement proportionally to size. The eyes are wider apart than in any other ape. The nose is flat. The cheek-bones are high and prominent, and the cheeks sunken and "lank." The ridge over the eyes is well marked. The muzzle is less prominent and broader than in the other apes. The sides of the face are covered with a growth of straight hair, which, meeting under the chin like the human whiskers, gives the face a remarkably human look. The arms reach below the knee. The hair on the arms meets at the elbow, growing upwards on the fore-arm and downwards on the arm. The body is hairy. The shoulders are broad; the hands long and narrow, showing it to be a tree-climber. The arms and hands are very muscular. The abdomen is very prominent, as it is in the gorilla. The ears are very large, and are more nearly like the human ear than those of any



Ear of Kooloo-kamba.

other ape. The subjoined cut is from a drawing made with great care from my specimen, and shows this singular ear very correctly.

The gorilla has been mentioned by different travellers under the following names: *pongo*, by Battel, 1629; *ingena*, Bowditch, 1819; *enge-ena*, Savage, 1847; *enge-ena* or *inge-ena*, Gautier Laboulay, 1849; *ngena*, Ford, 1852; *ngina* or *gina*, Admiral Penaud, 1852; *d'jina*, Aubry Lecomte, 1854-57. Except "pongo," all these names are various spellings of the Mpongwe name for the gorilla, which is *ngena*, as given by the Rev. Dr. J. L. Wilson in his 'Western Africa,' which I have spelled *ngina*.

In the Mpongwe language, as in some of the South African tongues, most of the words have the prefix of either *n* or *m*.

The *chimpanzee*, which I suppose Hanno to have called *gorilla*, and Pliny *gorgo*, is called *engeco* by Battel, 1625; *pygmie*, by Tyson, in his *Anatomy of a Pygmie*, 1699; *chimpanzee*, by Gravelet, 1738; *enjoko*, *jocko*, or *petit ourang-outang*, by Buffon, 1766; *pongo*, by Buffon, in 1786; *inchego*, by Bowditch, 1819; *enche-eco*, by Savage, in 1847; *ntchego*, by Franquet, in 1852; *nchego*, by Aubry Lecomte, 1854-57; most of which are variations again of the Camma name, which, according to our English mode of spelling, should be, as I have given it, "nshiego." Nshiégo is the negro name for the true chimpanzee; and the new species, which I first discovered, and to which the name *Troglodytes calvus* has been given, they call the *nshiego mbouvé* —mbouvé meaning in the language of the country another tribe of nshiego or chimpanzee. The Troglodytes kooloo-kamba they know as the kooloo-kamba, or simply as the koola. Kooloo-kamba is derived from the verb kamba, to speak, and kooloo from the two notes it utters.

CHAPTER XXI.

On the bony Structure of the Gorilla and other African Apes.

We come now to consider the anatomy of the great African apes; and I propose to speak more especially of those points of structure wherein these animals most nearly resemble man. I should state here that naturalists have not, thus far, been able to agree on this question. Some have given to the gorilla the honour of approximating nearest to man in structure, while others reserve this for the chimpanzee. Dr. Jeffries Wyman, the accomplished and distinguished comparative anatomist of Harvard University, was the first to give a scientific account of the cranium and of a part of the skeleton of the gorilla in 1847. To him belongs the honour of having first brought to the knowledge of the scientific world this wonderful animal. In 1849, Dr. Wyman gave another description of two additional crania of the gorilla. In these memoirs he classified this animal in the genus *Troglodytes*.

In 1848, Professor Richard Owen, the learned Superintendent of the Natural History department of the British Museum, published an account of the gorilla in the Transactions of the Zoological Society of London, and in this he agreed with Dr. Jeffries Wyman, and retained the gorilla in the genus *Troglodytes*. Since 1848, that illustrious zootomist has written several memoirs, giving extended definitions of the anatomical structure of the gorilla.

Professor Duvernoy and Professor Isidore Geoffroy St. Hilaire, of Paris, have written long memoirs on the comparative anatomy and systematic position of this wonderful animal; and both, after very able scientific description, consider the differences in the osteology, dentition, and outward character of the gorilla to be of sufficient generic importance to create the genus gorilla. They give the trivial name of ngina to the animal.

Professors Duvernoy, St. Hilaire, and Dr. Jeffries Wyman agree in putting the gorilla below the chimpanzee in its anthropoid character, while Professor Owen is of opinion that the

gorilla is nearer akin to man than the T. niger, or chimpanzee, and does not think that the anatomical peculiarities of the animal are sufficient to make a new genus. On this last point he agrees with Dr. Wyman.

The most important anthropoid characters of the gorilla, which are referred to by Professor Owen in his first memoir, are the following:—

"1st. The coalesced central margins of the nasals are projected forward, thus offering a feature of approximation to the human structure, which is very faintly indicated, if at all, in the T. niger [or chimpanzee].

"2nd. The inferior or alveolar part of the premaxillaries, on the other hand, is shorter and less prominent in the T. gorilla than in the T. niger; and in that respect the larger species deviate less from man.

"3rd. The next character, which is also a more anthropoid one, though explicable in relation to the greater weight of the skull to be poised on the atlas, is the greater prominence of the mastoid processes in the T. gorilla, which are only represented by a rough ridge in the T. niger.

"4th. The ridge which extends from the *ecto-pterygoid* along the inner border of the foramen ovale terminates in the T. gorilla by an angle or process answering to that called 'styliform' or spinous in man, but of which there is no trace in the T. niger.

"5th. The palate is narrower in proportion to the length in the T. gorilla, but the premaxillary portion is relatively longer in the T. niger."*

In 1849, Dr. Wyman, in referring to the above memoir of Professor Owen, says, in refutation, and claiming for the chimpanzee a nearer affinity to man: "If, on the other hand, we enumerate those conditions in which the enge-ena [gorilla] recedes farther from the human type than the chimpanzee, they will be found by far more numerous, and by no means less important.

"The larger ridge over the eyes, and the crest on the top of the head and occiput, with the corresponding development of the temporal muscles, form the most striking features. The premaxillary bones articulating with the nasals, as in the other quadrumana and most brutes; the expanded portion of the

* Op. cit., vol. iii., 'Transactions of the Zoological Society,' 1848.

nasals between the frontals, or an additional osseous element of this, prove an independent bone; the vertically broader and more arched zygomata, contrasting with the more slender and horizontal ones of the chimpanzee; the more quadrate foramen lacerum of the orbit; the less perfect infra-orbital canal; the orbits less distinctly defined; the larger and more tumid cheek-bones; the more quadrangular nasal orifice, which is depressed on the floor; the greater length of the ossa palati; the more widely-expanded tympanic cells, extending not only to the mastoid process, but to the squamous portion of the temporal bones—these would, of themselves, be sufficient to counterbalance all the anatomical characters of the (enge-ena) gorilla.

"When, however, we add to them the more quadrate outline of the upper jaws; the existence of much larger and more deeply-grooved canines; molars with cups on the outer side, longer and more sharply-pointed; the dentes sapientiæ of equal size with the other molars; the prominent ridge between the outer posterior and the anterior inner cups; the absence of a crista galli; a cranial cavity almost wholly behind the orbits of the eyes; the less perfectly-marked depressions for the cerebral convolutions; and, above all, the small cranial capacity in proportion to the size of the body, no reasonable grounds for doubt remain that the enge-ena occupies a lower position, and consequently recedes farther from man than the chimpanzee."

Professor Wyman goes on to say:

"It does not appear that any other bones of the skeletons have as yet fallen into the hands of any European naturalists. A description of some of the more important of them will be found in the memoir above referred to,* in which it will be seen that there are two anthropoid features of some importance, which go to support the views advanced by Professor Owen. These are the comparative length of the humerus and ulna, the former being seventeen and the latter only fourteen inches, and the proportions of the pelvis. This last is of gigantic size, and is a little shorter in proportion to its breadth than in the *niger*.

"While the proportions of the ulna and humerus are more nearly human than in the chimpanzee, those of the humerus and femur recede much farther from the human proportions than they do in the chimpanzee, as will be seen by the following measures:

* 'Journal of the Boston Natural History Society,' vol. v., p. 417.

	Humerus.	Femur.
Man	15·0	18·5
Chimpanzee	10·9	11·0
Enge-ena	17·0	14·0

"Thus, in man, the femur is three inches longer than the humerus. In the chimpanzee these bones are nearly of the same length; and in the enge-ena the humerus is three inches longer than the femur, indicating, on the part of the enge-ena, a less perfect adaptation to locomotion in the erect position than in the chimpanzee."

My own observations have led me to the conclusion that the gorilla walks more often in the erect posture than the chimpanzee, and in this I agree with the conclusion of Professor Owen.

In 1853, 1855, and 1859, Professor Owen wrote several very detailed memoirs upon the entire skeleton, and in these is always of the opinion that the gorilla is the nearest akin to man.

"Among the closer anthropoid affinities of the gorilla," he says, "very significant of the closer affinities of the gorilla is the superior length of arm (humerus) to the fore-arm, as compared with the proportions of those parts in the chimpanzee.

"In the hind limbs, chiefly noticeable was the first appearance, in a quadrumanous series, of a muscular development of the gluteus, causing a small buttock to project over each tuber ischii. This structure, with the peculiar expanse (in quadrumana) of the iliac bones, leads to an inference that the gorilla must naturally, and with more ease, resort occasionally to station and progression on the lower limbs than any other ape." *

This statement, as quoted above, agrees entirely with my own observations.

"The arms in man reach to below the middle of the thigh; in the gorilla they reach nearly to the knee, and in the chimpanzee, they reach below the knee. * * * * The humerus in the gorilla, though less long, compared with the ulna, than in man, is longer than in the chimpanzee." †

"The scapulæ are broader in the gorilla than in the chimpanzee, and come nearer to the proportion of that bone in man. But a more decisive resemblance to the human structure is presented by the iliac bones. In no other ape than the gorilla do they

* 'On the Classification and Geographical Distribution of the Mammalia, etc., etc.,' 1859, pp. 70 and 71.

† Ibid., p. 78.

bend forward so as to produce a pelvic concavity; nor are they so broad, in proportion to their length, in any ape as in the gorilla.

"The lower limbs, though characteristically short in the gorilla, are longer in proportion to the upper limbs, and also to the entire trunk, than in the chimpanzee. * * * * But the guiding points of comparison here are the heel and the hallux (great toe, or thumb of the foot).

"The heel in the gorilla makes a more decided backward projection than in the chimpanzee; the heel-bone is relatively thicker, deeper, more expanded vertically at its hind end, besides being fully as long as in the chimpanzee: it is in the gorilla shaped and proportioned more like the human calcaneum than in any other ape. * * * *

"Although the foot be articulated to the leg with a slight inversion of the sole, it is more nearly plantigrade in the gorilla than in the chimpanzee. * * * *

"The great toe, which forms the fulcrum in standing or walking, is, perhaps, the most characteristic peculiarity in the human structure; it is that modification which differentiates the foot from the hand, and gives the character of his order (*Bimana*). In the degree of its approach to this development of the hallux (big toe), the quadrumanous animal makes a true step in affinity to man. * * * *

"In the chimpanzee and gorilla the hallux reaches to the end of the first phalanx of the second toe, but in the gorilla it is thicker and stronger than in the chimpanzee. In both, however, it is a true thumb by position, diverging from the other toes, in the gorilla, at an angle of 60° from the axis of the foot." *

"In the greater relative size of the molars compared with the incisors, the gorilla makes an important closer step towards man than does the chimpanzee. * * * *

"In the chimpanzee the four lower incisors occupy an extent equal to that of the first three molars, * * * * while in man the four are equal to the two first molars and half of the third. In this comparison, the term molar is applied to the bicuspid. †

"The proportion of the ascending ramus to the length of the lower jaw tests the relative affinity of the tailless apes to man.

* Owen, pp. 79, 80. † Ibid., p. 83.

"In a profile of the lower jaw, compare the line drawn vertically from the top of the coronoid process to the horizontal length along the alveoli: in man and the gorilla it is about seven-tenths, in the chimpanzee six-tenths.

"*Every legitimate deduction* from a comparison of cranial characters makes the tailless *quadrumana* recede from the human type in the following order: gorilla, chimpanzee, orang, gibbon."*

Professor Isidore Geoffroy St. Hilaire makes a new genus for the gorilla, which he has named Gorilla, and has called the only species of the genus thus named *ngina*. This arrangement he bases on the following structural peculiarities:— †

"L'étude de la conformation générale de la tête chez le gorille, des proportions des membres, et par conséquent des conditions générales de la station et de la progression, celle de la conformation de ses mains, et de la structure des mâchelières inférieures, nous ont également conduit à cette conclusion, confirmée en outre par un grand nombre de faits secondaires.

"Le gorille n'appartient pas au genre Troglodytes; il constitue un genre distinct, genre auquel restera sans doute appliqué le nom que j'ai proposé pour ce singe quelques jours après son arrivée en France—Gorille (gorilla).

"Les caractères principaux de ce genre peuvent être ainsi résumés:

"1. Tête arrondie dans le jeune âge. Tête très-allongée et très-deprimée, à l'état adulte, les crêtes cranienes très-saillantes. *Conques auriculaires petites* et de forme humaine.

"*Membres anterieurs longs* (but much less than in the orangs and gibbons), leur extremité atteignant l'animal debout le milieu de la jambe.

"*Mains antérieures larges.* 'Ce caractère sépare bien plus encore le gorille de l'orang que du chimpanzée.' La paume en particulier presque aussi large que longue (de proportion presque exactement humaine; *les doigts courts*, relativement à ceux de l'homme et du chimpanzée).

"Mains posterieures allongées, *les trois doigts intermédiaires* (chez le mâle) *réunis par des téguments jusqu'à la seconde falange;* ongles des quatre mains très-applatis comme chez l'homme et le chimpanzée seuls.

* Owen, p. 84.

† See page 37, 'Archives du Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle,' tom. x. liv. i. et ii.

"*Les canines enormes*, les incisores presque rangé en ligne droite, *les trois mâchelières inférieures allongées d'avant en arrière, et à talon*.

"Les caractères qui sont indiqués en italiques sont ceux que distinguent particulièrement le genre gorilla du genre troglodytes."

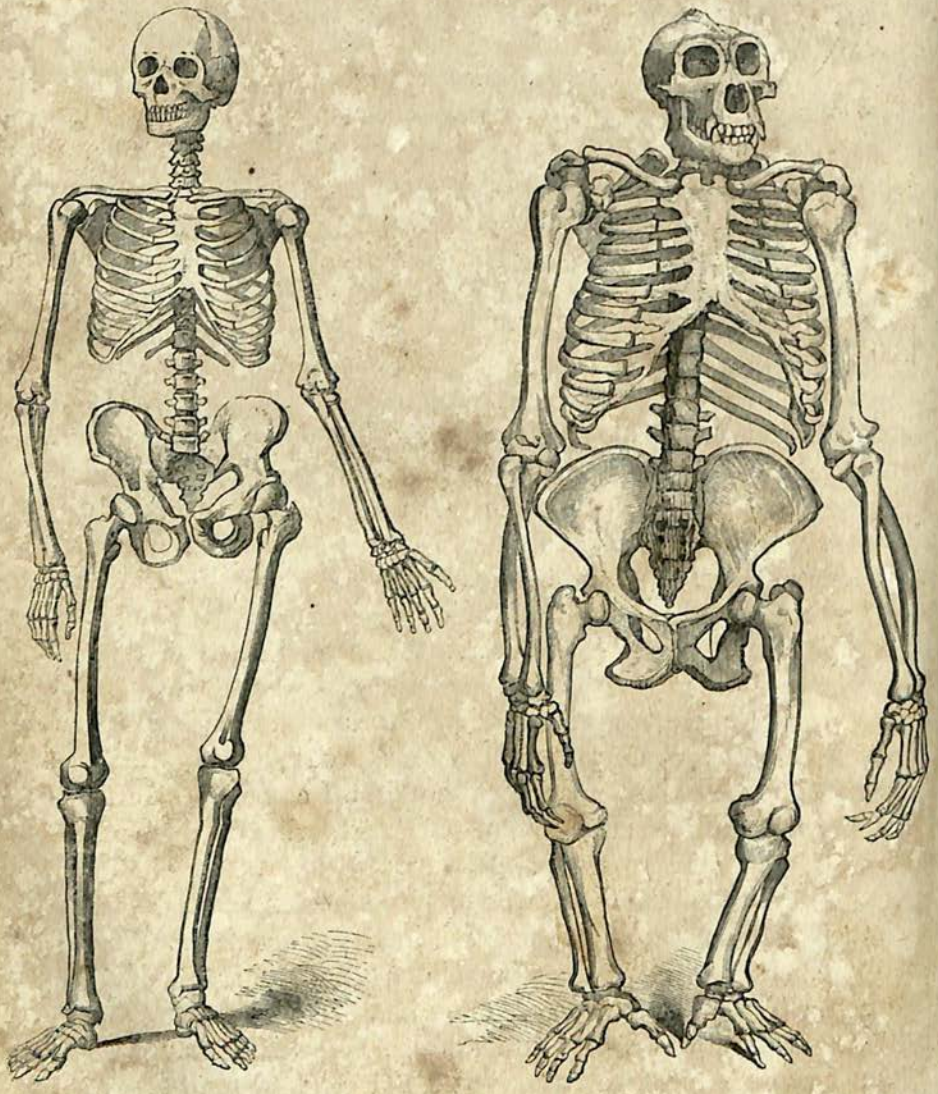
For these and other reasons, Professor St. Hilaire makes of the gorilla the *genus* "Gorilla," and places it nearer the *Simians* in some respects than the *Troglodytes niger*. His arrangement or order is as follows:—*Homo, Troglodytes, Gorilla, Simia, Hylobates.*

I must own that, at first sight, judging from the living specimen and from its cranium, the gorilla presents all the features of a far more bestial animal than the *T. calvus, T. kooloo-kamba, T. niger*, or the *orang*. All the features of the gorilla, especially in the male, are exaggerated; the head is longer and narrower; the brain is backward; the cranial crests are of immense size; the jaws are very prominent, and show great power; the canines are very large. The proper cavity of the brain is marked by the immense occipital ridges. But the remainder of the skeleton of the gorilla comes much nearer to that of man than that of any other ape.

And, after a careful examination of the osteological facts which have been mentioned; after having observed the live gorilla and studied carefully its mode of progression, I came to the conviction that in its mode of progression the gorilla is the nearest akin to man of all the anthropoid apes.

In size the gorilla varies as much as does man. Adult male gorillas measure from five feet two inches to six feet two inches. Part of a skeleton, in the possession of Dr. Wyman, shows that the animal might have reached the latter size when extended on the ground in a perfectly straight position; but as the gorilla is unable to stand perfectly upright, the legs being somewhat bent and the body thrown forward, the largest specimen would not *appear* higher than five feet nine inches.

To show the reader the contrast between the bony structure of man and the gorilla, I place diagrams of their skeletons side by side on the following page. The accompanying table of measurements shows the points of similarity and of difference:—



Skeletons of Man and the Gorilla.

Man has	*The Gorilla has*
12 (and sometimes 13) pairs of ribs.	13 pairs of ribs.
7 cervical vertebræ.	7 cervical vertebræ.
12 dorsal (and sometimes 13) vertebræ	13 dorsal do.
5 lumbar (sometimes 4) do.	3 lumbar do.
5 sacral do.	6 sacral do.
8 carpal (wrist) bones.	8 carpal (wrist) bones.

1. Man, Caucasian.

2. Gorilla, male.

3. Gorilla, female.

4. Kooloo-kamba.

5. Nshiego Mbouvé—*facial angle*, 55.

6. Chimpanzee.

SKULLS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—PLATE I.

The T. calvus has sometimes fourteen pairs of ribs. Man has sometimes thirteen pairs of ribs; but what are termed ribs are vertebral elements, which are so called when long and free, as in the dorsal vertebræ, which are not distinguished from the processes with which they are anchylosed in the lumbar vertebræ. The cervical series departs most from that of man. All the African apes possess the same number of vertebræ as man.

The gorilla skeleton, *the skull excepted*, resembles the bony frame of man more than that of any other anthropoid ape. In the form and proportions of the pelvis, the number of ribs, the length of the arm, the width of the hand, and the structure and arches of the feet—all these characteristics, and also some of its habits, appear to me to place the gorilla nearer to man than any other anthropoid ape is placed.

Among all the anthropoid apes, the number of teeth corresponds with that in the human species, but the canines are much larger, especially in the male gorilla. The incisors also are large. In the ape the bicuspids are implanted by three distinct fangs, two external and one internal, and the external one is divided. In man they are implanted by one external and one internal; and in the Caucasian race the two fangs are sometimes united.

The skull (No. 18) is that of a gorilla shedding his milk-teeth. The upper milk incisors have fallen, and the four permanent ones of that jaw are making their appearance, while in the lower jaw the two lateral deciduous or milk incisors are yet firmly in place, though the two central incisors of the second dentition have made their appearance and are half-grown.

The milk or first canines are yet firmly in place in both jaws, and, on extracting one of them, the germ of the second or permanent tooth is scarcely discoverable. On withdrawing one of the milk molars of the lower jaw, the rudiments of the bicuspids, or permanent teeth which replace them, are perceptible. The first permanent molar of the lower jaw is in place and use, and the second is coming into place; but the third, or wisdom-tooth, is still completely inclosed within the jaw. In the upper jaw, the milk molars are undisturbed, and but little worn; and, as in the lower jaw, the first permanent molar is in place and

use; while the second is emerging, and the third is still completely inclosed in its socket.

The intermaxillary suture is very distinct throughout its whole length in this skull.

The large ridge over the eyes and the crest on the top of the head (Nos. 2 and 8), and extending over upon the occiput, together with the corresponding development of the temporal muscles and the large canines, are the main outward characters which seem to remove the gorilla farther from man than the chimpanzee, and give to this animal so ferocious a look. One of the remarkable features in the skulls of gorillas is the great variation in the height of the crest on the top of the head and occiput. Sometimes a skull less powerful than any other will have a higher ridge, and if this higher ridge belong to a rather young male the crest will not be so thick. The crest in the gorilla becomes rounder on the edges as the animal grows older.

But in the *female* gorilla the canines are not much larger, in proportion to the relative size of the animals, than in the chimpanzee; the frontal and occipital ridges of the head are but slightly marked (Nos. 3 and 7).

In the female gorilla "with the red rump," the head of which seems somewhat deformed, the space between the eyes is much narrower (No. 17).

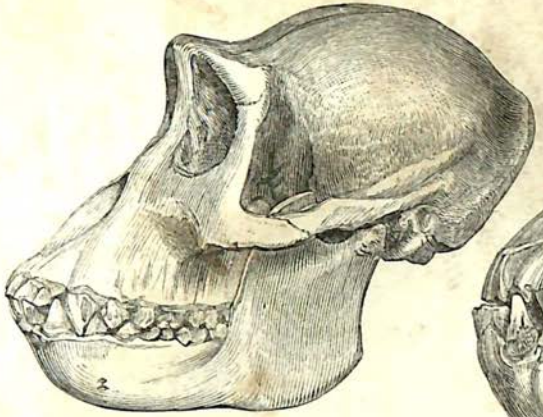
The skulls of the *T. niger*, or chimpanzee (Nos 6 and 12), and *T. calvus* (nshiego mbouvé) (No. 5), are smaller and rounder than that of the gorilla, and show more capacity relatively to their size than that of the male gorilla, but I think not much more than that of the female gorilla. That of the kooloo-kamba (Nos. 4 and 10) has perhaps a greater relative capacity than *any* other of the apes.

The corresponding small amount of brain in the male gorilla, and the excessive preponderance of the cerebellum or back brain, with its enormous strength, would seem to corroborate our opinion of the excessive brutality of this beast.

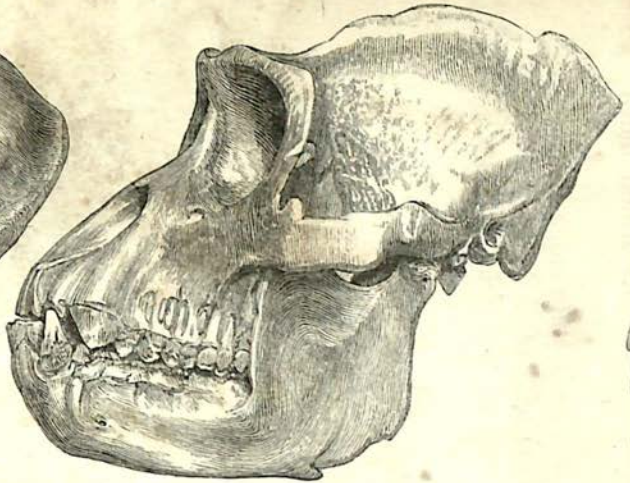
The changes which occur in the development of the female gorilla's skull from early youth to adult life are not so great by far as they are in the male gorilla's skull, which may be called a complete metamorphosis.

The skulls of *young* gorillas, female and male, and of the

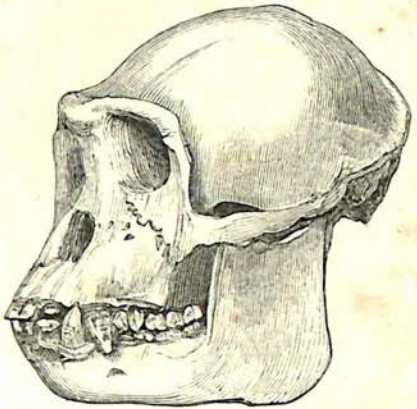
7. Gorilla, female—*facial angle*, 51.



8. Gorilla, male—*facial angle*, 49.



9. Man, Caucasian—*facial angle*, 86.



10. Kooloo-kamba—*facial angle*, 57.

11. Negro—*facial angle*, 75.

12. Chimpanzee—*facial angle*, 54.

SKULLS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—PLATE II.

young of the chimpanzee and other apes, are much alike, and could hardly be recognized one from another (Nos. 13, 15, and 16). When young, the head is more round and more human. As the animals grow older, the occiput becomes long and compressed; the muzzle large and projecting; the frontal ridge, which was small, prominent; and the crests and occipital ridges, which are not seen in the young, become enormous in the adult male gorilla. These appear to be, as they doubtless are, an effectual defence of the monstrous skull against the dangers of ferocious conflicts; but the chief purpose which they serve, is for the attachment of the powerful temporal muscles which move the enormous jaws.

By the following tables of measurements the reader can form an idea of the comparative cranial capacity of the different apes of Africa. The measurements are by my friend Professor Jeffries Wyman, of Boston.

CRANIAL CAPACITY OF ADULT CHIMPANZEE, NSHIEGO, AND KOOLOO-KAMBA.

		Cubic Inches.	Authority.
I.	Chimpanzee	26	Dr. J. Wyman.
II.	„	24	„
III.	„	22	„
IV.	Nshiego mbouvé	22	„
V.	Kooloo-kamba	25	„
VI.	Chimpanzee	20	„
VII.	Nshiego mbouvé	18	„
VIII.	„ mbouvé (young)	21	„

From this it will be seen that the cranial capacity of the kooloo-kamba and nshiego mbouvé is intermediate between the two extreme measurements of the chimpanzee.

CRANIAL CAPACITY OF GORILLA.

		Cubic Inches.	Authority.
I.	Male	34·5	Dr. J. Wyman.
II.	„	28·3	„
III.	„	28	„
IV.	„	29	„
V.	„	26	„
VI.	Female	29·5	„
VII.	Male	27	Dr. S. Knecland.
VIII.	„	32	Dr. J. Wyman.
IX.	„	32·6	Prof. Owen.
X.	Male	30·3	Dr. J. Wyman.

CRANIAL CAPACITY OF GORILLA—*continued.*

		Cubic Inches.	Authority.
XI.	Female	25	Dr. J. Wyman.
XII.	„	24	„
XIII.	„	29·6	„
XIV.	„ (young, shedding teeth) ..	20·5	„
XV.	Gorilla with red rump	19·5	„

I. and III. were obtained by Dr. George S. Perkins.
II. and XI. were obtained by Dr. T. S. Savage.
VII. was obtained by the Rev. J. L. Wilson.
IV., V., VI., XII., XIII., XIV., XV., are from my own collection.
VIII. was obtained by the Rev. William Walker.
IX. is in the Hunterian Museum in London.

	Cubic Inches.
Average of ten males	29·70
„ three females	26·00
„ thirteen adults	28·85
Maximum	34·05
Minimum	24·00

No. XI. is deformed, and is therefore not referred to in the averages.

As an interesting contrast, I will give a summary of the measurements of a vast number of crania by Dr. S. G. Morton, of Philadelphia, giving in cubic inches the average capacity of some of the different families of the human race.*

The average capacity of the adult negro and Australian brain is 75 cubic inches. The lowest capacity, 65 and 63 cubic inches, was found among the Hottentots and Australians. The average capacity of thirteen adult gorillas was but 28.85 cubic inches. This is an incontestable proof of the great ascendancy of the intellectual life of the human species, even in the lower orders of the human family, which increases gradually, and possesses an activity of nutrition which tends to the continual development of that organ as long as the ossification and the sutures of the cranium are not complete, which is not the case until man has attained the adult age; while even after that period it is known that the brain increases sometimes in weight. The difference of size of brain or cranial capacity between the highest ape and the lowest man is much greater than between the highest ape and the lowest ape. In the gorilla the range is only from

* 'Catalogue of skulls of man and inferior animals in the collection of Samuel George Morton, M.D.,' 3rd edition, Philadelphia, 1849.

13. Nshiego Mbouvé, young.

14. Australian—*facial angle*, 75.

15. Nshiego Mbouvé—*facial angle*, 65.

16. Gorilla, young—*facial angle*, 63.

17. Gorilla, red rump—*facial angle*, 51.

18. Gorilla, shedding teeth—*facial angle*, 52.

SKULLS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—PLATE III.

24 to 35 including both sexes, and from 18 to 26 in the varieties of chimpanzees; but from 35, in the ape, the capacity expands at once to 63 in the lowest human cranium. The variation of size of brain is considerable in the human species; but the position and the quality of the brain have more to do with the intellectual manifestations.

The average weight of the brain of a child of four years, of the Caucasian race, having its first teeth, is 38 to 40 ounces. There are no measurements for this age. The average capacity of the adult Caucasian skull is 92 cubic inches, and the maximum is 114 inches. The average weight of a brain of a male Caucasian is 4 lbs. troy.

The cranial capacity of a *young* gorilla or nshiego mbouvé is from 20 to 22 cubic inches—supposing a subsequent development equal in measure to that in man this would produce an animal of a high grade of intelligence. But this development does not take place. The actual increase in brain, in the adult gorilla (or other anthropoid apes), over the young, is very slight. The head increases in size and weight with age; but it is the bones, which grow into a hard, firm brain-case; the brain itself remains almost without increase in weight or size. This proves conclusively that the animal has very limited powers of intelligence; and, from my own observations, I believe that the limit of that intelligence may be reached in a single year of its life.

Comparing the skeletons of the *T. calvus*, or nshiego mbouvé, and T. kooloo-kamba with the *T. niger*, it does not strike me that their differences are of generic importance, but only varieties; especially when it is remembered how much individual gorillas differ in size and in proportions.

The skull of the kooloo-kamba is much broader than that of either the chimpanzee or *T. calvus*. In the kooloo-kamba the incisors strike squarely upon each other, and present a broad grinding surface.

Measured from the supra-orbital ridge above the eyes backward to the occipital ridge, the plane dividing that section of the skull would have more than one-third of the brain superior to that line. The inter-temporal diameter is greater in proportion than in either the gorilla, the chimpanzee, or the *T. calvus*.

The kooloo-kamba skull being placed *in situ* upon the lower jaw,

the whole head preserves, unsustained, its erect position; but this is also true of some of the Gorillas and nshiego mbouvé.

The peculiar development of the cheek-bones gives a great breadth to the face; the muzzle is not so prominent as in the other apes; the head is rounder; the capacity of the cranium is greater than the nshiego mbouvé, as shown by the table of measurement of the crania. The skull approaches somewhat nearer in shape to the human skull. The width of the pelvis is greater than its height, but it has somewhat the general form of that of the *chimpanzee* and the *nshiego mbouvé*, but in these two the height of the pelvis exceeds its width.

There are two points of great difference I must remark on, which still farther establish, in my opinion, the vast chasm which lies between even the lowest forms of the human race and the highest of the apes. One of these is that, in the apes, the vertebral column has a single curvature in the form of a bow, and is thus enabled to act like an elastic spring, which preserves the animal from sudden shocks in running or leaping on all-fours; while in man the spinal column has three opposite curvatures, which answer the same purpose so long as the body is in the erect position, but are not calculated for progression on all-fours. Moreover, the mode of articulation of the head with the spinal column obliges man to maintain himself erect, while in the ape it is such that the head must be thrown backwards when in an erect position, in order to maintain the balance of the body; and I have frequently observed the fact that the gorilla is not able to preserve himself for any considerable length of time in an erect posture.

In man, therefore, both the position of the head and the curves of the vertebral column make the erect posture the only natural one, and any other is quite painful, even if assumed only for a short time; and this difference is an *organic* one, resulting, not from the force of habit, but from a difference in original *structure*.

The whole framework of man proclaims that he is created to carry himself erect; and, unlike all the quadrumana, his superior extremities do not perform any service in the act of locomotion.

Then comes the head, with its enormous expansion of the

brain. The condyles of the occiput are brought forward to the base of the skull, and by this the balance of the head on the neck-bone, which has a slight tendency forward. The arms in man are in more symmetrical proportion with the length of the legs. The femur in man is longer in proportion to the leg than in any other animal; the lower limbs (legs) are longer than in any of the apes; the pelvis is broader than it is long; the iliac bones are bent forward; the humerus is longer than the fore-arm; the thumb is much longer than in any ape, and is the most useful member of the hand.

Another point is made by Dr. P. Gratiolet, in a very able paper, read before the *Société d'Anthropologie* of Paris, on microcephalus considered in its relations to the characteristics of the human race. In this able paper he has the following remarks:—

"The study of the brain of microcephalic persons [or small-brained persons] has provided me with other elements, by the aid of which the absolute distinction of man is evidently and anatomically proved. In comparing attentively the brain of monkeys with that of men, I have found that, in adult age, the arrangement of cerebral folds is the same in one group as in the other; and, were we to stop here, there would be no sufficient ground for separating man from animals in general; but the study of development calls for an absolute distinction."

Speaking of the anatomical development and structure of the brain, he then continues:—"In fact, the temporo-sphenoidal convolutions appear first in the brain of monkeys, and are completed by the frontal lobe, while precisely the inverse order takes place in man; the frontal convolutions appear first, the temporo-sphenoidal show themselves last; thus the same series is repeated in the one case from *a* to *w*, in the other from *w* to *a*. From this fact, rigorously verified, a necessary consequence follows: no arrest in the progress of development could possibly render the human brain more similar to that of monkeys than it is at the adult age; far from that, it would differ the more the less it were developed."

Thus we see that, even in the lowest idiots, the brain preserves the material and zoological characters of man; and, though often inferior in appearance to that of the chimpanzee,

gorilla, or orang, is nevertheless an undeniable human brain. Disease, or degradation in continued reproduction (*astheniogeny*), may dwarf a man, but will never make of him an ape; and, moreover, modern observations have demonstrated that idiots do not breed.

Though there is a great dissimilarity between the bony frame of man and that of the gorilla, there is also an awful likeness, which, in the gorilla, resembles an exaggerated caricature of a human being. With the knowledge of the anthropoid apes which now exists, derived from the critical examinations of their osteology, their dentition, by various observers, such as Geoffroy, Tiedeman, Cuvier, Owen, Wyman and others, it is easy to see the anatomical peculiarities belonging to the anthropoid apes; and these peculiarities constitute so wide a gap, that the greatest differences between the most degraded tribes of the human race and the highest type of a Caucasian are very slight in comparison, as the reader will perceive in Nos. 1, 9, 11, and 14, which represent the Caucasian, Australian, and Negro.

Finally, let me say that, in the country which I explored, the gorilla, and all the other man-like apes peculiar to Africa, are found roaming in the same forests that are inhabited by the natives, and both live in proximity to each other. While there I have inquired patiently and thoroughly about the strange stories told by the natives of the apes carrying away people—stories which, I must admit, they firmly believe, as they believe any of the other stories mentioned in my narrative about women giving birth to elephants, crocodiles, hippopotamus, antelopes, &c. &c. But when called to give me proof, it turned out that the stories had always happened to some persons that had died—some former ancestress. Still the stories have been handed from generation to generation, impressing themselves deeply on the superstitious minds of the natives, who delight in the mystical and wonderful. Particularly while I resided among the tribes found in the mountains near the banks of the Ovenga river, where the gorilla is rather more common than anywhere else, I searched in vain if an intermediate race, or rather several intermediate races or links between the natives and the gorilla, could be found; and I must say here that I made those inquiries conscientiously, with the sole view of bringing before

science the facts which I might collect. But I have searched in vain: I found not a single being, young or old, who could show an intermediate link between man and the gorilla, which would certainly be found if man had come from the ape. I suppose from these facts we must come to the conclusion that man belongs to a distinct family from that of the ape. The first belonging to the order Bimana, and the latter to the other quadrumanous series.

I close this chapter with the following tables of measurements of the gorilla skeleton, carefully made from one of my most perfect specimens, an adult male, which, when first shot, measured five feet eight inches in extreme length.

MEASUREMENTS OF THE GORILLA'S SKELETON.

Lower Jaw.

	Inches.
Length of the inferior maxillary bone, from the inferior angle of the ramus to the canine tooth	6
Do. to the median line, measured around to a point between the middle incisors	7
Perpendicular height of the ramus of the jaw	4
Greatest breadth of do.	2¾
Length of alveolus (in a straight line of the teeth)	3⅝
Width across the jaw from the outer margin of the last molars	2⅝
Do. do. at the canine or bicuspids	2¼

Upper Jaw.

Length of alveolus from the last molar to the canine	3½
Do. do. around to the median line	4¼
Breadth across the jaw at the molars	2¾
Do. do. at the extremities of canine	2⅞

Skull.

Diameter of nasal aperture	1¾
Distance from lower margin of do. to the margin of the eye-socket	3
Width of the face, measured across the eyes to the outer margins of the lateral orbital ridges	5½
Width of the face, measured at the molar protuberances	6½
Depth of the eye-socket to the optic foramen	2⅞
Greatest length of the face, measured in a straight line from the summit of the orbital ridge to the lowest point of the chin	7½

	Inches.
Distance from the base of the nose to the top of the orbital ridge on the median line	2½
Distance from do. to the outer angle of do.	3½
Distance on the median line from the middle incisor of the upper jaw to the foramen magnum (spinal opening)	7½
Diameter of the foramen magnum or spinal opening	1¼
Distance from the posterior margin of that opening to the lateral termination of the occipital crest	3½
Distance on the median line, measured from the middle incisor of the upper jaw across the spinal opening to the outer point of the occipital crest	12¼
Transverse diameter of the base of the skull from the mastoid protuberances	6
Length of the *occipital crest* on its summit	11
Greatest height of this crest, measured perpendicularly from the surface of the skull	1
Length of the *median crest* on the top of the skull	5
Distance from the summit of the orbital ridge to the *point of junction of the crests* on the occiput (Measured from the highest points of the orbital ridge and the occipital junction of the crests, a line will not touch the skull.)	7
Measurement around the entire skull, within the zygomatic arch, on the depressed line just posterior to the eye-sockets, and anteriorly to the crests	11
Lateral diameter of the space beneath the zygomatic arches	2
Antero-posterior do. do.	2¾

Length of Spinal Column.

Length of the cervical vertebræ	4¾
„ from first dorsal vertebra to extremity of the sacrum	21¾
Total	26½
Add for shrinkage of the intervertebral cartilages (nearly one-sixth of total length)	4½
Total length of spine	31

Measurements of Thorax.

Length along the fourth rib, measured from the spine of its vertebra to the articulation with cartilage	13½
Length of its dry cartilage	2
Breadth of sternum (breast-bone)	1¾
Length of the sixth rib	15
„ of cartilage of the sixth rib to its ensiform articulation (dried)	4⅞

Pelvis.

	Inches.
Greatest breadth of pelvis, from crests of the iliac bones	15¼
Breadth of pelvis, measured outwardly and posteriorly from the same points as above	18
Height of pelvis (perpendicular measurement)	14
Diameters of pelvic strait: sacro-pubic, or antero-posterior	6¼
Diameters of pelvic strait: oblique	5⅜
Diameters of pelvic strait: bis-iliac, or transverse	5⅛

Upper Extremities.

Greatest length of the scapula plate	9
Length measured from coracoid process to the inferior extremity of the scapula	12½
Circumference of the head of the humerus	8¼
Greatest diameter of the glenoid cavity	2
Length of the humerus to radial articulation	18
Circumference of the humerus in the middle of its shaft	4¼
,, at the distal articulation, measured around the condyles	9
Length of radius (fore-arm)	13⅜
Direct length of ulna	15
Length measured on its outward curvature	15½

Lower Extremities.

Length of femur, measured from the round ligament to the lateral margin of tibial articulation	13½
Length measured from summit of the great tuberosity to the lateral margin of tibial articulation	14¼
Length from the round ligament to the superior margin of patella	12¾
Circumference of the head of the femur	6¼
Circumference of the neck of the femur	4⅛
Greatest circumference of the femur around the two tuberosities	8⅞
Circumference of middle of the shaft	4
Circumference at the knee, measured over the patella	11⅛
Length of patella	2
Greatest length of tibia (perpendicular)	11⅜
Length of fibula from knee to ankle	10½

The Foot.

Greatest length of os calcis	3
Circumference of ankle around the os calcis	6¾
Greatest length of foot, measured on top from tibia to extremity of middle toe	7¾

	Inches.
Length of bones of middle toe from os cuneiforme to extremity of the toe	6⅛
Length of great toe from do.	4⅛
Greatest length of sole of the foot, measured from posterior extremity of os calcis, in a straight line, to the extremity of the middle toe ..	9
Do. measured *in the arch* of the foot from do.	9¾

The Hand.

Length of the hand, from the carpal bones to the extremity of the middle finger	8¼
Length of thumb	3⅛

Total length of the dried skeleton (from the vertex to the sole) 5 feet 5 inches.

The following comparative measurements of the pelvis in the various apes are given in inches and hundredths:—

	Chimpanzee—Male.	Nshiego Mbouvé—Male.	Kooloo-kamba—Male.	Large Male Gorilla belonging to Dr. Wyman.	Gorilla—Female.
Height of pelvis	11·40	11·50	10·90	15·10	10·10
Breadth across ilia, outside ...	10·00	10·80	11·20	17·70	12·10
Antero-posterior diam. of brim	5·20	5·35	5·00	8·00	6·20
Oblique " "	4·10	4·25	4·75	6·60	5·60
Transverse	3·75	4·00	4·40	6·10	4·20

It is right to mention that the facial angles of the skulls, as given in the plates, have been taken by the *craniometer*, an instrument invented by Professor Quekett, Conservator of the Royal College of Surgeons, London.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Bakalai — Extent of Region in which they are met with — Qualities — Reasons for Intermixture of Tribes — The Bakalai are Rovers — Fear of Death — Old People abandoned — Treachery — Case of Retaliation — Women-palavers — Arbitration — A Fetich Palaver — Appearance of the Bakalai — Property — Duties of a Wife — Restrictions on Marriage — Slaves — Costume — Grass-cloth — Hunters — Fishing — Great Traders — Diseases — Leprosy — Music.

BEFORE resuming the narrative, I think it well to give the reader some account of the *Bakalai*, the people among whom I had spent now so many months in hunting and exploration.

They are one of the most numerous, widely extended, and important tribes I met with in Equatorial Africa. From the Muni on the north to the Fernand Vaz on the south, and from the seashore to the Apingi country, I met with settlements of Bakalai. To the north they approach the seashore, and live on the rivers; but, as I made my way south, I found that they receded from the ocean, and were met farther inland. Their settlements are widely scattered, and they are often found living in independent towns in regions chiefly occupied by other tribes. How far they reach inland I cannot tell. To the Ashira they were known as neighbours, and even the Apingi pointed eastward towards the unknown centre of the continent when I inquired for Bakalai.

On the Rembo they are so entirely an inland people that they did not know much even of the management of canoes. Between the Gaboon and Corisco some of them live on the banks of the rivers, as I have said, and are extraordinary boatmen; but, wherever they are, they are great hunters and traders, and treacherous warriors.

The tribes of Western Africa are curiously intermixed, as the reader will have seen ere this from the accounts of my wanderings among them. This happens because the most enterprising are always striving to get possession of the rivers, which are the only highways of the country. From these they drive away the weaker tribes, or rather portions of tribes; as on the Ikoi some Bakalai had to desert their towns, where they drove a brisk

trade, because of the jealous rage of other villages of the same tribe who were stronger, and determined to have the trade in their own hands. There is nowhere in this region any ownership in land, so that any family of any tribe has a right to settle on any unoccupied territory, and if there is a dispute it is settled by the strong arm.

But one of the peculiar traits of the Bakalai, which distinguishes them from other tribes with whom they are intermixed, is their roving character. They never stay long in one place. A Bakalai village is scarce built—often the plantations have not borne fruit the first time—when they feel impelled to move. Then everything is abandoned; they gather up what few stores of provisions they may have, and start off, often for great distances, to make with infinite pains a new settlement, which will be abandoned in turn sometimes after a few months, though occasionally they remain a year or two, and even more, in the same place. Thus, on the head-waters of the Gaboon and its tributaries, the favourable position for trade obliges them to remain in the same neighbourhood. But even there they shift from one place to another, distant only a mile or two from each other.

Many things contribute to this roving tendency, but first of all is their great fear of death. They dread to see a dead person. Their sick, unless they have good and near friends, are often driven out of the village to die in loneliness in the forest. I have twice seen old men thus driven out, nor could I persuade anyone to give shelter or comfort to these friendless wretches. Once an old man, poor and naked, lean as Death himself, and barely able to walk, hobbled into a Bakalai village where I was staying. Seeing me, the poor old fellow came to beg some tobacco—their most cherished solace. I asked him where he was going.

"I don't know."

"Where are you from?"

He mentioned a village a few miles off.

"Have you no friends there?"

"None."

"No son, no daughter, no brother, no sister?"

"None."

"You are sick?"

"They drove me away for that."

"What will you do?"

"Die."

A few women came up to him and gave him water and a little food. But the men saw death in his eyes. They drove him away. He went sadly, as though knowing and submitting to his fate. A few days after his poor lean body was found in the wood. His troubles were ended.

When a man dies in a Bakalai village the stability of that settlement has received a violent shock. If a second dies, then the people at once move away. They think the place bewitched; they fancy death, dreaded death, stalking in their midst. A doctor is called, who goes through his incantations, and some poor wretch is condemned to drink the mboundou. Often several friendless creatures are accused and condemned in a breath, and murdered in cold blood. Then the village is broken up; the people set out again upon their wanderings, and fix upon some lonely spot for new plantations and a new home.

It is as though they were all their lives vainly fleeing from the dread face of death. This, indeed, is the refrain of all their sad songs, the burden of every fear. Having little else to lose, they seem to dread, more than any other people I ever knew, the loss of life. And no wonder; for after death is to them nothing.

"Death is the end." "Now we live; by-and-by we shall die; then we shall be no more." "He is gone; we shall never see him more; we shall never shake his hand again; we shall never hear him laugh again." This is the dolorous burden of their evening and morning songs.

And still, by a strange contradiction, they are extravagantly superstitious. Believing that there is no life beyond this, they yet fancy a ghost or spirit in every moving tree or bush after night, and in the twilight hour are sometimes overpowered with an undefinable dread, which makes them fear to come even outside their huts.

Another cause of fear is their treacherous and quarrelsome disposition. They are constantly quarrelling with their neighbours. I have already explained the singular ideas they have of retaliation. Once I was in a village, when, on a sudden, I

heard great wailing among the women. I found that two women had been killed by some persons unseen, while they were standing in the creek near by, washing. The murderers were not known for some days. All was consternation in the village.

Then it somehow reached their ears that these women had been killed by men who had come from a village fifty miles off. This village had a palaver or quarrel with one nearer. They came down and killed two women of a village which they had no quarrel with, and this made the villagers, whose relatives they had thus murdered, their allies. This singular doctrine of alliance seems to be accepted by most of the tribes.

Many of their quarrels and palavers arise about women. Polygamy prevails extensively; female chastity is not valued, except as an article of merchandise; the women have great freedom and an intriguing spirit, and the consequence is that a faithful wife is an unheard of thing. The crime of adultery with a *head*-wife, however, is considered a very serious misdemeanour, for which the offender may be heavily fined if he is rich, sold into slavery if he is poor, or perhaps killed.

Now, when a man is caught in such an offence, he makes his escape, if possible, to the next village. It is considered dishonourable to give up a fugitive, and if he gets safely there he is secure for the time. Then begins quarrelling, succeeded presently by murder; then the curious process of securing allies breeds more murder and retaliation, and so in a few days a large tract of country is interested in a quarrel, and fights and assassinations continue till some villages are almost annihilated, and others are removed afar off, only to be mixed up with new strifes.

When war has really broken out in the country once, there is no rest nor safety. No man or woman in any village can take a step in any direction, day or night, without fear of death. They lay ambuscades to surprise each other's villages. They shoot through the tree-bark of which their houses are made, and kill sleeping persons. They use every unfair means of warfare; and the meaner the attack and the greater the treachery, the more glory they have won. In such times of war fires are put out after dark, because they give light to the enemy; the people keep a dead silence, lest their voices should betray their whereabouts; the hunters fear to hunt, the women and slaves to

plant, and, in consequence, everybody is in a condition of semi-starvation. This lasts sometimes for months. At last whole districts are depopulated; those who are not killed desert their villages, and all, perhaps, because a man in one village stole from one in another and refused satisfaction.

On the banks of the Rembo Ovenga I found that the Bakalai had agreed among themselves to settle their quarrels by arbitration. I was much surprised to find that not only was this the rule, but the practice. But I found that Quengueza, who is master of all this country, and makes his rule felt, was at the bottom of this salutary change. He would not allow them to fight. He understood very well that trade and war could not go on together; and, though the trade was insignificant from our point of view, it was important to him.

While I was in Obindji's town, the Bakalai chiefs and people, to the number of several hundreds, met together to ask justice on the head of Pendé, Obindji's brother, who was charged with having stolen the bones of a dead person to make a fetich, which fetich would keep trade away from a particular town. This palaver was very violent; and I think, if Quengueza had not been on the spot, would have ended in bloodshed. Pendé denied having done what he was charged with, and I do not believe that anybody thought him guilty, towards the end of the fuss. Nevertheless, to obtain quiet, the poor fellow had to give three slaves to the three chiefs who were the principal accusers.

The Bakalai are of the ordinary size. The men are generally well made; some are of small stature; and I have seen among them some splendid specimens of manhood. They are not very black; they have full negro features. They are not very strong, chiefly, I suppose, because they live poorly; but they have great powers of endurance, and on this account make admirable hunters. Considering their numerous superstitions and their poor marksmanship, they must be considered brave fellows on the hunt. To face a gorilla, and calmly await his approach till you know that if you miss him you will certainly be his prey, must be counted an act of no common courage. And this is the manner in which the Bakalai hunt this terrible beast.

Wives and slaves are their only property. A man's standing is according to the number of his wives. As soon as a Bakalai has acquired some European goods in return for ivory or ebony,

he immediately sets out to buy a new wife. They generally prefer to marry very young girls; and often young children are regularly bargained away. In this case they remain with their parents till the age of puberty.

When a man has chosen a girl, he calls on her parents and explains his wishes. They put a price upon her, which he pays, and then the poor girl is turned over to him. The more children she has, the more her husband loves her, and the greater is her importance in the town. The population being small in nearly all the villages, every birth is hailed with joy; and as girls have a money value, they are as highly thought of as boys, who make hunters and warriors. Few Bakalai women have many children. Those who do have their own way in many things, and are able to tyrannize over their own household and rival wives.

The duties of a wife are to labour for her husband, to cook for him, to work in the fields, and to be generally his beast of burden and superior slave. When the husband dies, his wives and slaves are divided among his relatives; his brothers taking preference, but even his sons inheriting sometimes.

It is a curious fact, that, though they will take their brother's or father's wives in marriage, they will not marry a woman of the same *family* or clan with themselves. This is the case, also, among other tribes.

Of slaves the Bakalai have not many. The wants of the white traders on the coast, and their own need for white men's goods, make them sell most of those they get to the tribes nearer the coast. People caught in adultery—particularly with a "head-wife"—are sold into slavery in certain cases. Those accused of sorcery are killed or sold into slavery. Also a debtor may be sold by his creditor.

Their costume is very light. Where they can get American or European goods, they so greatly prefer those, because, it may be supposed, of their rarity, that a Bakalai will wear a filthy rag of cotton print for months without washing, rather than throw it aside for a clean native grass-cloth wrapper. The women are extravagantly fond of European beads, and wear also anklets and bracelets of copper or iron. The rude mat which is worn round the middle by the men is made of grass, and very ingeniously constructed. But the fine grass-cloth, some of which is really

beautiful, is not made among them. That they get from the Ashira, a people farther inland—or from other interior tribes, of whom more will be said farther on.

In their general habits it must be admitted that they are very filthy. The inland people hardly know what it is to wash. They oil themselves frequently; and when the deposit of oil on the wool gets stale, the smell and appearance are very disgusting and nauseating.

They are great hunters; but, as game is scarce in this part of the country, *gouamba* is their natural state. They do anything for meat, and it is horrible to see the voracity with which they precipitate themselves on a portion of meat when any is brought into camp. The few goats and chickens they keep are not sufficient for their use, and they seem to have no idea of cultivating them and increasing them. Those who live on the river have great fishing excursions, which furnish them with a portion of their sustenance. When the rivers recede at the approach of the dry season, the waters remain behind on the plains in pools. To one of these pools a village of Bakalai will come—men, women, and children—and, with earthenware pots and bowls, empty out the water. The poor fish, for whom no way of escape is open, struggle vainly against their enemy, who finally, having thrown out nearly all the water, rush in pellmell and take out the fish. These are killed, and what are not eaten on the spot are smoked for future use, and thus a considerable store is often laid by for a needy time.

For hunting, almost all, even of those who live far beyond the region where white men penetrate, make use of guns and powder. These are the chief articles of trade, and are most sought for by the natives everywhere. For the women beads are the most valued; and even the men do not despise ornaments.

They are, like all the tribes of this country, great traders; and, if the rivers were once opened and kept open by white men, this eagerness for trade would help much to develop the abundant resources of the country. Before I ascended the Rembo the whole river was divided by petty chieftains, who maintained their trading monopoly, and prevented the seashore people from direct trade with the up-river. Now, I prevailed upon Quengueza at last to let the seashore men come up with their goods, showing him that the trade would be much greater, and

would really be in his hands; so that now the river is open one way. Still, no one of the up-river could come past Quengueza to take his goods to the seashore. That would not be permitted, and an attempt to do so would cause war.

They are, as a rule, the shrewdest judges of human nature that ever I met with. Lying is thought an enviable accomplishment among all the tribes, and a more thorough and unhesitating liar than one of these negroes is not to be found anywhere. A man does not, therefore, believe what another *says*, but watches his countenance, and forms his opinions from the other's *looks*. Now in this species of almost intuitive judgment the Bakalai excels all his brethren of the other tribes. Sometimes men came to Obindji and told him long stories on some subject of importance. The old chief would listen gravely and say nothing to the speaker, but presently would come to me and say:

"The man lies."

"But how do you know?" I would ask, knowing that the man's story was perfectly straightforward and not at all improbable.

"I watched his face," was the reply. "We Bakalai watch the face. The words are nothing; but the face tells us."

And, indeed, they are marvellously shrewd physiognomists; no slight advantage to a nation of ardent traders.

Of diseases, besides fevers, to which they are subject in certain seasons, the chief are a kind of leprosy, the venereal disease, and a kind of virulent ulcers. These last break out on the arm or leg and eat in to the bone. When the disease reaches the bones the patient dies. In leprosy the patient becomes gradually white in the parts attacked, the skin of the body dries up and cracks, suppuration takes place in the centre of the diseased spots, the extremities of the hands and feet rot away and fall off, and at last the patient dies. In fact, it seems to me the body is dead and mostly decomposed before the spirit leaves it. Lepers, who are in some regions rather common, are kept in a room apart in the house; but the people do not seem much afraid of them. The disease is in certain families, and often does not break out till the unfortunate subject is full-grown. They linger sometimes for years in daily expectation of death. The natives know nothing of a cure. In fact, they have very little knowledge of remedies for any disease. When a man is

sick he is left to nature. If he dies it is witchcraft, and then the doctor is called in to discover the witch. I have seen some cases, but not many, of the disease called elephantiasis. Scrofula is somewhat prevalent, as it is in many other tribes. Most of these diseases must be attributed to insufficient nourishment and filthy habits.

They are fond of music of certain kinds. The tam-tam is the noisiest instrument, and is used for all dances and ceremonials. But they have also a guitar, and a harp of eight strings—an ingenious instrument, on which some of the men play with a good deal of skill; and some of their airs were really pretty, though sad and monotonous. The *ombi*, as this is called, is a source of great delight to them. Often and often I have heard it played all night, while the crowd of listeners sat in silence around the fire. While the tam-tam rouses their feelings, and really throws them into a frenzy, the ombi has a soothing and softening effect upon them.

Both instruments are called *ombi*. One, which is shaped like a banjo or guitar, has but four strings. The other, with eight, is a harp. Both are made of thin pieces of a resonant wood, sometimes covered with snake, gazelle, or goat skin. The strings are the long, fine, fibrous roots of a tree, and answer their purpose very well. The sound of the ombi with eight strings is soft and somewhat musical, and is used to accompany the voice; in such cases the airs are generally plaintive.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Departure for the Interior — Meeting of the People — Address of Ranpano — I am made a Makaga — Use of Quinine — A sick Friend — Death in Goumbi — Sorcery, and how it is discovered — Great excitement — Terrible Tragedy — The Victims — The Accusations — The Poison-cup — The Execution — Visit from Adouma — Sincerity of the Doctors?—Up the River — Manga-hunts — A Manga Doctor — Keeping a Creditor — Querlaouen — An African Tragedy — Fight on the River — Towards Ashira-land — The Ashira Plains — Splendid View.

AT last I was ready to make another start; my health restored, my spirits in some measure recovered, and eager for the new region.

On the 10th of October, 1859, Quengueza was still too weak to travel, so I determined to start without him.

Ranpano and his people had been urging me for some time not to go; and now, when I was all ready, the old king called a grand palaver, which I attended, and of which the chief purpose was to persuade me not to venture into the interior.

My good old friend Ranpano was really solicitous about me. He made me an address, in which he informed me that he had heard the interior people wanted to get me into their power. They wanted to kill me, in order to make a fetich of my hair. They had very many fetiches already, and were very anxious to make their collection complete—so it appeared.

I replied that I had no fear of them; that, so far, I had been brought back safely to them, and I was willing to trust my God again.

Then he said, "We love you. You are our white man (ntangani). What you tell us we do. When you say it is wrong, we do not do it. We take care of your house, your goats, your fowls, your parrots, your monkeys. You are the first white man that settled among us, and we love you."

To which all the people answered, "Yes, we love him! He is our white man, and we have no other white man."

Then the king said, "We know that writing talks. Write

us, therefore, a letter to prove to your friends, if you do not come back, that it was not we who hurt you."

To this followed various objections to my going, to all of which I was obliged to make grave answers.

Finally, when they gave me up, all exclaimed in accents of wonder, "Ottangani angani (man of the white men)! what is the matter with you that you have no fear? God gave you the heart of a leopard! You were born without fear!".

More than a year ago the Camma gave me the title of "*makaga*," an honourable name, which only one man, and he the bravest and best hunter in the tribe, may bear. The office of the makaga is to lead in all desperate affairs. For instance, if any one has murdered one of his fellow-villagers, and the murderer's town refuses to give him up (which is almost always the case, they thinking it a shame to surrender anyone who has taken refuge with them), then it is the business of the makaga to take the best men of the villages, lead them to the assault of that which protects the murderer, and destroy that, with its inhabitants. It is remarkable that, in all the Camma country, the murder of a free man is punished with the death of the murderer. My title was rather an honorary one, as I was never called on to execute justice among them.

At last Ranpano gave me sixteen men to take me to Goumbi, from where Quengueza's people were to set me on. Makondai, the little fellow who had so bravely accompanied me on my last tour, asked to be taken again, and I took him gladly. He is a brave, intelligent lad, and, by his care for my coffee and many other matters, added much to my comfort.

Quengueza could not come with us; but he sent orders to his brother, who reigned in his stead at Goumbi, to give me as many people as I wanted, and to afford me protection as far as I needed it; and specially named Adouma to be the chief of the party who were to accompany me to the Ashira country.

When all this was done, there was, according to African custom, a formal leave-taking. Quengueza's men, Ranpano's, and mine gathered before the old king, who solemnly bade us God-speed, taking my two hands in his and blowing upon them, as their custom is; saying, "Go thou safely, and return safely."

It is now (October) the full rainy season, and not the most comfortable for travelling. But it is probably the healthiest,

and, as for the rest, there is little choice. Besides provisions, I took with me some wine and brandy to help me in rainy nights, and a goodly quantity of quinine—the one indispensable requisite, without which let no man travel in Western Africa. I know the prejudice which exists against this remedy; but I have within this last four years taken fourteen ounces, and live as a proof that it is a useful medicine and a very slow poison.

We arrived at Goumbi on the 13th, after meeting with two very heavy storms of wind and rain on the way. The people asked after their king, who had gone away well, and whom, they thought, I ought to have brought back in the same condition.

I was asked to go and see an old friend of mine, Mpomo, who was now sick. They had spent the night before drumming about his bedside to drive out the devil. But I soon saw that neither drumming nor medicine would help the poor fellow. The film of death was already in his eyes, and I knew he could scarce live through the approaching night. He held out his hand to me in welcome, and feebly said, "Chally, save me, for I am dying."

He was then surrounded by hundreds of people, most of them moved to tears at their friend's pitiable condition.

I explained to him that I had no power to save him; that my life and his were alike in the hands of God; and that he should commend both body and soul to that one God. But he and all around had the conviction that, if only I wished, I could cure him. They followed me to my house, asking for medicine; and at last, not to seem heartless, I sent him a restorative—something, at least, to make his remaining moments easy. At the same time I warned them that he would die, and they must not blame me for his death. This was necessary, for their ignorance makes them very suspicious.

When I awoke next morning I heard the mournful wail which proclaimed that poor Mpomo was gone to his long rest. This cry of the African mourners is the saddest I ever heard. Its burden is really and plainly, "All is done. There is no hope. We loved him. We shall *never* see him again." They mourn literally as those who have no hope.

In the last moments of a Camma man who lies at the point of death, his head-wife comes and throws herself by him on his bed. Then, encircling his form with her arms, she sings to him

songs of love, and pours out a torrent of endearing phrases, all the village standing by uttering wailings and shedding tears. Such a scene was always very touching to me.

When I went to Mpomo's house I saw his poor wives sitting in tears upon the ground, throwing moistened ashes and dust over their bodies, shaving their heads, and rending their clothes.

In the afternoon I heard talk of witchcraft.

The mourning lasted for two days. On the 17th the body, already in a state of decomposition, was put in a canoe and taken to the cemetery of the Goumbi people down the river some fifty miles. It was pitiable to see the grief of his poor wives. They seemed to have really loved him, and sorrowed for him now that he was dead, as they had carefully and lovingly attended upon him till he died. I saw them, on the night of his death, weeping over him, one after the other taking him in her arms. It was a strange sight. In these sorrowful moments there was no sign of jealousy between the poor women, that I could see. All were united by their love for the same object.

Those who have studied the African character, and know how much they are given to dissimulation, cannot be certain whether the display of love come from real sorrow or not. Of course, every wife ought to appear much distressed, for, should they not show a profound sorrow they would certainly be accused of bewitching their husbands. I have even known cases where the mother was killed as the cause of the death of her own child.

On the day Mpomo was buried proceedings were begun to discover the persons who had bewitched the poor fellow. They could not be persuaded that a young man, hale and hearty but a few weeks ago, could die by natural causes. A great doctor was brought from up the river, and for two nights and days the rude scenes which I have already once given an account of were repeated.

At last, on the third morning, when the excitement of the people was at its height—when old and young, male and female, were frantic with the desire for revenge on the sorcerers, the doctor assembled them about him in the centre of the town, and began his final incantation, which should disclose the names of the murderous sorcerers.

Every man and boy was armed, some with spears, some with

swords; some with guns and axes, and on every face was shown a determination to wreak bloody revenge on those who should be pointed out as the criminals. The whole town was rapt in an indescribable fury and horrid thirst for human blood. For the first time I found my voice without authority in Goumbi. I did not even get a hearing. What I said was passed by as though no one had spoken. As a last threat, when I saw proceedings begun, I said I would make Quengueza punish them for the murders done in his absence. But alas! here they had outwitted me. On the day of Mpomo's death they had sent secretly to Quengueza to ask if they could kill the witches. He, poor man! sick himself, and always afraid of the power of sorcerers, and without me to advise him, at once sent back word to kill them all without mercy. So they almost laughed in my face.

Finding all my endeavours vain, and that the work of bloodshed was to be carried through to its dreadful end, I determined, at least, to see how all was conducted.

At a motion from the doctor, the people became at once quite still. This sudden silence lasted about a minute, when the loud, harsh voice of the doctor was heard:

"There is a very black woman, who lives in a house"—describing it fully, with its location—"she bewitched Mpomo."

Scarce had he ended when the crowd, roaring and screaming like so many hideous beasts, rushed frantically for the place indicated. They seized upon a poor girl named Okandaga, the sister of my good friend and guide Adouma. Waving their weapons over her head, they tore her away towards the waterside. Here she was quickly bound with cords, and then all rushed away to the doctor again.

As poor Okandaga passed in the hands of her murderers, she saw me, though I thought I had concealed myself from view. I turned my head away, and prayed she might not see me. I could not help her. But presently I heard her cry out, "Chally, Chally, do not let me die!"

It was a moment of terrible agony to me. For a minute I was minded to rush into the crowd and attempt the rescue of the poor victim. But it would have been of not the slightest use. The people were too frantic and crazed to even notice my presence. I should only have sacrificed my own life without

helping her. So I turned away into a corner behind a tree, and—I may confess, I trust—shed bitter tears at my utter powerlessness.

Presently silence again fell upon the crowd. Then the harsh voice of the devilish doctor again rang over the town. It seemed to me like the hoarse croak of some death-foretelling raven:

"There is an old woman in a house"—describing it—"she also bewitched Mpomo."

Again the crowd rushed off. This time they seized a niece of King Quengueza, a noble-hearted and rather majestic old woman. As they crowded about her with flaming eyes and threats of death, she rose proudly from the ground, looked them in the face unflinchingly, and, motioning them to keep their hands off, said, "I will drink the mboundou; but woe to my accusers if I do not die!"

Then she, too, was escorted to the river, but without being bound. She submitted to all without a tear or a murmur for mercy.

Again, a third time the dreadful silence fell upon the town, and the doctor's voice was heard:

"There is a woman with six children. She lives on a plantation towards the rising sun. She, too, bewitched Mpomo."

Again there was a furious shout, and in a few minutes they brought to the river one of Quengueza's slave-women, a good and much-respected woman, whom also I knew.

The doctor now approached with the crowd. In a loud voice he recited the crime of which these women were accused. The first taken, Okandaga, had—so he said—some weeks before asked Mpomo for some salt, he being her relative. Salt was scarce, and he had refused her. She had said unpleasant words to him then, and had by sorcery taken his life.

Then Quengueza's niece was accused. She was barren, and Mpomo had children. She envied him. Therefore she had bewitched him.

Quengueza's slave had asked Mpomo for a looking-glass. He had refused her. Therefore she had killed him with sorcery.

As each accusation was recited the people broke out into curses. Even the relatives of the poor victims were obliged to join in this. Every one rivalled his neighbour in cursing, each

fearful lest lukewarmness in the ceremony should expose him to a like fate.

Next the victims were put into a large canoe with the executioners, the doctor, and a number of other people, all armed.

Then the tam-tams were beaten, and the proper persons prepared the mboundou. Quabi, Mpomo's eldest brother, held the poisoned cup. At sight of it poor Okandaga began again to cry, and even Quengueza's niece turned pale in the face—for even the negro face has at such times a pallor which is quite perceptible. Three other canoes now surrounded that in which the victims were. All were crowded with armed men.

Then the mug of mboundou was handed to the old slave-woman, next to the royal niece, and last to Okandaga. As they drank, the multitude shouted, "If they are witches, let the mboundou kill them; if they are innocent, let the mboundou go out."

It was the most exciting scene of my life. Though horror almost froze my blood, my eyes were riveted upon the spectacle. A dead silence now occurred. Suddenly the slave fell down. She had not touched the boat's bottom ere her head was hacked off by a dozen rude swords.

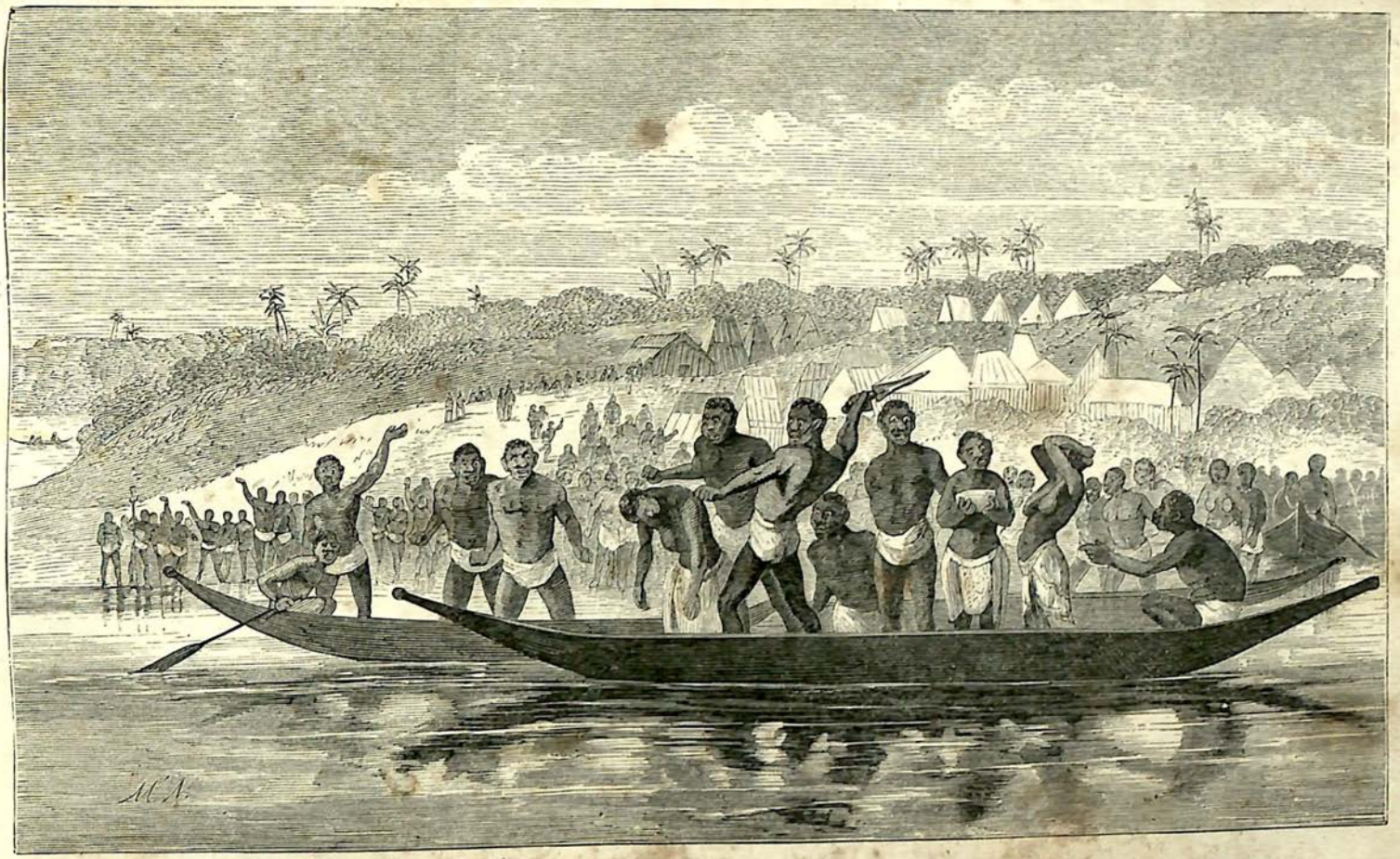
Next came Quengueza's niece. In an instant her head was off, and the blood was dyeing the waters of the river.

Meantime poor Okandaga staggered, and struggled, and cried, vainly resisting the working of the poison in her system. Last of all she fell too, and in an instant her head was hewed off.

Then all became confused. An almost random hacking ensued, and in an incredibly short space of time the bodies were cut in small pieces, which were cast into the river.

When this was done the crowd dispersed to their houses, and for the rest of the day the town was very silent. Some of these rude people felt that their number, in their already almost extinguished tribe, was becoming less, and the dread of death filled their hearts. In the evening poor Adouma came secretly to my house to unburden his sorrowing heart to me. He, too, had been compelled to take part in the dreadful scene. He dared not even refrain from joining in the curses heaped upon his poor sister. He dared not mourn publicly for her who was considered so great a criminal.

I comforted him as well as I could, and spoke to him of the



DECAPITATION SCENE AT GOUMBI.

true God, and of the wickedness of the conduct we had witnessed that day. He said at last, "Oh, Chally! when you go back to your far country, let them send men to us poor people to teach us from that which you call God's mouth," meaning the Bible. I promised Adouma to give the message, and I now do so.

I have often endeavoured to get at the secret thoughts of the doctors or wonder-workers among these people. They lead the popular superstition in such manner that it is almost impossible to suppose they are themselves deceived, and yet it is certain that most of them have a kind of faith in it. Nevertheless, it is not likely that they are imposed upon to the same extent as the common people, and this because they are most barefaced impostors themselves. They go about covered with charms, which they themselves give importance to. They relate most wonderful dreams and visions, which are most certainly spun out of their own brains. They practise all manner of cheats; and when they fasten a charge of sorcery on any person, it is scarce possible to conceive that in such a case they are the victims of delusions which they themselves create. Indeed I must say, that generally for months before popular feeling points to those who are believed to be wizards. I have never found them very friendly to myself, and never disposed to assert or deny anything. One thing only I *can* assert about them: they can drink great quantities of mboundou without taking harm from it. And this is one great source of their power over the people.

Before leaving Goumbi, a grand effort was made by the people to ascertain the cause of their king's sufferings. Quengueza had sent word by my men to his people to consult *Ilogo*, a spirit said to live in the moon. The rites were very curious. To consult Ilogo, the time must be near full moon. Early in the evening the women of the town assembled in front of Quengueza's house, and sang songs to and in praise of Ilogo, the spirit of Ogouayli (the moon), the latter name being often repeated. Meantime a woman was seated in the centre of the circle of singers, who sang with them, and looked constantly towards the moon. She was to be inspired by the spirit, and to utter prophecies.

Two women made trial of this post without success. At last came a third, a little woman, wiry and nervous. When she seated herself the singing was redoubled in fury; the excitement of the people had had time to become intense; the drums

beat; the outsiders shouted madly. Presently the woman, who, singing violently, had looked constantly towards the moon, began to tremble. Her nerves twitched; her face was contorted; her muscles swelled; and at last her limbs straightened out, and she lay extended on the ground, insensible.

The excitement was now intense and the noise horrible. The songs to Ilogo were not for a moment discontinued. The words were little varied, and were to this purport:—

"Ilogo, we ask thee!
Tell who has bewitched the king!

"Ilogo, we ask thee,
What shall we do to cure the king?

"The forests are thine, Ilogo!
The rivers are thine, Ilogo!
The moon is thine!
O moon! O moon! O moon!
Thou art the house of Ilogo!
Shall the king die? O Ilogo!
O Ilogo! O moon! O moon!"

These words were repeated again and again, with little variation. The woman, who lay for some time insensible, was then supposed to be able to see things in the world of Ilogo, and was expected to bring back a report thereof. When she at last came to her senses, after half an hour's insensibility, she looked very much prostrated. She averred that she had seen Ilogo; that he had told her Quengueza was not bewitched; that a remedy prepared from a certain plant would cure him; and so on. I am convinced the woman believed what she said, as did all the people. It was a very curious instance of the force of imagination and extreme excitement combined.

I should have mentioned before that, as we were sailing up the river a little above Biagano, we had a fight. The crew of one of my canoes got into a quarrel with a canoe from one of the villages, and presently we came to hard blows. The noise was deafening, and the blows which were given on both sides were tremendous, and showed to great advantage the superior thickness of the African skull. The weapons used were a kind of pole, of very heavy and hard wood, called the *tongo*. It is an unwieldy weapon, being seven feet long, and about an inch in diameter. The outer end is heavier, and is notched so as to inflict severer

wounds, and when the battle was over I noticed that every tongo was covered with blood and wool. I am sure that one blow from a tongo would have fractured the skull of a white man. The length of the tongo makes it an awkward and ineffective weapon; but the African does not like to come to close quarters with his enemy.

When we had beaten off the assailants, they retired, followed by the abusive songs of our side, who were very proud of their victory. Abuse is the negro's *forte* and his delight, and my fellows bubbled over with the most ridiculous reproaches, already set to a sort of impromptu tune.

"Your chief has the leg of an elephant!" sung one; and another,

"Ho! his eldest brother has the neck of a wild ox!"

"Your women are dirty and ugly!"

"You have no food in your village, poor fellows. Ho! ho!"

And so they went on, pouring out ridicule upon the discomfited foe. Nothing touches a negro so quickly as ridicule, and I fancy my men will have to pay for theirs when they return. Their words were felt to be harder than their blows.

On the 21st I sent my Biagano people back. On the next day I left for Obindji's town and the far interior, with thirty-five Goumbi men and Adouma for my head-man. The men I had to pay each about six dollars' worth of cloth. To Adouma I only promised that I would "make his heart glad," which means that he should be well paid.

I was glad to take poor Adouma along, not only to cheer him up, but because thus I was likely to save him, for a while, at least, from his sister's fate. These tribes have a belief that the powers of sorcery are inherited, and go from generation to generation in certain families. Now several of Adouma's ancestors had been killed for witchcraft at different times; his sister had but just met the same fate, and the poor fellow himself was quite likely to be a victim when the next sorcery row took place.

While I remained in the town I refused to speak to the men who had been most active in the killing of the women. They felt ashamed when they saw that I was not inclined to notice them, and tried to express their sorrow; but I would hear nothing from them. I was determined to show my horror at

their conduct, and to hold out to them the threat that if they would do so they need expect nothing from me.

While I staid at Goumbi this time I noticed again that the people do not like to drink of the water of the river. This dislike is found in all the tribes that live on the larger streams. Their women have to bring water for drinking from the springs and streamlets, often at considerable distances. This is because they have a horror of drinking from water into which slaves who die, and persons executed for witchcraft, are thrown.

On the 22nd we at last got off. My goods were so heavy that I required several canoes. I carried, besides plenty of ammunition, a large supply of beads, tobacco, calico, looking-glasses, files, fire-steels, &c. Some of the men who are with me this time have most curious names, such as Gooloo-Gani, Biembia, Agambie-Mo, Jombai, Manda, Akondogo.

We left the shores of Goumbi without the customary singing. Scarce a word was said. We were going to explore an unknown, and, to the negroes, fearful region; and, moreover, Mpomo's death made singing out of order.

The day was very hot, and towards evening we were overtaken by a terrible storm of rain and wind. I was glad when, towards sunset, we reached the village of Acaca, where my friend Acoundie soon made me comfortable and dry. I was prevailed upon to spend a day here to hunt the *manga*, a species of manatee, of whose meat the people are very fond.

During the day we passed the celebrated oloumi-tree; and here the men fortified their courage by a curious superstitious rite. They went ashore, and presently stripped bark from the tree, which they boiled in water. With this water they then washed themselves thoroughly, thus securing to themselves good fortune for the trip, and success in certain speculations which they hoped to be able to make in the Ashira country, where they expect to get "trusted" with slaves, and ivory, and cloth to sell on the coast.

The morning after our arrival at Acaca we set off in small, very flat canoes, made on purpose for this sport. A manga doctor accompanied us. We went into the Niembai, on whose grassy bottom the manga dwells, and here stationed the boat among the high reeds which lined the shore. The doctor spread a powder he had in a pouch thickly on the water, and returned

then towards the reeds. Presently, while we kept silence, a great beast came to the surface, and began greedily sucking in the powder. Immediately they stole upon it with the canoe, and, when they got near enough, fastened a harpoon to it. To this was attached a long strip of native rope. The animal immediately made for the bottom, but in a few minutes came to the top, and presently, after some struggles, died. Then they brought an empty canoe, which was upset, and the body of the animal put into it, whereupon we returned to the village.

Before it was cut up the manga doctor went through some ceremonies which I did not see, and nobody was permitted to see the animal while he was cutting it up.

This manga is a new species of manatee. Its body is of a dark lead colour; the skin is smooth, very thick, and covered in all parts with single bristly hairs from half an inch to an inch in length. The eyes are very small; the paddles are without nails. The specimen we killed was ten feet long. Its circumference was very considerable, but I could not get at it to measure it. This animal feeds on the leaves and grass growing on the river-banks.

The people were greatly rejoiced. The beast weighed about 1500 pounds, as I calculate from its requiring eighteen men to drag it, and the meat is delicious—something like pork, but finer grained and of a sweeter flavour. To-night all hands were smoking it. The doctor was greatly rejoiced at his success, and praised himself to me at a great rate. But I could not discover the composition of his powder, which was certainly quite efficacious.

On the 24th we started for the interior. When we got to Mpopo I found my men would not be able to carry all my luggage. I had to hire more. The chief asked his wives to furnish some slaves for me, but they asked such a price for their services that I would not give it. It is curious how seldom a husband in this country interferes with that property which he has given to his wives. The women jealously guard their rights in this respect; and so long as they feed their husbands and make them comfortable, they are not, in many things, subject to male rule at all.

On the 26th we got to Obindji's town. The old fellow was rejoiced to see me, and here I got several Ashira men and two

Bakalai, which makes my troop up to thirty-two men all told, and sets me on my way rejoicing.

One of the Ashira fellows was here last spring when I was here. He had brought a slave to Obindji to sell for him, and he had been waiting for the proceeds ever since. He might have waited a year or two longer if I had not come, and he would have done so quite willingly. The creditor in such case lives with the debtor. Okendjo was fed by Obindji's wife; and, to comfort and cheer him while he was waiting, Obindji gave him one of his own wives—a hospitable custom in this part of Africa, which a man is always expected to observe towards his visitors. Whenever I entered a strange village, the chief always made haste to place a part, and often his whole harem at my service. Time was literally of no account to Okendjo. Obindji's town was as jolly a place as any village of his own country. And perhaps, in a few months, his goods would come. So the days went on pleasantly with him.

When he heard my destination mentioned, he at once conceived the brilliant idea of having the honour of guiding the first white man to his king, and thus gaining imperishable renown to himself. I was very glad to have him, as he was a very intelligent negro.

Yesterday, as we approached Obindji's town, we came to the plantation of my old friend Querlaouen. I got out of the canoe, and went ashore to greet the good old African and his wife and children, for whom I had brought presents such as they wished. But alas! I found no house or plantation. The place was deserted; the jungle was thickest where his little clearing had been, and I walked back with disappointed and foreboding heart. On the river-bank I met a Bakalai, who told me poor Querlaouen's story. Some months before the old hunter had gone out after an elephant. His slave who was with him heard the report of the gun, and, finding that his master did not return, set out to seek him. He found him in the forest, dead, and trampled into a shapeless mass by the beast, which he had wounded mortally, but which had strength enough left to rush at and kill its enemy. The poor body was brought in and buried. But now came in the devilish superstitions of the Africans. This family really loved each other. They lived together in peace and unity. But the people declared that

Querlaouen's brother had bewitched him and caused his death. The brother was killed by the mboundou ordeal, and the women and children had gone to live with those to whom they belonged by the laws of inheritance, and were thus scattered in several villages. I was consequently prevented repaying this family for their kind deeds to me.

Early on the 27th we were awakened by the voice of Obindji, who was recommending Okendjo to take great care of "his white man," and see that nothing hurt him. We were soon under weigh. Our road led up the Ofoubou for some three miles and a half. Then we struck off due east, and after half an hour's arduous travel we got through the marshy bottom land which bounds the river, and stood at the foot of a mountain ridge, along which lay the route to Ashira-land. Here we gave three cheers, and with great hopes I led the way into a new terra incognita.

By five that night, when we encamped, we had advanced in a straight line about twenty miles from the Ofoubou. The country was mountainous, very rugged, and very thickly wooded with great trees. The ground was in many places thickly strewn with the immense boulders which I had noticed in my journey to the Fans, only here quartz rock was more abundant. Numerous streams of the purest and most crystalline water rolled in every direction, tumbling over the rocks in foaming cascades, or purling along in a bed of white pebbles, which was delightfully reminiscent of the hill-streams and trout-brooks of home.

This night we had no rain-storm, which was very lucky, as, when camping-time came, we were too tired to build ourselves shelters. Before this not a night had passed since I started from Biagano without our having one of the powerful storms of mixed wind and rain for which this is the proper season. Several times they even overtook us by day.

Our camp was full of life this evening. The men were rejoicing in anticipation of great trade in slaves and ivory, and gave their imagination full swing. When trade was exhausted, they rejoiced over the wives they would get among the Ashira, where they expect, as strangers from a far land, to be sumptuously entertained. And at last Okendjo capped their pleasure by promising them great feasts of goats and plantains, the Goumbi

and Bakalai regarding Ashira-land as the country of goats and plantains.

We were kept awake between one and three o'clock by the roarings of a leopard, which, however, could not face the fire, which we had kept bright, so he could not make his breakfast upon one of us as he desired. But neither did I think it quite safe to venture into the gloom after him. The leopard is a beast that cannot be trifled with even by white men. As for the negroes, they are very much afraid of him; and I have known cases where so many persons were carried away out of a village by a persistent leopard, who had got a taste of black meat and liked it, that the survivors had to move away.

Next morning (29th) I found out that the fellows had slyly thrown away a quantity of my plantains, to be relieved of the burden. I warned them that, if we were short of food, they would have to starve first.

This day the country was much as yesterday. Ebony grows in great abundance on all hands. The poorer the soil, the taller the trees, and the more numerous. In many places the rains had washed away the soil from the immense and wide-spreading roots, which ran along the ground looking like huge serpents. To-day we saw for the first time a tree new to me, and which my men called the *indoonoo*. It has an immense girth, and is a much taller and better shaped tree than the baobab, which is not found in this part of Africa. I measured one, of only moderate size, which had fallen down, and found it, at some feet from the base, eight feet in diameter. This tree is not known on the Rembo, and was as new to my Bakalai as to me. The Ashira fellows, however, knew it very well.

I think the blocks of quartz grow more and more immense as we proceed. To-day there were some which were really stupendous masses, and it was a most curious sight to see our caravan filing between two such ponderous blocks, looking like pigmies alongside of these huge boulders.

Towards evening, at last, we began to see signs of a change in the face of the country. Plantations could be seen from time to time; the soil became more clayey; and at last we emerged from the immense forest. I saw spread out before me the great Ashira prairie-land, dotted plentifully with villages, which looked in the distance like ant-heaps. I stood for a long time on the

edge of a bluff, taking in this, one of the finest landscapes I ever saw in my life. Far as the eye could reach was a high rolling prairie. As I afterwards discovered, the plain is about fifty-five miles long by ten wide. All over this vast plain were scattered collections of little Ashira huts. The hills and valleys were streaked with ribbon-like paths, and here and there the eye caught the silver sheen of a brook winding along through the undulating land. In the far distance loomed up mountains higher than any I had yet seen, and whose peaks were lost in the clouds. It was a grand sight.

CHAPTER XXIV.

We enter Ashira-land — Astonishment of the People at my Appearance — Their Fear of my Eyes — Grand Reception — Message and Presents from the Ashira King — Kendo — King Olenda — His Address to me — I am an Object of great Wonder — My Clock a Fetich — Features of the Plain — Villages — Houses — Agriculture — Appearance of the Ashira — Dress — Grass-cloth — Loom — Curious Custom of young Women — Operation of Dyeing — Manner of Hair-dressing — Peculiarities — Fears of the Slaves — Condition of Women — Marriage — Splendid Waterfall — Mount Nchondo — A Superstition about it — A Case of Insanity — Ascent of Mount Andele — Meet a Nshiego Mbouvé — How it rests at Night — Attempt to ascend the Nkoomoo-nabouali — Gorilla killed — Difficulties of the Ascent — Starvation.

To make our entry into Ashira-land properly, Okendjo sent two men ahead to announce that "the spirit" was coming to see them, and that he (Okendjo) had been selected as his guide. Soon, in the nearest village, we began to see people moving about hurriedly, and in half an hour the whole plain knew something had occurred. Meantime those nearest us came out to meet us, and we moved forward to them. When they saw me, all stopped, and the majority turned back with awe and alarm depicted on their faces. We continued to advance slowly. It was nearly dusk when we entered the nearest village. But very few of the people dared to approach me; and even those took to flight if I fixed my eye upon them, evidently fearing I would do them a mischief.

Okendjo walked ahead of me, proclaiming, in a most magniloquent manner, the many virtues of the great white man or spirit whom he had brought to see his countrymen. And the crowd answered to his words in shouts, "The tangani has come! The spirit has come to see our land—our land, which he never saw before!"

It happened luckily that the chief of the first village we came to was a brother of Okendjo. Akoonga met us at the entrance of his place, and said, "Is it true, Okendjo, what I hear, that you bring to us this man? Is it not an hallucination of my mind, occasioned by too much palm-wine? Is he the spirit who

makes the guns, the cloth, the beads, the brass rods, and the copper rings?"

Okendjo replied, "He is the man. This is he of whom you have heard so much. He comes from a far country to see us."

Then the people shouted out their surprise. A house was given me, and when I had taken possession the chief came, followed by ten of his wives, each bearing two bunches of plantains, which, with fear and trembling, they deposited at my feet. Next were brought four goats, twenty fowls, several baskets of ground-nuts, and many bunches of sugarcane.

When these were delivered, Akoonga said to Okendjo, "Tell the spirit that I thank him that he stays in my village a night. Tell him he is welcome, and all those who follow him. He is the master while he is here. This food is for him. As for his people, my women will cook for them."

I thanked him.

Then, showing me the house, he said, "It is your house; my wives are yours; my slaves are yours; my people are yours."

Then, at last, I had a chance to refresh myself with supper. After supper, being tired, I lay down, but was not yet asleep when I heard the chief say to his people, "Be silent; do not trouble the spirit; do not speak lest you awake him. Neither our forefathers nor ourselves ever saw such a wonder as this."

The consequence of this kind and very unusual forethought was that I enjoyed a very good night's rest.

By my reckoning, the village of Akoonga is two hundred and forty miles east from Cape Lopez.

Early next morning the rush of people began. They were less afraid than on the evening before, and crowded around me in such masses that I was nearly stifled. As usual, my hair was the great object of wonder to them. I stood it as long as I could, but at last had to ask the chief to send them away. Not to disappoint their curiosity too much, I consented to walk through the streets at intervals of an hour or two, and thus give all an opportunity to look at me. This piece of complaisance gratified them immensely.

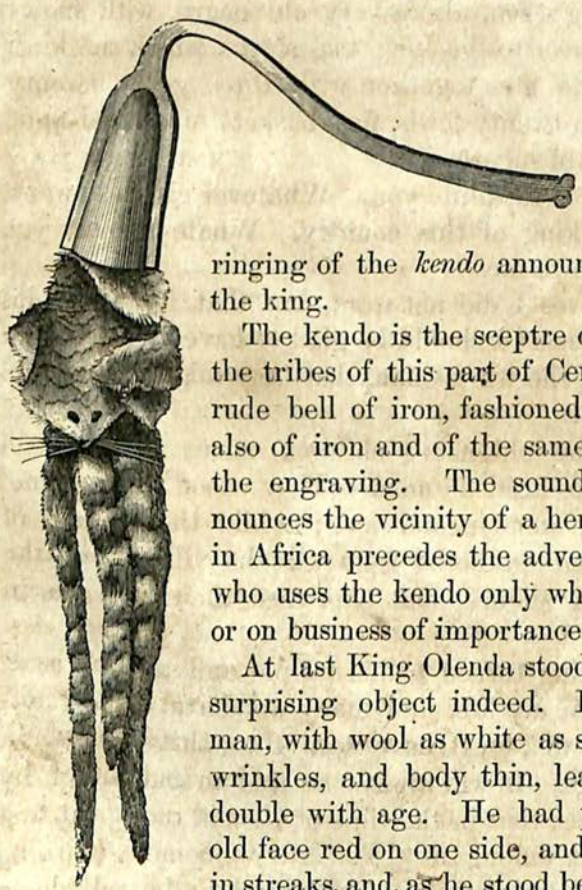
In the morning, Olenda, the king or head chief of the Ashiras, sent two messengers with presents of goats and plantains, and a desire that I should come to his town. I sent back word that I would the day after to-morrow; to-day my feet were too sore.

The king sent word that I should be carried if I would come.

I replied that I would come on the day I had appointed. That I never broke my word nor ever changed my mind.

Accordingly, on November 2nd, early in the morning, I was aroused by King Olenda's people, who had come to escort me with singing and dancing. I took leave of Akoonga, giving him a present of one hundred yards of cloth, and some beads, and an old shirt, whereat he was vastly delighted.

My men had now easy times. My baggage was carried altogether by the Ashira, who marched ahead singing wild songs celebrating my arrival among them. After a journey of ten miles over the grassy prairie we came to Olenda's town, which may be called the capital of the nation. I was conducted to the best house in the place; and, after waiting half an hour, the ringing of the *kendo* announced the approach of the king.



Kendo.

The kendo is the sceptre of royalty in some of the tribes of this part of Central Africa. It is a rude bell of iron, fashioned with a long handle, also of iron and of the same piece, as shown in the engraving. The sound which with us announces the vicinity of a herd of cows or sheep, in Africa precedes the advent of the sovereign, who uses the kendo only when on visits of state or on business of importance.

At last King Olenda stood before me—a most surprising object indeed. He was an old, old man, with wool as white as snow, face a mass of wrinkles, and body thin, lean, and bent almost double with age. He had painted his haggard old face red on one side, and white on the other, in streaks, and, as he stood before me, I wondered as much at his appearance as did he at mine.

When we had looked at each other for some five minutes he made me a formal address in Ashira, which was translated for

me by Okendjo. He said, "I have no bowels. I am like the Ovenga River; I cannot be cut in two. But also I am like the Niembai and Ovenga rivers, which unite together. Thus my body is united, and nothing can divide it."

This gibberish, which may possibly have had some mystic significance at one time, I afterwards discovered was the regular and invariable salutation of the Ashira kings, Olenda's predecessors, time out of mind. Each chief and important person has such a salutation, which they call *kombo*.

Then he continued: "You, the spirit, have come to see Olenda. You, the spirit, have put your feet where none like you have ever been. You are welcome."

Here the old king's son, also a very old negro, with snow-white wool, handed over to the king two slaves, which the king formally presented to me, together with three goats, twenty bunches of plantains, twenty fowls, five baskets of ground-nuts, and several bunches of sugarcane.

"This," said he, "is to salute you. Whatever else you want, tell me. I am the king of this country. Whatever else you wish, let it be known to me."

I replied that slaves I did not want, but that if any of his people were on the coast I should be glad to have them taught in the knowledge of the white man, that they might come and tell it to their people.

Then more of the old man's children came; all old, and wrinkled, and white-headed men. They stood before me, regarding me with wonder and awe; while the people, of whom thousands were gathered from all the villages of the plain, looked on in silence, and expressed their surprise in whispers.

At last the old king turned to his people and said, "I have seen many things in my life, and many wonderful things, and now I am ready to die, for I have seen the spirit from whom we receive all things. It will always be said in our nation by those coming after us, that in the time of Olenda the spirit first appeared and dwelt among us. You are welcome" (turning to me). "Keep this spirit well (to his people); he will do us good."

It was a very impressive scene, and all was conducted with great decorum and dignity.

Nov. 9th. The last week has been devoted to seeing and being seen. From all the one hundred and fifty villages of the plain the people have streamed to Olenda's town to see "the spirit." They come in the night, sleep on the ground outside the town, and in the morning crowd about me, following me with curious gaze, wondering at my hair, and trying, unobserved, to get a glance at my eyes. The moment I look at them they run off, especially the women and children. The African has a great dread of the steady look of a white man's eye. They believe it has an evil-working influence, and it is certainly a potent weapon to reduce a refractory or turbulent crowd. Even the bravest warrior will quail beneath the steady glance of a white man.

My clock is an object of constant wonder to them. They think it watches over me. Its constant ticking day and night is noticed, and this, to them, denotes the watchfulness of my familiar. Nothing could persuade them that a musical-box, which I sometimes wound up and caused to play for them, was not a very powerful devil in my employ. And, though they have a few guns and know their use, my revolver excited not only their admiration, but a superstitious kind of reverence. They could not comprehend a machine which could fire time after time right ahead without stopping.

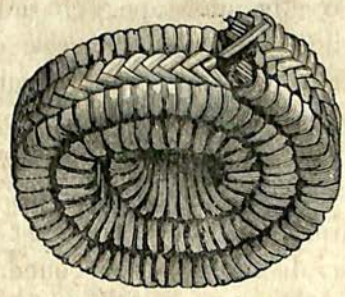
The Ashira plain, which I have in this week to some extent explored, is the finest and most delightful country I have seen in Africa. The soil is light, but tolerably good. It is well watered with small brooks. The undulations of the prairie, which is, in fact, a table-land surrounded on all sides by higher mountains, give the landscape a charming variety. The surrounding mountains, the splendid peak of the Nkoomoo-nabouali on the north, the Andele and Ofoubou to the south, the peaks of Ococoo to the east, are all covered with dense masses of forest, and lend a solemn majesty to the scene, from whatever point it is viewed. They thoroughly inclose the great prairie, their forests reaching to the very feet of the hills, and marking, with curious distinctness, the boundary beyond which man has not encroached.

I learned from the natives that beyond the Nkoomoo-nabouali range a superb cataract was known. A stream called the Rembo Ngouyai runs through a high defile, and finally falls

into the plain down an abrupt precipice, resuming its course around the very base of the mountain. Its roar fills the whole surrounding country, and its vapour rises along the sides of the mountain into a magnificent rainbowed column visible at a great distance. This great fall, called the Samba Nagoshi, I hoped afterwards to visit, but the reader will see that the Fates denied me this pleasure. I floated on the Rembo Ngouyai, within sight of the vapour rising from the cataract, and listened to its sublime roar, but in my light canoe I did not dare risk a near approach through turbulent waters; while the approach overland was found too difficult for my time, and strength, and limited supplies. The negroes of this region are full of wonderful stories of its fury. They believe that beyond the mountains lives a great spirit who sends down this torrent.

The villages were so scattered at random that I could not make an accurate count of them, but there are between 150 and 200. They are the neatest I have seen in Africa. The houses are small, but cleanly, and built of tree-bark. The village is generally composed of one long street, with houses on each side. The streets are kept very clean; and this is the only tribe where the ground at the back of the houses is also cleared off. The villages are surrounded by thousands of plantain-trees, and regular paths connect them with each other. I learned that villages are removed, as among other tribes, for death or witchcraft, but not beyond the plains.

Behind every village, in particular near the boundary of the forest, are great plantations, carried on with much industry,



A roll of Ashira Tobacco.

and where tobacco, peanuts, plantains, yams, and sugarcane are grown in quantities which make this a land of plenty, where

no man starves. Bushes of wild cotton were seen now and then, but not in great plenty. As I stood on one of the highest hills which diversify the plain, and cast my eyes over the scene, the yellow waving grass and cane fields contrasting with the dark green of the forest, reminded me strongly of the harvest-fields of my home, and gave the landscape a charm of homely rural beauty which is lacking elsewhere in Africa, where all is wild and grand, but where the traveller's heart often aches for something which shall remind him of home.

The people are the finest I have seen in Africa. They are evidently a separate nation, for the Bakalai and other tribes who surround them are much lighter coloured. The Ashira are invariably coal-black. The women, in particular, have fine forms, and, though they have full negro features, many of the young women have a grace of carriage and a sprightliness of manner which is something quite un-African.

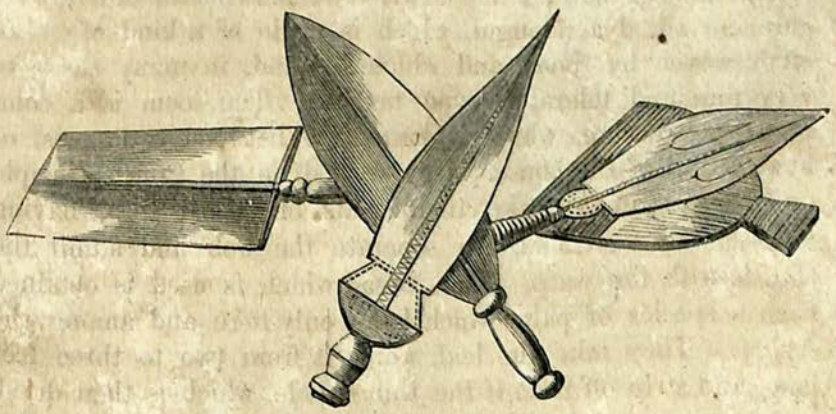
The dress of the men and married women consists of a flowing garment called a ndengui, which is made of a kind of grass-cloth woven by them, and which I found, in many cases, of very fine and tolerably even texture. The loom is a complicated structure, which is suspended between two trees, or at the front of the house. It is worked on the same principle on which seamen make their mats on board ship, having two sets of "dividers," to separate the web and admit the shuttle with the warp. The thread which is used is obtained from a species of palm which I saw only here and among the Apingi. They take the leaf, which is from two to three feet long, and strip off from it the thin cuticle, which is then dried, and becomes a tolerably firm yarn. They told me that this tree is very short-lived, dying after having borne fruit but once.

Ashira Thread and Needle.

They sew very neatly with a wooden needle and grass thread, a skein of which is here represented.

By a singular fashion, which I never saw elsewhere, girls and young women, till they are married, are not allowed to wear any clothing except the narrow grass-cloth girdle about the middle. They wander about as freely as a total absence of the sentiment of modesty can let them. Their scant toilet was simply a fashion of such long standing that it was taken as a matter of course.

The men, who are not nearly so finely-built as the women, though they too are superior to the men of the surrounding tribes, wear on their heads caps of grass-thread knit in a most beautiful manner, something in the style of the crochet-work which is the amusement of our ladies. The cap is called *ashita*. From their shoulders hangs a bag, not unlike the fashion of our game-bags, with a mass of pendent strings surrounding the bag. It is a very pretty thing, and is used to carry whatever they may have, which we would put in our pockets.



Ashira Weapons.

Both men and women are very fond of copper ornaments, such as bracelets and anklets, which they manufacture from the copper brought hither by the Bakalai from the seashore.

Some of their grass-cloth remains of its natural colour, which is a dark buff. Other articles are dyed black in a very ingenious manner. A beautiful bush, which grows in abundance here, bears a profusion of small berries in which the dye is secreted. To obtain it, however, it is necessary first to rub the cloth thoroughly with clay until it is quite covered, and then put it to soak for a day in running water. After soaking twenty-four

hours it is put in a kettle with water and the berries and bark, and some leaves of the same tree. The whole is boiled for three or four hours. When the cloth is taken out it is of a light black or brown colour. It does not turn of the peculiar deep shining black till it is once more rubbed in clay and soaked in running water.

Ashira Belles.

The Ashira women dress their hair in a very curious way, and quite differently from any negroes I have seen. The pictures here given make an explanation unnecessary, except to say that the protuberance on the top of the head and the projecting horns are their own wool, made stiff by being strung over such substances as plantain-leaves or sticks. The toilet of an Ashira lady's head is rather a complicated affair; but then a head "lasts" a good while. The hair is covered with palm-oil.

The women paint their bodies red with the dye obtained from the barwood-tree. They are particularly fond of wearing copper rods about their necks, which makes them look as though ready collared for the slave-market. Both men and women file their teeth slightly in the middle, and it does not produce an unpleasant effect on the stranger. Occasionally I saw an old man with teeth filed to a point, as is the savage custom in many of the African tribes. It gives the countenance a peculiar look of ferocity which is not soon forgotten.

Seeing no slaves, although I had been some days at Olenda's town, I began to think they had none. But I soon discovered that the poor slaves, on hearing of my arrival, had been panic-struck. They thought, poor fellows! that I had come to carry them off to the seashore to be fattened, and then carried off to the white man's country to be eaten, and that I myself intended to eat a few, which is the use they fancy we make of slaves. Accordingly, they retreated to the plantations, where they hid themselves, and resolutely refused to make their appearance; nor would any assurances or entreaties of mine induce them to come forth. The masters only laughed.

The women cultivate the soil among the Ashira, as among the other tribes. They are very industrious, and seemed to me milder mannered, as they certainly were healthier than elsewhere in Africa. They do not become wives till they have arrived fully at the age of puberty, which is one sufficient reason for the greater beauty of the little nation, and for its intellectual superiority, as denoted by the cloth manufactures, and the settled and provident mode of life. Polygamy, of course, prevails; and parents sometimes sell their children, which is not thought a crime. The less I say about the morals of the women the better. Let it suffice that chastity is not one of the virtues of the Ashira.

This whole country is well watered. Along every distant mountain-side rivulets are dancing downward, and are lost in the plain, or eventually fall into the Ovenga or Ovigui, which flow past, the last emptying into the Rembo Apingi.

Nov. 10*th.* To-day I set out for the mountains to the south, the Ofoubou, Andele, and Orere mountains, among which the Ofoubou river has its source. I left my luggage with King Olenda, and took only a few presents for the chiefs who had invited me to visit their towns in the mountains. Olenda gave me

one of his sons as guide, and told all his people to take great care of "the spirit."

After a march of about a mile and a half in a general direction of south, we came to the foot of Mount Nchondo, one of the highest peaks in the prairie. It is much venerated among the Ashira, who believe that from it goats came to them. Many assured me that their friends had received these animals from the mountain; and I suppose that formerly it was, in fact, sometimes the hiding-place of wild goats, who, issuing forth from some unknown recesses, gave rise to this singular superstition.

After skirting for some miles the base and slopes of these hills, we came to the foot of the cloud-capped Mount Andele. Here was the village of Mouendi, whose chief, Mandji, came forth with great joy to meet me, his people singing, "It is good that the white man comes to see our town."

They brought me presents of food, as usual, and seemed greatly to wonder at my hands, my hair, &c.

In the country we crossed to-day I saw some deserted villages. Here death had been accompanied by witchcraft; for the poor Ashira too are stricken with the belief that death is the result of violence, and must have been caused by the wicked machinations of sorcerers.

Wherever I went the villages were remarkably neat. The houses are small, but clean. The lack of the *mpavo*, of which the houses of most of the other tribes are built, accounts for their diminutive size. They have to carry this unwieldly building material often many miles, and on their backs, as they have no beasts of burden. The streets were always scrupulously neat, not a weed or a piece of offal to be seen.

While I was resting in one of the villages, a poor crazy fellow came capering and singing along the street. I was so much amused at his antics, and at the forbearance of the people with him, that I gave him an old torn coat I had with me. At this he was vastly delighted, and redoubled his jumps and songs, while the villagers were also much pleased. The poor fellow followed me for several days, and tried to show his gratitude by dancing and singing for my diversion. In this part of Africa idiots—those who are dull, stupid, senseless, and gloomy—are much disliked and soon got rid of. Generally they are sold to another tribe as slaves. But such poor light fellows as this was are

kindly treated, and I think regarded with a certain superstitious reverence. I have seen but three such in all my journeys, but have seen many brutish idiots. I may as well add here that cases of deafness are very rare. I do not remember to have met any, except very aged people. Among the Bakalai I found one mute, and I have seen in another tribe two humpbacks—both, by the way, remarkably cunning fellows. I do not remember a single case of blindness in all my journeys, not even among the very aged.

I found in these hill villages a plant they call the *liamba* and which the men cultivate with great care. The leaf is used to smoke in their clay pipes, and has powerful exhilarant and narcotic effects. From some leaves which I brought home, I have discovered that this liamba is nothing else than the well-known *Cannabis Indica*, or Indian hemp, from which the far-famed Eastern drug *hasheesh* is made.

Liamba Leaf.

One day during my journey I found a village in great excitement. One of the men had been smoking liamba leaves, and had run out to the forest in an insane state, and it was feared he would be eaten by wild beasts. Such cases are not uncommon in the Ashira country. Under my own observation afterwards.

one liamba-smoker became furiously and permanently insane, and I saw many who were miserably debilitated by the habit.

Hasheesh and the *Cannabis Indica* are so well known that it is not necessary to say anything about them here. The plant is a native of Abyssinia, Persia, and Hindostan, and is not, in my opinion, indigenous to this part of Africa. This I think, because I nowhere heard of its growing wild, and because the Ashira and Apingi, the only people I met with who use it, cultivate it with considerable care. How it came thither, or how they first came by a knowledge of its qualities, I could not learn. There are among the Ashira many confirmed liamba-smokers, and the habit seems very quickly to fix itself with a fatal tenacity. Beginners I have seen fall down in convulsions from the first few puffs. Practiced smokers are seen laughing, talking, quarrelling, and acting in all respects like drunken persons. Insanity is often its ultimate result on those who persist in its use. I have several times seen men run into the forest under the influence of a few whiffs of liamba, perfectly unconscious and raving.

The negroes acknowledge its pernicious effects, but yet its votaries increase; and though the plant is yet unknown to the seashore tribes, they will soon fall under its subjugation, for it is making gradual but sure advances. I never saw the leaf on the seashore, but once saw a few of the seeds in the possession of a slave in a slave-factory. He was carefully preserving them, intending to plant them in the country to which he should be sold.

The negroes choose for the liamba a soil humid, rich, and near the summit of a hill, in a sunny exposure, where it may secure the greatest amount of heat.

The soil of the prairie is light and somewhat clay-like, but would make a fine agricultural country. It seems specially adapted for grazing purposes. Nearer the mountains the soil is richer, blacker, and deeper; and here are the largest plantations, even the people living in the centre of the plain cultivating farms at its edge. Villages are very numerous at the foot of these mountains.

On the 12th I set out on my return to the plains. I made an excursion to the west, towards Obindji's village, to hunt. I took a number of Ashira with me, who covered themselves with fetiches, as usual, and gashed their hands for good luck. They

were in high spirits because a fetich had given indications that we should get much game. When we had camped that evening, and after a rain-tornado had passed and left us in quiet in our leafy shelters, the men began to tell stories of the gorilla. Some of these were such as the reader has already met with in this volume; but two were told of quite a different kind. One of these related how a gorilla was walking in the forest, when suddenly he met a *ngègo* or leopard. The gorilla stopped, and so did the leopard. The latter, being hungry, crouched for a spring at his foe, whereat the gorilla set up a hideous roar. Undismayed by this, the leopard made his leap, but was caught in mid-air by the gorilla, who seized his foe by the tail, and whirled him round his head till the tail broke off, and the animal escaped, leaving his brush in the hands of the gorilla!

The leopard ran away to his companions, who, when they saw him, asked, "What is the matter?" whereupon the unfortunate beast recounted his defeat. At this the chief ngègo howled and howled till all the leopards of the forest came, who, when they saw their brother's injury, vowed vengeance, and set out to find the gorilla.

They had not long to hunt. When the gorilla saw them coming he broke down a tree, of which he made a club, which he swung round and round his head, and kept the troop of leopards at bay. At last, however, he grew tired, and then the leopards rushed on him with one accord and soon killed him.

Next came a story of a gorilla and an elephant, told with a good deal of dramatic force. As the gorilla was walking in the forest with his wife and baby, they came suddenly upon a huge elephant, who said, "Let me pass, gorilla, for these woods belong to me."

"Oh, oh!" said the gorilla. "How do the woods belong to thee? Am I not master here? Am I not the man of the woods? Do I not roam where I please?"

And, ordering his wife and baby to go aside, he broke down a large tree, and brandishing it like a club, made at the elephant, whom he soon killed. The body of the elephant was found by a man a few days afterwards, with the club of the gorilla lying by its side.

This story, the narrator assured me, was a fact; and I think he firmly believed it. These two fables seemed to me to evince

more imagination than any I had heard before, and I have given them here for that reason.

The next morning I succeeded in bagging a wild boar and several pigs. These animals are not only very savage, but singularly active. When I brought down the boar, three others which were with him were much startled, and, in their fright, made a leap which must have measured over ten yards. I have seen them repeatedly leaping across the Ovenga, where, by my own measurement it was more than eight yards across. Once I saw one miss the opposite bank, and I shot it in the water.

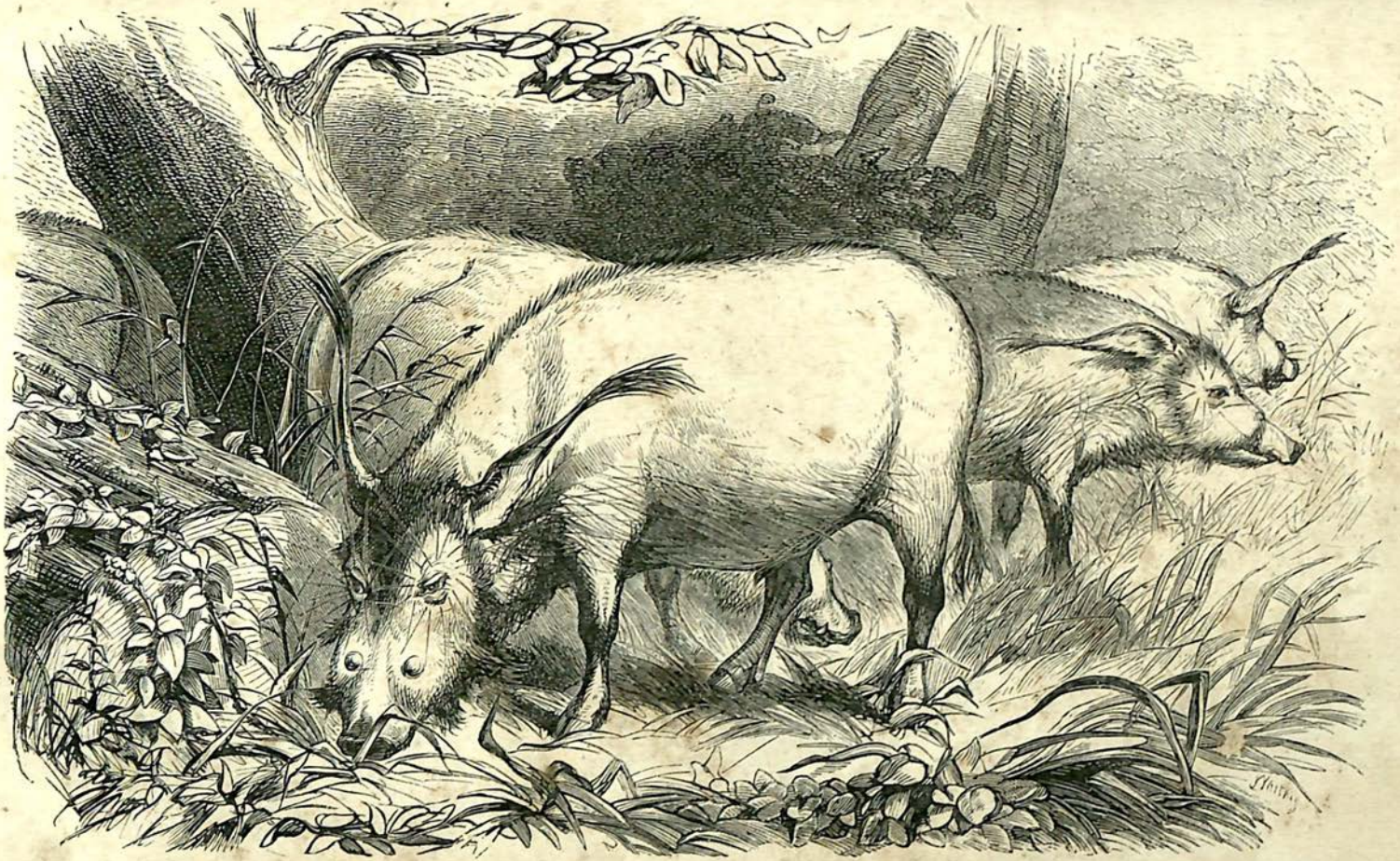
This wild hog is peculiar to this part of Africa, and is a new species. I have called it *Potamochœrus albifrons*. The animal looks somewhat like the *Potamochœrus penicillatus*. It is a very remarkable-looking animal, attaining a great size, and conspicuous for a curious white face, adorned with several large warty protuberances on each side, half-way between the nose and eyes. These, and the singular long bristles which surround the eyes and the long ears, ending in a tuft of coarse hair, give the animal a very remarkable expression. The colour of the body is red.

We got no gorillas on this hunt, but I killed a very remarkable animal, the *Cynogale velox*, resembling a small otter, and the only animal of this genus known, as yet, I believe, in Africa. It resembles somewhat the Asiatic *Cynogale Bennetti* (Gray), the only one of the genus hitherto described; but the size of the animal, the length and character of the tail, and the habitat indicate a distinct species. I have called it *velox* because of the extreme rapidity with which it darts through the water after its prey. Of its habits I unfortunately could learn nothing.*

On the 12th I set out to ascend the principal peak of Mount Andele. We were two days about the ascent, which was a tedious affair, and without its reward, as, when I reached the summit, I found it enveloped in clouds, and mists, and forests, and could get no view at all.

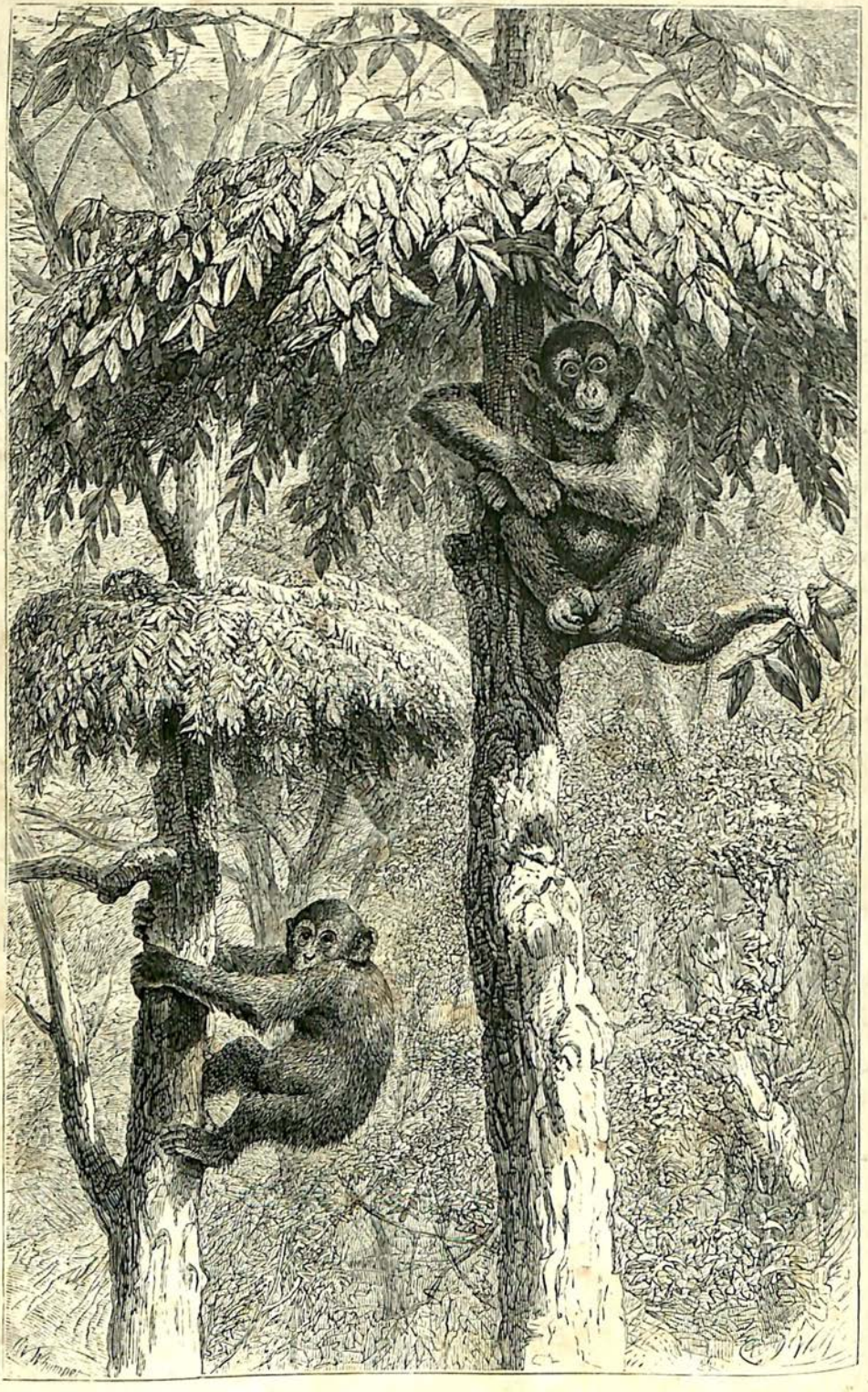
On our way down, at sunset of the third day, we heard the call of a nshiego mbouvé (*Troglodytes calvus*). I immediately caused my men to lie down, and was just getting into a hiding-place myself, when I saw, in the branches of a tree at a little

* For full description of this curious animal, naturalists are referred to the 'Proceedings of the Boston Soc. Nat. Hist.,' vol. vii., p. 353, 1860.



WHITE-FRONTED WILD HOG.

(*Potamochœrus albifrons.*)



NSHIEGO MBOUVÉ IN HIS SHELTER.

distance, the curious nest or bower of this ape; hard by, on another tree, was another shelter. We crept up within shot of this nest, and then waited, for I was determined to see once more the precise manner in which this animal goes to rest. We lay flat on the ground, and covered ourselves with leaves and brush, scarce daring to breathe, lest the approaching animal should hear us.

From time to time I heard the calls. There were evidently two, probably a male and female. Just as the sun was setting I saw an animal approach the tree. It ascended by a hand-over-hand movement, and with great rapidity; crept carefully under the shelter, seated itself in the crotch made by a projecting bough, its feet and haunches resting on this bough; then put one arm about the trunk of the tree for security. Thus, I suppose, they rest all night; and this posture accounts for some singular abrasions of hair on the side of the nshiego mbouvé. At a little distance off I saw another shelter made for the mate.

No sooner was it seated than it began again to utter its call. It was answered, and I began to have the hope that I should shoot both animals, when an unlucky motion of one of my men roused the suspicions of the ape in the tree. It began to prepare for descent, and, unwilling to risk the loss of this one, I fired. It fell to the ground dead. It proved to be a male, with the face and hands entirely black.

As we were not in haste, I made my men cut down the trees which contained the nests of these apes. I found them made precisely as I have before described, and as I have always found them, of long branches and leaves laid one over the other very carefully and thickly, so as to render the structure capable of shedding water. The branches were fastened to the tree in the middle of the structure by means of wild vines and creepers, which are so abundant in these forests. The projecting limb on which the ape perched was about four feet long.

There remains no doubt in my mind that these nests are made by the animal to protect it from the nightly rains. When the leaves begin to dry to that degree that the structure no longer sheds water, the owner builds a new shelter, and this happens generally once in ten or fifteen days. At this rate the nshiego mbouvé is an animal of no little industry.

On the 18th I told Olenda, to whom I had returned, that I wished for men to help me ascend the high peak of Nkoomoonabouali, which was about forty miles off. He laughed, and said I could not do it; I should starve in the attempt; besides, there was a mighty spirit living there which would prevent us from passing. However, I had set my heart on ascending this peak; and though it proved impossible to draw the slaves from their concealment, I managed to bribe a sufficient number of freemen to be my guides through the impenetrable forest which lay between the prairie and the mountain-top, and to help me in the ascent. The negroes are excellent woodmen, and are very rarely lost, even in a forest where they are strangers.

We set out on the 21st, taking with us food for several days, and blankets for myself to keep me from suffering from the cold. Unfortunately for me, we found part of the forest low and swampy; and a dense thorny jungle, in which I had lost, by the evening of the 22nd, not only my shirt, but the greater part of every other garment I wore, besides numerous patches of skin.

On the night of the 22nd a tremendous rain-storm put out our fires and left us most uncomfortable. Next morning we heard the roar of a gorilla, which revived my drooping spirits. After swallowing a cup of coffee and a biscuit—more I dared not eat, for our provisions would scarce hold out—we set out to kill the ape.

We had not far to go. I went off to the east with one of my hunters. We had walked barely a quarter of a mile when we heard the loud roar again: this time quite near. We stood quite still for fear of alarming the beast, which was evidently approaching us, as we could see the bushes bent towards us. The fear of alarming him, however, proved needless. When he saw us he at once struck aside the intervening bushes, rose to an erect position, made a few steps, stopped, and seated himself; then, beating his vast breast, which resounded like an old drum, he advanced straight upon us. His dark eyes flashed with rage, his features worked convulsively, and at every few paces he stopped, and, opening his cavernous mouth, gave vent to his thunderous roar, which the forests gave back with multiplied echoes.

He was evidently not a bit alarmed, and was quite ready for a fight. We stood quite still. He advanced till he stood beating his breast within six yards of us, when I thought it time to put an end to the scene. My shot hit him in the breast, and he fell forward on his face dead. They die very easily, and have none of that tenacity of life which the most savage animals have. In this they also resemble man. It proved to be a middle-aged male, a fine specimen.

By the evening of the 24th we had ascended I could not tell how far up the mountain-side, but I fear not very far. The woods were still dense; every step was attended with difficulties. The negroes were suffering from hunger, and we had but one day's provisions left. My poor rags could no longer be kept together, and at every advance my bleeding body bore witness to the difficulties of a farther ascent; so I determined not to risk certain death by starvation, but rather to return.

I sent men up the highest trees I could find, to try if they could obtain a view which would determine our position; but they could see only an interminable forest, whose general outline was so far hidden from them that it was impossible even to say that we were near or far from the plain, or how high or low we were.

So, on the 25th, we set out on our way back, praying only that we might not starve by the way. Fortunately, one of the men discovered a bees' nest in a tree, and we ate up their wormy store of honey; and in the afternoon we shot a leopard, which lay in a tree just ahead of us as we were passing along, and I dare say hoped to make his dinner off one of our party. It was a splendid beast, and very large. We had it cut to pieces in short order, and had a satisfactory supper from leopard-steak.

But there was only a bite a-piece for the party, and we were half-famished. The next morning we rose weak and depressed. I could scarce stand. We picked a few berries for breakfast, and again made for the plain. I took a last mouthful of brandy, and, to encourage the men, walked in advance, and assumed a degree of high spirits which I did not in reality possess.

27th. This morning I could only with great difficulty rise from my poor bed of leaves. We set forward without breakfast. I dared not send the men into the forest for berries, for every

hour was precious, and they might not find any after all. So we walked on with empty stomachs, praying for a sight of the plain.

On, and on, and on, through the gloomy jungle, no man saying a word to the other, and every man looking anxiously for the first sign of the prairie-land, which now seemed a very fairy-land to me.

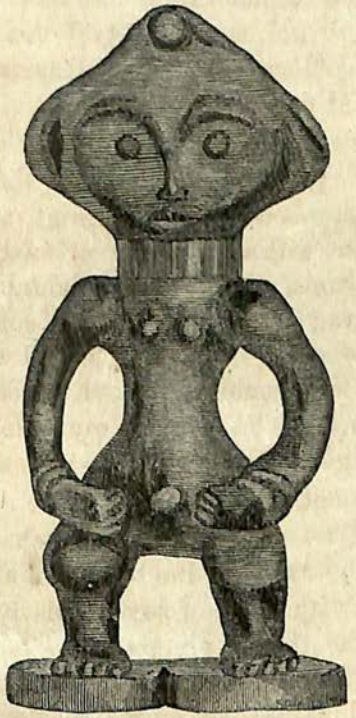
At last, in the afternoon, about three o'clock, a sudden lighting up of the forest's gloom gave us hope, and after another hour's anxious marching the wide plain lay before us. With a simultaneous renewal of strength and hope, we set off on a run, nor stopped till we had reached a village at the very bounds of the bush. Here the people were at first very much alarmed at our appearance and our frantic actions. "Food, food, food!" was all that any of us could cry out. When they discovered that we did not mean mischief, they approached, and, learning our necessities, made haste to supply us with all manner of food in their possession. One came with yams, another with plantains, others with little baskets of cassava; and all expressed sorrow that they had nothing better to offer. The chief killed a goat for me, which we ate up as fast as it could be cooked. I feared I should be sick from putting too large a share on my so long empty stomach; but, happily, the goat did not disagree with any of us. Probably there was not enough of it.

The next day we returned to Olenda's town, and were received with all the honours due to such a starvation adventure. Makondai came with tears of joy in his eyes to welcome me back. He told me that in my absence a boy had been accused of witchcraft, and was to be killed the next day. I went to the king, and told him nobody must be murdered on such nonsensical pretence while I was there, for I should leave instantly, and never come back. So, after some hesitation, they gave the boy to me, and he is to-night safe in my house.

The weather has been very hot lately; and, as my hair was too long for comfort, I told Makondai one day to cut it for me, giving him a pair of scissors I had in my kit. He did not do it very artistically, but in the interior of Africa one comes to care little for looks or fashions. When he had done he gathered up the cut hair and threw it out into the street. I was not attending

to what was going on, and was surprised presently at a noise of scuffling and fighting in front of my house.

I looked out and beheld a most laughable scene. The men were busily picking up the scattered hairs, and those who could not get at them were disputing possession with their luckier neighbours. Even the old king, Olenda, was in the midst, eager for a share. As each got what he could, he would tie them up carefully in the corner of his ndengui, and walk off very contentedly.



Ogana: the Ashira Housekeeper.

I called Olenda and asked what was the use of this hair. He replied, "Oh, spirit! these hairs are very precious; we shall make mondas (fetiches) of them, and they will bring other white men to us, and bring us great good luck and riches. Since you have come to us, oh spirit! we have wished to have some of your hair, but did not dare to ask for it, not knowing that it could be cut." I was happy that it had not occurred to them to appropriate violently my whole head, hair and all, and

was glad enough to let the old king walk off with his precious lock of a white man's hair.

On going one day into the house of an Ashira chief I saw an ogana (idol), which, after much urging and for good pay, he sold me. Its likeness is given on the preceding page. Its office is to watch over the property of its owner, and keep thieves out of the house; and I was assured that no one could, and, what is better, no one *did* steal while this "housekeeper" was cared for, and kept in the house.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Ashira grow jealous of my Projects — Set out for the Apingi Country — Olenda blesses us — The Passage of the Ovigui — Rude Bridge — Features of the Country — We meet Gorillas — The Roar of the Gorilla — His Walk — Great Strength — Meet the Apingi King — I fall into an Elephant-hole — Famine — Musquitoes — We see the Rembo Apingi River — Reception among the Apingi — Address of the King — I am offered a Slave for my Supper — Wonder of the People at my Appearance — The mysterious *Sapadi*, a cloven-footed Race — My Clock is thought a guardian Spirit — I am asked to make a Mountain of Beads and Trade-goods — Fruitfulness of the Women — Appearance of the People — A Leopard-trap — Invested with the Kendo — Palm-oil — Palm-wine — Drunkenness universal — Tattooing — Dress of the women — Lack of Modesty — I am claimed as a Husband — Weaving of Grass-cloth — Property among the Apingi — The Apingi Loom — The Ndengui — Fetich to kill Leopards — War-belt.

My determination to go farther into the interior has aroused the jealousy of the Ashiras. All the chiefs came in to Olenda and expressed their disapproval of my project. They do not wish their trade interfered with, and are fearful, if a white man once reaches the far East beyond them, those people will not be content to trade with the Ashira longer. I stated my objects, and that I did not go as trader, but as traveller, and to collect new animals. At last Olenda said, "This white man must go where he wishes. He has been sent to me by my friend Quengueza. He must do what he pleases."

Then the rascally chiefs asked me what I would give them as presents if I was permitted to go. To this I put on a show of anger, and asked if I was not their guest, their stranger, and why they were so mean as to beg me for my goods? They seemed much ashamed. Of course I gave them some trifles afterwards for good will.

There was a show of reason for their fears. Among my train were several men from Goumbi, slaves of influential men of that town, who had been sent with me with trade articles, such as the Ashira most want, in order to bring back to Goumbi ivory and the bongo cloth (grass-cloth), which is the staple export of the

Ashiras. Of course it was feared that not only I, but also these fellows, would confuse and break up the Ashira monopoly of trade with the farther interior. It is curious to see how greatly slaves are trusted in this country. The owners of these fellows had no security for their return, nor for the goods they intrusted to them; for I, of course, would not become responsible for them. But they were sure to return. They, who were originally themselves from an interior tribe, have come to feel greatly attached to Goumbi, and look down with contempt on the Ashira, whom they call "men of the woods."

Dec. 4th. Food has been collected and cooked for my trip. I am to give the Ashira men six fathoms of cloth each to go with me to the Apingi country and wait for me there. Olenda gave me a numerous band, including three of his sons to accompany me, Minsho, Iguy, and Aiaguy, the latter a very common name here.

It rains nearly every day, and every few days we have tremendous storms of wind and rain. All the rivers are swollen, and the prairie looks very green and beautiful.

We set out on Dec. 6th. Early in the morning Olenda called us around him, and after telling his sons to take good care of me, the venerable old man proceeded formally to bless us, wishing us good success. It was a touching scene. At the close he took a sugarcane, bit a piece of the pith, and spat a little of the juice in the hand of each one of the party, at the same time blowing on the hand. Then he said solemnly, "Let all have good speed with you, and let it be as smooth (pleasant) as the breath I blow on your hand." Then Minsho received the cane, which he is to bring back.

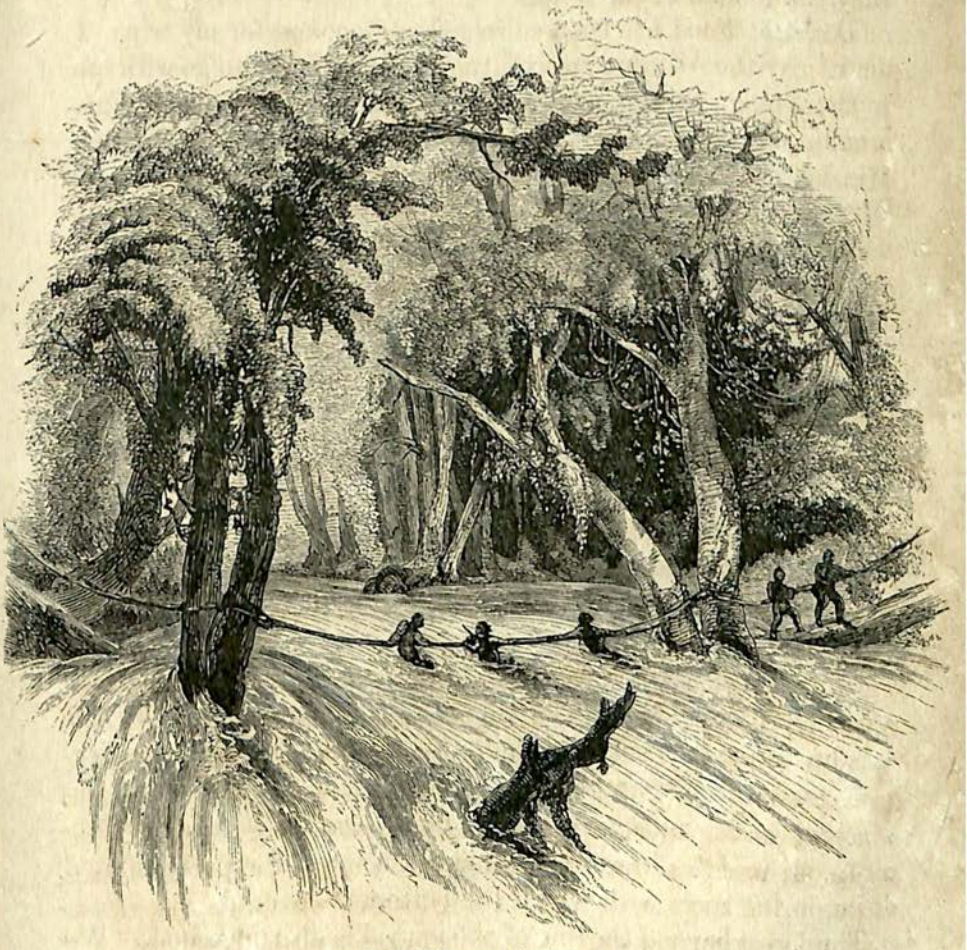
I found that the prairie was much more swampy to the eastward, towards the foot of the hills, than I had supposed. We had to walk through much mud, and often to wade through considerable pools and swamps of standing water, produced by the constant heavy rains. In one of these swamps we had to wade up to our middles in muddy water, and some of the party slipped down on the roots with which the bottom is covered.

The forest beyond the line of the prairie is also inhabited. We passed over a dozen villages, the people of which flocked out to see the "white spirit." They were all Ashira.

Towards noon we approached the Ovigui River, a mountain-torrent, which was to be crossed by a rude and very dangerous

bridge. This bridge I had dreaded all day, and when at last I saw it I was by no means reassured. The stream was about thirty yards wide, and rushed through the forest overflowing its banks. The waters were very swift, and I saw that even a good swimmer would be helpless here, and would soon be dashed to pieces against the fallen trees which jutted out in every direction. Now I swim but very little.

The bridge was a complicated, shaky structure, of which the engraving will give the reader some idea.



Rude Bridge over the Ovigui.

It appears that the Ovigui had its bed, till some years ago, not here, but some hundreds of yards on the other side. This is a trick that some of the mountain-streams of Africa have. Now in

the new bed stood certain trees which native ingenuity saw could be used as the piers for a bridge. In this place two trees, standing each about seven or eight yards from one side, were chosen. Other trees opposite on the banks were so cut as to fall into these. Thus were formed two portions of the bridge, and these, though sufficiently rude, were not seriously bad for a traveller. It now remained to unite the still open space in the centre, between the two "piers," and here came the tug. Unable to transport heavy pieces of timber, they had thrown across this chasm a long, slender, bending limb, which sagged down in the middle until, when it bore a man's weight, its centre was three feet below the surface of the rushing tide. Of course no one could walk on this without assistance, so a couple of strong vines had been strung across for balustrades; but as these vines were of necessity so slack as to be parallel with the bamboo, they were of the very slightest assistance.

My heart failed me as I stood looking at this breakneck concern. To add to the pleasurable excitement of the scene, Minsho told me that this was a much better crossing than some others they had lower down, but admitted that even here some half-dozen of their people had been drowned within a year.

I watched the party crossing with great interest. One man slipped when midway, but luckily recovered himself. He dropped only a box of mine containing two pairs of shoes. Another, who was carrying a gun, so narrowly escaped falling as to drop that, which was also swept off and lost. Meantime I wondered if I should follow in the wake of my shoes and gun.

At last all were across but Minsho. I had stripped to my shirt and trousers, and set out on my trial, followed by Minsho, who had a vague idea that if I slipped he *might* catch me. It was an unpleasant suspense in every way; and as I crossed the centre part, and felt the current beating against my legs and almost seeming to have a hold on me, with purpose to drag me away, I vowed I would never try such navigation again. However, I managed to hold on to the vine and drag myself up, very weak and pale with excitement, but outwardly necessarily calm, as it would not do to let these natives see me make a difficulty of anything they could do.

Again we plunged into the primeval forests of ebony, barwood, India-rubber vines, and other strange woods. After about

two miles of travel we came to a curious little *strip* of prairie, which was five or six miles long, but only a few hundred yards wide. This they called *Odjiolo*, but they could not tell me its origin. It was not inhabited.

A few miles farther on the path led over a curious steep mount called Mount Ocoucou. We had to climb the almost perpendicular sides, and I had to grasp branches or vines as I ascended the face of this high hill. Having surmounted that and three others, with intervening plains and valleys, all covered with dense forests, we at last found ourselves on the banks of another little purling mountain-brook which skirted the base of our last hill, the Aloumy. Here we lit fires, built shelters, and camped for the night. This day we made but twenty miles, fifteen of which were due east.

Dec. 7th. As we advance the country becomes more rugged and mountainous. On every side brooks and rills and small streams are wending their way down to the Ovigui, or towards the Apingi river, and very frequently we have to march along the bed of a purling brook, the only way which the broken and rocky country affords us. This day was exceedingly trying for our feet. We picked our way through a forest dense and gloomy, every step obstructed by rocks and broken ground. This is evidently the favourite haunt of gorilla. Several times during the day we heard his roar in the distance. We heard also the cry of a nshiego mbouvé at a little distance, and started in pursuit, but the animal made its escape, having probably heard us. At the foot of a tree we found some leafy branches gathered, while in another tree was a shelter completed. No doubt a pair had been at work together. The negroes here told me also that these apes work in pairs, both collecting branches, and the male building the shelter when the material is brought together, while the female carries it up to him.

Judging from his cry, one of the gorillas we heard in the afternoon seemed to be so near that I was tempted to hunt him up. He proved farther off than any of us thought. We wandered nearly three-quarters of an hour through the forest before we reached him. His almost incessant roars, which seemed to denote that he was enraged at something, gave us a good clue to his whereabouts.

I find that I do not get accustomed to the roar of the gorilla.

Notwithstanding the numbers I have hunted and shot, it is still an awful sound to me. The long reverberations, coming from his potenteous chest; the vindictive bark with which each roar is begun; the hollow monotone of the first explosion, all are awe-inspiring, and proclaim this beast the monarch of these forests.

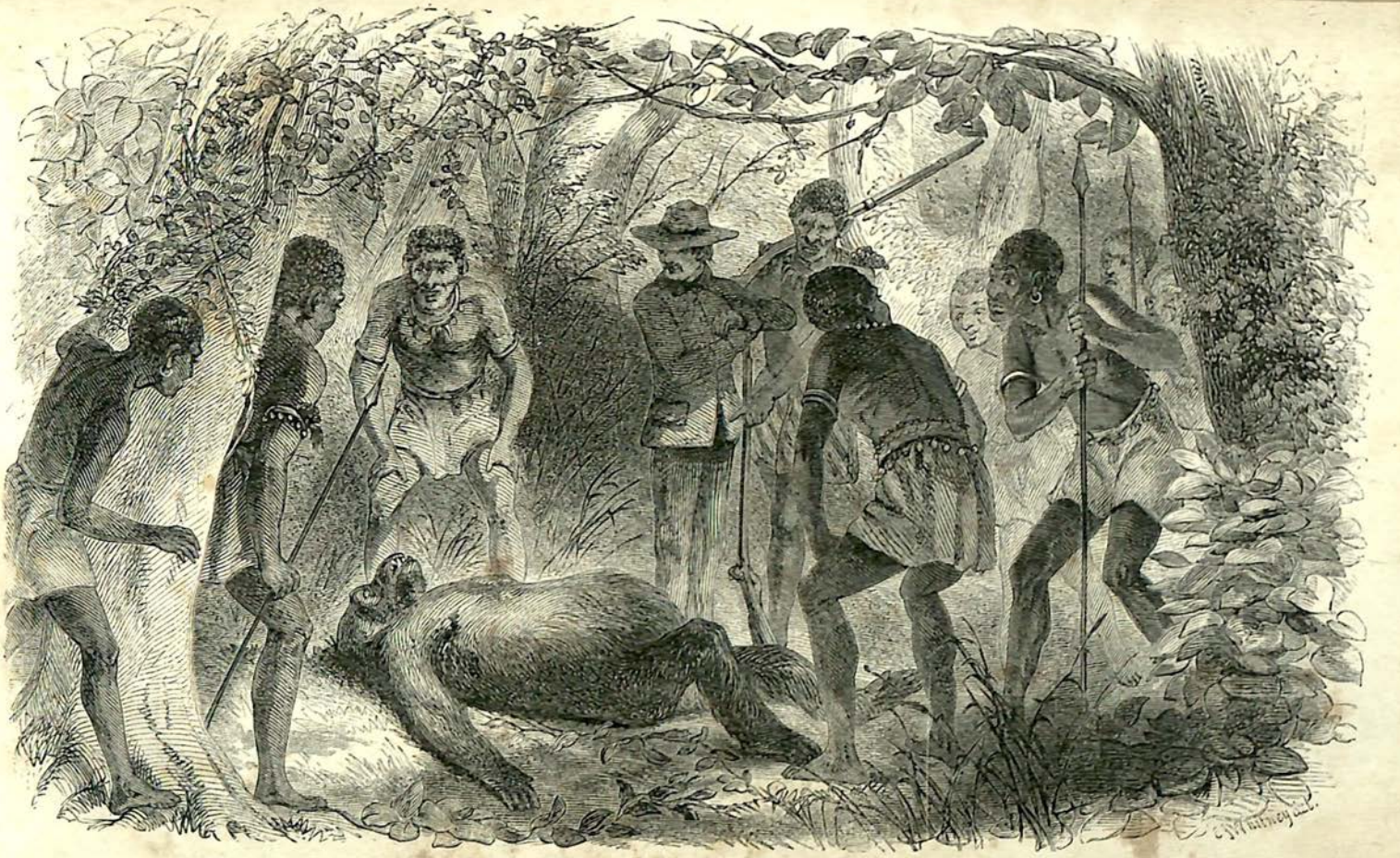
When the animal became aware of our approach he at once came towards us, uttering a succession of the short bark-like yells which denote his rage, and which have a peculiarly horrible effect. They remind one only of the inarticulate ravings of a maniac.

Balancing his huge heavy body with his arms the animal came towards us, every few moments stopping to beat his breast, and throwing his head back to utter his tremendous roar. His fierce gloomy eyes glared upon us; the short hair was rapidly agitated, and the wrinkled face seemed contorted with rage. It was like a very devil, and I do not wonder at the superstitious terror with which the natives regard it.

His manner of approach gave me once more an opportunity to see with how much difficulty he supports himself in the erect posture. His short and slender legs are not able firmly to sustain the vast body. They totter beneath the weight, and the walk is a sort of waddle, in which the long arms are used, in a clumsy way, to balance the body and keep up the ill-sustained equilibrium. Twice he sat down to roar, evidently not trusting himself to this exertion while standing.

My gun was fresh loaded, and could be depended upon, so I stood in advance. I waited, as the negro rule is, till the huge beast was within six yards of me; then, as he once more stopped to roar, delivered my fire, and brought him down on his face dead.

It proved to be a male, full grown, but young. His huge canine tusks, his claw-like hands, the immense development of muscle on his arms and breast, his whole appearance, in fact, proclaimed a giant strength. There is enough likeness to humanity in this beast to make a dead one an awful sight, even to accustomed eyes, as mine were by this time. I never quite felt that matter-of-course indifference, or that sensation of triumph which the hunter has when a good shot has brought him a head of his choice game. It was as though I had killed some



DEATH OF THE GORILLA.

monstrous creation, which yet had something of humanity in it. Well as I knew that this was an error, I could not help the feeling.

This animal was five feet eight inches high. In the evening, Minsho brought in a young female he had shot, which measured three feet eight inches.

As we advanced, the scenery became even more grand and picturesque. We were already on a high plain or table-land, but our route led us continually to higher levels by regular gradations of ascent. Some of the hills we had to surmount were from two to three thousand feet high. The higher we got, the vaster became the piles and boulders of quartz and granite, which seem to have been scattered over the face of all this country by some vast convulsion of nature ages ago.

The scenery was already Alpine. It lacked only the snow-capped peaks, of which I have not yet met any. This country is very abundantly watered, and in the afternoon we passed some considerable streams. One of these we traced upwards for several miles, as it ran along the foot of some huge hills which we had to ascend one after another. The highest peaks of this range were called the Kayambi and the Boundou, and another called the Okoukouè. Where we crossed the stream finally it was about one hundred and twenty feet wide. It is called the Louvendji.

Passing this, we came at sunset to a *bando*—a traveller's house—a rude shelter left by former caravans at the foot of a high hill called Koungou.

The bando was occupied by a party of Apingi, who, when they saw me, instantly ran off, very much scared. It was only after many persuasions that they could be brought back. Presently a tremendous tornado came up, followed by rain, which made us glad we had reached shelter. Such storms frequently do great damage to the woods, and are very dangerous to travellers, as trees are uprooted, and branches fall on every side.

The bando here was roofed with peculiar and very large leaves from two trees, which are called here the *shayshayray* and the *quaygayray*.

To-day we travelled about twenty-five miles in a general direction of east.

Dec. 8th. This day the country was less wild, and the hills

very few. We saw in the distance about midday some Bakalai villages, situated on a little prairie, but my people were afraid to approach them. No persuasions of mine would induce them to go near. They were afraid, Minsho said, of trouble with the Bakalai, who are here a warlike people, and we encamped on the border of the prairie.

Dec. 9th. Last night, fortunately for me, it was clear and bright starlight. About midnight our camp was awakened by a tremendous roaring, and jumping up, I saw in the plain before me a grand and exciting scene. A wild buffalo had been wandering in the woods, and a leopard had leaped upon him. The poor animal rushed, with roar after roar of agony and fright, into and across the plain, vainly plunging and striving to loose the claws of his enemy, who sat upon his hump, and was, as we could see, sucking the blood from his neck. The poor beast doubtless fell a victim to the leopard, whose attack is generally fatal. It was a splendid sight, though it lasted but for a few minutes. This is the second scene of the kind which I have been favoured with.

This day, and also the next (10th), we journeyed along to the eastward, hurried onward by a lack of food. As usual in Africa, all the provisions we could carry could not be made to last above three days.

As we were walking along through some grass, I came suddenly upon a large specimen of the most poisonous serpent occurring in this part of Africa: the *Echidna nasicornis*. This and a species of *naja* are much dreaded by the negroes. I saw it, fortunately, when a few feet from it, and, as it is a sluggish beast and slow of movement, I had time to fire and kill it before it could make a spring. Fortunately, I did not destroy the head, and had therefore an opportunity to examine its really enormous poison-fangs, which lay imbedded in the sheaths on each side of the mouth.

The habits of this serpent make it dangerous to the incautious traveller. It does not climb trees, as do most African serpents, but lies in the grass, or in little open spaces in the woods, in a state of semitorpidity. It leaps with a quick motion when excited, and is not easily scared by approaching noises. It is short—few, I should say, reach even four feet in length—but very stout, some specimens I killed being six and eight inches

in their greatest diameter. It is splendidly marked, and on each side of the flat large muzzle it has three horny projections; the posterior one is situated over the nostril, and is the largest. The head is triangular, the nostrils very large, the tail short and pointed. The natives say that its bite causes sure, and almost instant and painful death. They hold it in great fear.

On the afternoon of the 10th, as we were passing through a dense wood, we heard people talking not far from us, and presently we stood before Remandji, the king of the Apingi tribe. He was a fine-looking old negro. At sight of me he and his company stood silent and amazed for a few minutes, looking at us. Then the king began on a sudden to dance about in a most unroyal and crazy manner, shouting again and again, "The spirit has come to see me! the spirit has come to see my country!"

When he was a little pacified he told us he came to fish, and must now go for his wives, whom he had sent on before, and who had food. We were directed to go on to a bando not far off, whither he would return for the night, as his town was too distant.

We went on, hoping that the women would have food for us. Meantime night came on; it grew darker and darker; and as we did not yet reach our rendezvous, and I was half-famished, I pushed ahead, to try if I could not kill a stray gazelle for supper. Presently I thought I perceived an animal a little off the path, and, stepping towards it, suddenly pitched head foremost into an elephant-trap, a hole about eight feet long by six feet wide and ten deep; a wretched place, where I lay helpless, momentarily expecting to see some huge serpent fall on the top of me. I cried out lustily, and fortunately was heard by my people and dragged out with a creeper, which they cut and let down to me.

In these holes the Apingi catch their elephants. I saw many of them afterwards. They are ingeniously covered with brush and leaves, but are evident enough to a man who has once seen or fallen into one.

Finally we reached the olako, and when Remandji came he had but a few fish to eat, therefore we poor half-famished fellows had to go to sleep supperless. All night we endured torments

indescribable from musquitoes, which must be of a new kind, for their sting was like that of a bee. In the morning our bodies were swollen as though we had been beaten all over. Smoke and fire seemed to have no effect upon them. I never suffered such torture in my life.

The next morning we started off again, and, after a three hours' march, came at last, by a sudden opening of the forest, upon a magnificent stream, the Rembo Apingi. It was much larger than I had been led to expect—about three hundred and fifty yards wide, as far as I could guess, and evidently a considerable body of water. As I stood, in amazement and delight, looking down upon the beautiful stream, whose waters were gliding down towards the great sea, a tremendous cheer from a crowd which had quickly collected about me announced to the people on the other side, where the villages were, that "the white man" had come. The cheer was responded to by gathering crowds on the opposite bank, and presently some exceedingly frail, narrow canoes and several rafts were pushed across to ferry us over. The Apingi have villages only on the farther bank of the river.

I got into a canoe, which was managed by the Apingi boatmen with much skill. The Ashira know nothing of boating. The rafts were composed of several logs tied together. Their motion was very slow.

The shouting continued until I was safely housed in the largest house in the town. This was a little hut, with, fortunately, a piazza in front; for, when I had secured my goods inside, there was scarce room for me to turn.

Presently Remandji came to me, followed by all the old men of his town and the chiefs from neighbouring villages. He brought me two dozen fowls, and some bunches of plantains, and baskets of cassava, which being laid at my feet, he addressed me, saying, "I have beheld what our forefathers never saw, what I never saw before. I bid welcome to thee, oh white man! oh spirit! I thank your father," turning to Minsho, "for sending this spirit to me, for nothing greater could happen to us."

Then he said, "Be glad, oh spirit! and eat of the things we give thee."

Whereupon, to my astonishment, a slave was handed over to me bound, and Remandji said, "Kill him for your evening meal;

he is tender and fat, and you must be hungry." It took me a moment to recover from my astonishment. Then I shook my head, spat violently on the ground, and made Minsho tell them that I abhorred the people who ate human flesh, and that I and my people never did so.

To which Remandji replied, "We always heard that you white men eat men. Why do you buy our people? Why do you come from nobody knows where, and carry off our men, and women, and children? Do you not fatten them in your far country and eat them? Therefore I gave you this slave, that you might kill him, and make glad your heart."

It was a difficult matter to explain to the king that he was much mistaken, and that we do not eat our slaves. The whole matter, from his point of view, was absurd. "If we did not eat them, what *did* we want them for?" was his incessant question; nor could his majesty be, by any skill of mine, inducted into the mysteries of our labour system, and of its rules of demand and supply.

When at last my meal was cooked and served for me, Remandji came in to taste of what was provided, and to drink of the water that was set for me. This is a custom observed in every tribe I have visited, and is to show the guest that he runs no risk of being poisoned. Even the wives taste of the food they set before their husbands, they not being permitted to eat with the gentlemen of the house.

I may add here that the negroes have no prejudices on the subject of meat which has died a natural death. Even if it is very high they relish it, and if the beast has died of disease, that makes no odds to their tolerant stomachs.

As usual, the people are full of wonder at my appearance. They avoid my glance, they admire my wonderful straight hair, my white skin (which is pretty black by this time), and my clothing; and at last several urgently requested me to take off my "foot coverings," that they might see if I had toes like them.

I asked with surprise why they had a doubt upon the subject, and was then informed that they had thought perhaps I was like a people far away in the interior, whom they call the *Sapadi*, and who have cloven feet, like a bush-deer.

Now, wherever I have been in Africa, I have heard this

legend; and the nation called *Sapadi* are always located in much the same place—in Central Equatorial Africa. At Cape Lopez slaves from the interior had told me of such a people; among the Camma the curious legend is devoutly believed; Quengueza's people mentioned them; and now these Apingi proved believers. I always questioned everybody to get at all they thought or believed upon the subject.

Remandji immediately called one of his slaves and a man of the Shimba tribe, both of whom declared positively, and with a look of great truthfulness, that they had *seen* the *Sapadi;* that they were people, black, and in all things like themselves, only they had feet split like a bush-deer's.

I asked why they did not capture these people and send them to the coast as slaves; to which was answered that they were so far off that they did not reach to them.

That there was a nation clovenfooted they were firmly persuaded, and no reasoning could shake their belief. Indeed, I suppose my white skin and straight hair were quite as wonderful to them as a Sapadi's cloven foot.

It is curious that wherever I have heard of this people they have had the same name, *Sapadi.* But the negro has so vivid an imagination that all conjectures as to the origin of the superstition are vain. Some fellow may have dreamed it, and afterwards infected the country with his dream. Among the Camma many people believe that the whites who make the cloth which traders bring them are not like us, but a race with but one eye, and that in the middle of the forehead.

Dec. 16th. Yesterday I wound my musical-box and set it on an Apingi stool in the street, in the midst of a great crowd who had come in to see "the spirit." They were infinitely surprised and afraid at the sweet sounds, and particularly when I went away from it and left it to play alone. They looked from me to the box, and back, and finally exclaimed, "Lo! the devil speaks to him!" My clock is kept on the piazza, and its constant *tic-tac,* particularly in the still night, when it can be heard all over the village, seems to strike them with awe. They say the spirit watches over me, especially when I sleep, and would kill any one who should try to injure me or my property.

When they saw me write they at once exclaimed that I was

about to make cloth, and this was the pattern. Whereupon ensued a council of about thirty Apingi chiefs, who, after due deliberation, came to, Remandji at their head, and addressed me, saying, "Spirit, you are our king. You have come to our country to do us good. You can do everything." And then requested that I would now proceed to make for them a pile of beads as high as the highest tree in the village (pointing to it), that they and their women and children might go and take as much as they wished. Also cloth, and brass kettles, and copper rods, and guns, and powder. And all the people, who had gathered around, to the number of several thousands, to listen, answered "Yo! yo!" as a sign of approval.

I saw that they really asked in good faith, and had no doubt but their wishes would be readily fulfilled. They believed fully that I made by night all the articles which I gave them day after day in return for fruits and food, and that I hid them in the forest during the day, to be produced as occasion required. Nor could I convince them that I had not the power to make these articles by a simple operation of the will. It was a severe disappointment to all who had gathered from many miles around to witness the expected miracle. Most of the Apingi chiefs had come hither bringing whole villages of people with them, who encamped in the forest in such numbers that starvation soon began to appear in the camp. Even an Ashango chief had come from a hundred miles eastward, so quickly does great news travel, bringing some of his people to carry away a share of the goods which I was to create so miraculously. As they approached, the faces of the great crowd were beaming with satisfaction, and they had so little doubt, that if, indeed, I had done the wonder they asked, these poor heathen would scarce have been surprised. It was a most strange and curious scene to me. They went away grieved, because, as they thought, I refused to do them a kindness.

As the people from all the neighbouring villages came to look at me, I got a good idea of them without going about myself. The women seem to be very fruitful, more so than with any tribe I have before seen in Africa. Almost every woman I see has three or four children. But they are hideously ugly, rather small, compared with the men, and tattooed all over in a manner which they think beautiful, but which is to me hideous. Both

Apingi Man and Woman.

men and women file their teeth, which gives their faces a frightfully savage appearance.

In colour they are rather a yellowish black. Indeed, I have remarked that, in all parts of the continent, from the bounds of the Sahara to the Apingi, the natives of the mountainous regions of the interior are much lighter than the people of the seaboard and the plains or desert.

On the 17th we went into the forest to construct a trap for leopards, two goats having disappeared the night before from a flock belonging to Remandji. The trap was a very singular

and most ingenious structure. They cut a great many sticks, which were firmly put into the ground close together, and in two lines or rows, about two feet apart. To make them more firm, they were tied together with grape-vines, and then more sticks were laid across the top, and also strongly lashed down. One end of the row was left open; the other was closed, a live goat having first been fastened there. This, by its bleating, was to lure the leopard, who, crawling into this *cul de sac*, had not sense enough to get out again, the space being purposely made too narrow to admit of his turning round. This kind of trap is also used to catch the small gazelle (ncheri), and other small animals of the woods; and I afterwards saw such traps for the smaller beasts, quite a mile long, with various openings, all turning inward, and admitting, but not emitting the bewildered prey.

On the 18th I was formally invested with the kendo, which is here, also, the insignia of the head-man or chief ruler. Remandji put the kendo over my shoulder, which gave me like power with himself. It was done in the presence of an immense crowd, who shouted out their approval, and promised to obey me. Remandji said, "You are the spirit, whom we have never seen before. We are but poor people when we see you. You are of those whom we have often heard of, who come from nobody knows where, and whom we never hoped to see. You are our king and ruler; stay with us always. We love you, and will do what you wish." Whereupon ensued shouts and rejoicings; palm-wine was introduced, and a general jollification took place, in the orthodox fashion at coronations. From this day, therefore, I may call myself Du Chaillu the First, King of the Apingi. Few sovereigns have assumed rule with so general approval of their subjects, I imagine. Of course, I would not submit to the ill-usage which the king elect has to undergo here, as among the Gaboon or other tribes, before his investiture; therefore it was omitted in my case.

The kendo used here is made by the Shimba, a tribe still farther east, who are reputed the greatest workers in iron in all this region. From them all these interior tribes obtain the few iron articles they possess.

This country is full of palm-trees, of the kind the fruit of which yields oil. I never saw such vast quantities of palms, all hanging

full of ripe nuts. Thousands of tuns of oil might easily be made here, and transported on rafts by water to the seaboard, if only the trade could once be opened. The Apingi eat the nuts, and seem to thrive upon them. Indeed, I incline to the belief that this nutritious food is one cause of the superior fertility of the Apingi women. They make but little oil, and use that chiefly to rub on their heads and bodies. The Ashira are their only customers, and that to the extent of only a few calabashes of oil annually, for which they pay such a trifle that it is not worth their while to make it.

They are fond of the palm-wine, and go out regularly into the forest to obtain it. In my wanderings and hunts, I often saw the calabash hung to a tube inserted in the tree; the owner comes for it early in the morning, and generally drinks it in the forest alone, lest, if he took it into the village, some thirsty friend might beg a drop. They do not kill the tree to get the juice, as do many other tribes. The men love to get drunk. I have seen half the men in a town drunk at the same time. But it must be said for the women that they are much more temperate, though sometimes they also get drunk.

The women have a particular form of tattooed lines which is thought most beautiful. A broad stripe is drawn from the back of the neck along the shoulders, across the breasts, meeting in an acute angle in the hollow of the chest. Other stripes are drawn in curves along the back, and from the breast down over the abdomen. The more of these marks, the greater is the beauty. They are permitted to wear only two of the little squares in which the Apingi grass-cloth is made, and consequently, go nearly naked, while their husbands are often fully covered. I cannot divine the origin of this custom; but it has robbed the women of any remnant of modesty which exists naturally in other tribes. They do not seem to have a trace left, and yet are not lewd or forward. Remandji's head-wife or queen, a rather pretty young woman, after the Apingi custom, came with her husband one day to see me. I gave her a piece of bright cotton cloth, which delighted her so much that she immediately began, to my great dismay, to disrobe herself, in order to put on my present. But when she had reduced herself to a state of nature, something else of my goods attracted her attention, and she began to talk and look around her with the

most complete unconcern for some time, before she bethought her of the neglected cloth, with which she endued herself very leisurely.

I had a little adventure with another of the women. The king, on my arrival, signified to me, with the usual liberality of African kings, that any of his wives, or any of anybody else's wives that pleased my eyes, I was requested to consider my own. I, of course, replied that in our country we did not marry in this off-hand way; which he could not at all understand. As, however, the women are the housekeepers, when I was settled a little I chose one of the oldest and ugliest that I saw, and installed her as my housekeeper, cook, and maid of all work. For two or three days all went well. But one morning I was waited upon by a deputation of men and women, who hailed me with much joy as their relative; thanked me for the honour I had done them in taking their relative to wife; and gravely asked me for presents to make their hearts glad on such a joyful occasion.

I confess that for once I lost my temper. I took a stick and drove my new relatives out of the village, packed off my slandering housekeeper after them, and heaped all the abuse upon them I was master of in Apingi. They fled with the utmost consternation.

When I told Remandji of the affair, he laughed and said, "You see—why don't you take my advice?"

The Apingi are, for Africans, a very industrious people. The men do some *work* here, and this is an extraordinary sight in Western Africa. They use the fibrous parts of the leaf of a palm, which grows in great abundance here, to make a fine grass-cloth, for which they are noted among all the tribes. It is called mbongo when in squares, and, by the tedious course of trade from tribe to tribe, comes even to the seashore. The other tribes farther eastward also make this cloth. They told me that this palm (which is a new species not familiar to me) perished when it had once borne seed. Though found growing wild, it is also planted about all their houses, and along with some fruit-trees which they rear, is *property* which only the owner may use.

The holding of property in trees of any kind is something new to me in Africa, and shows that the Apingi have made a very

important step in advance of the Bakalai and Shekiani, and all the other tribes I have met. Moreover, an Apingi village stands and remains in the same place, at least for a long time. They are a settled people, and need only flocks and cattle to make them a very prospering nation. Among the other tribes described in this book, a town is only a temporary resting-place, abandoned at the first death; land and trees, of whatever kind, are free to anyone; and even with the Mpongwe of the Gaboon, who have long been under trading influence, though they cannot afford to remove a whole town, the house in which a man has died is destroyed, never to be raised again on the same spot. The reader will appreciate the delight with which I hailed a people who live on the same spot for several generations; who cultivate and acknowledge private property in trees; and who make cloth.

The men are the weavers among the Apingi. The loom is a complicated instrument, much resembling that used by the Ashira, who have, no doubt, got it from these neighbours of theirs. The loom is stretched under the piazza of the house, and it is a very pretty and cheering sight, as one walks along the street, to see a number of busy weavers weaving this fine and very useful cloth.

The Apingi have the reputation of making the softest grass-cloth in all this region. Some of their coloured patterns are very pretty. The pieces, owing to the short staple of the fibre used, and their inability to give it a longer twist, are never more than three feet long by about two wide. To work in colours, they first dye the threads, and very ingeniously work them in in the weaving. It is a day's work to make one plain square; and to make one of the coloured ones takes two, and sometimes three days. The square is about two feet long and eighteen inches in width. When sent off to be sold they are tied up in packages of twenty or thirty. In this shape they find their way even down to the coast, and are everywhere used for garments, and also for musquito-bars. My bars were always of this stuff. The natives prefer it to our common trade-cottons; and here, in Apingi-land, the people did not care to exchange their cloth for mine, for which I did not blame them.

To make a ndengui several of the mbongo pieces are sewed together with grass thread and a wooden needle, and the sewing

is done quite as neatly as ours. The men are the tailors. From six to nine cloths go to a ndengui. The dandies among the Apingi wear sometimes a cloth thrown over the shoulder, more for ornament than use. The women are strictly restricted to the very moderate costume I have already described.

18*th*. Yesterday I told Remandji I wanted to go on a leopard-hunt. He immediately brought me a man who had a fetich which enabled him to kill leopards *ad libitum*, and without personal danger. I laughed. The man said, "Langh, oh white man! but you will see."

He went through a mass of ceremonies, then told me I must not accompany him, but that next day I should see a leopard. His big monda would help him.

This morning he started, and to my surprise, came in in the afternoon with a handsome leopard. He asked so much for the skin, which they value for ornaments, that I would not buy it. I suppose they must be plentiful in the forest, and shall go out and kill for myself.

The strip of skin cut from the head along the spine to the tail is used here as a war-belt, after being charmed by the fetich-man or onganga. This makes the wearer invulnerable, they say. No spear, or arrow, or bullet can hit a man who has such a belt on. Of course, as only one belt can be made from each skin, and nothing but a leopard's skin will answer, these bear a high price, every warrior placing a great account upon his personal safety.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Bible-reading — The Negroes are frightened and run away — The Ceremony of Bongo — Its Importance — Curious Phase of African Slavery — Preparations to ascend the River — Apingi Villages — Fetiches — Superstitions — Spiders — Curious Manner of Catching their Prey — New Animals — Capsized — Putrid Corpse in a Village — Curious Manner of Burial — Leave the River — The Region beyond — Return to Remandji's Town — Explore the Mountains — The Isogo — Beyond the Isogo — Ultima Thule — My Shoes give out — Starvation — Great Suffering — Shoot a Gorilla — Illness — Homesick — The Return to the Seashore — Etita: a very singular Disease — The Remedy — Heavy Rains — An uncomfortable Night — Fierce Attack of Bashikouay Ants — Difference of Seasons — Arrival in Biagano — Close.

December 19th was Sunday by my account. I sat in my hut and read the Bible, and a great crowd came around and watched me with wondering eyes. I explained to them that when I read it it was as though God talked with me. Then, to gratify them, I read aloud, and afterwards tried to explain to them something of the teachings of Christ. Presently I let the leaves of the book slip through my hands to show them how many there were. To my great surprise, the little noise I thus made seemed to frighten them very much. In an instant the whole crowd, Remandji and all, had disappeared, with symptoms of the greatest terror. My first effort to speak to them the Word of God seemed to meet with little success.

By-and-by I persuaded some to come back, and they told me that the noise I made was like that made by their spirit. They seemed to think that I had some communication with Ococoo, who is their chief spirit.

To-day many people returned to their villages disappointed that I did not make for them cloth, copper, and iron, which nothing will convince them that I cannot make in great profusion by a mere effort of the will.

On the 20th, as I was speaking with Remandji, a man came and laid his hands on the chief's head. He said, "Father, I want to serve you. I choose you for my master, and will never return to my old master."

This ceremony is called *bongo*, and is a curious phase of

African slavery. It obtains more or less in all the tribes. When a slave gets hard treatment from his master, and has reason to be dissatisfied, he slips off to another village and chooses for himself a new master. This man is obliged to accept and protect him. He cannot refuse. Nor is any "palaver" made on this account. No one, for instance, could hold Remandji responsible for this act. He may even visit immediately the village from which the slave has run away; only the slave himself must not go back thither, else he exposes himself to be reclaimed. The bongo is given always to a person of another village, and always to one of another family or clan in the same tribe. The technical term is to "beat bongo," in allusion to the laying on of hands. This singular custom has a marked influence on the condition of the slaves, who have always open to them this legitimate and tolerably easy avenue of escape from tyranny. It prevents families being separated, in particular, for nothing will make a slave leave his master so quickly as to have his wife sold away from him.

To-day canoes were being procured for an ascent of the river. They got quite a little fleet together for me; but all are small, and so easily capsized, that navigation is by no means comfortable to me, who can scarce swim a stroke. However, there was no help for it, so I prepared for accidents by tying my compass to a cord fastened about my neck, then tied my gun fast by a long rope to the canoe, which would float in any case, and took, besides this, only a little box containing a change of clothes and two pairs of shoes (the most necessary article hereabouts to the traveller). Then Remandji, myself, and a paddler, got in and started, followed by the fleet.

The canoes are quite flat in the bottom, float almost entirely above water, and are very well designed to stem the swift current of this river, which runs, at this time of the year, at the rate of four or five miles per hour.

Before we started necessity compelled me to spend a morning at the river-side washing my clothes. The negroes have so little idea of even the commonest cleanliness, that they never wash their scanty garments. When I make a considerable stay with any tribe I generally manage to teach some woman how to wash. It is a disagreeable labour, which I cannot bear. I would much rather cook, though that generally falls to some one else.

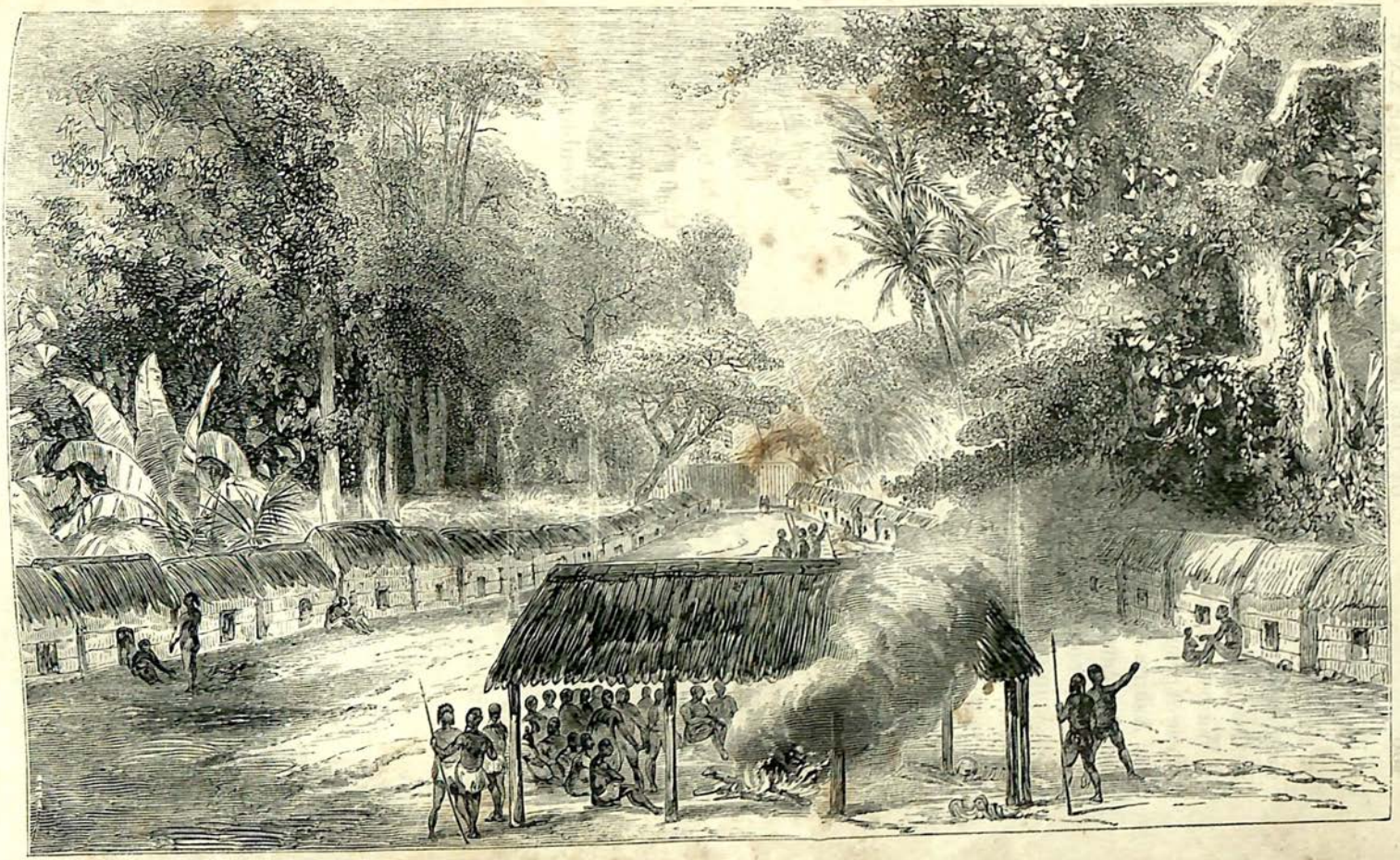
We ascended the river at very slow speed, passing the shores at the rate of about two or three miles the hour. The people sang as they paddled. I sat very still and very uncomfortably in the bottom of the boat.

We passed several villages in about three hours after starting. These Apingi villages are not as pretty to look upon as those of the Ashira. In the latter I find always a verandah next the house, where the cooking is done; while in the Apingi house the same room has to serve as store-room, bed-room, and kitchen. The Apingi houses are built of bark, as the Ashira, and the roof is made of large leaves. There is generally one larger house in the village, which belongs to the chief. The villages have no high fence of pickets, which is an evidence that the people are not warlike.

We landed at the village of Agobi, a chief I had seen before. He gave me some fowls, but complained that the leopards had eaten up all his goats. I saw here the largest *ashangou*-tree I ever saw. It was hung full of the olive-shaped fruit. This is larger than our olives, quite fleshy, and, when ripe, of a dark red colour. This tree, and a number of others, Agobi told me had been planted by his grandfather, which shows that property has been respected among these people for at least two or three generations. Most of these villages are surrounded by groves of these trees. The fruit is boiled, and has then an agreeable acidity both pleasant and wholesome in this climate.*

I find that the superstitions of this people are as great as those of the tribes nearer the sea. They hold that death is caused by witchcraft; but yet they do not remove after every death as do the Camma, Shekiani, Bakalai, and the other tribes. Among the seashore tribes the Apingi have great repute as wizards, and Apingi-land is the land of *aniemba*, where anyone may learn to become a powerful sorcerer. Consequently, the Apingi fetiches are very highly valued by the coast tribes, especially those professing to remove barrenness. I had special instructions from a number of childless fathers in my town on the seashore to bring them some Apingi mondas, but the price proved

* In the forests near the seashore is found a tree belonging to the same family as the ashangou, and which is there called the ashafou. But the fruit of this is less fleshy and more acid than that of the ashangou, and, when ripe, is of a rosy hue.



AN APINGI VILLAGE.

too high for my means and my good-nature, and I did not, either, care to give any such indorsement to their superstitious nonsense.

In the evening we had a dance, and Agobi, bent on the utmost civility, sent some women to dance for my especial delectation. I quickly sent them back, preferring to take my amusements with the mass. The African dances are much alike everywhere, and had long ceased to amuse me.

To-day I enquired of a young man, who had for wife the prettiest woman in the Apingi country, why he was so ragged; his ndenguy being all torn and worn out. He calmly answered, "This woman has entirely ruined me." I asked how it had happened, and he replied that in order to get possession of her from her husband, he had been obliged to give all he possessed in the world. From this conversation I learned that it was customary in the Apingi country, that when a man fell in love with his neighbour's wife, and she in her turn loved him, the lover might secure her for himself by giving the same amount in goods or slaves to the husband as he had given to obtain her in the first instance. Under such circumstances he cannot refuse, and the woman becomes the wife of another. However repugnant this system may appear to us, I have no doubt that among the Apingi this rule prevents quarrels, or even wars, which otherwise would take place among these villages.

As I was walking through the forest on a hunt the next day, I was bitten by one of the immense yellow-spotted spiders which are so numerous in all the African woods and openings, and in the huts of the natives as well. Some of the spiders of this country grow to an immense size. I have frequently seen them with a body as large as a sparrow's egg. The house-spider, which lives chiefly on flies and cockroaches, is mostly of a dull gray, which conceals its approach in the gloom of the hut. One species of house-spider does not make a web for its prey, so far as I have been able to discover. It conceals itself during the day in the crevices of the hut, and preys only by night. At the approach of evening, the cockroaches, which so swarm in every African hut, come forth to act their part of scavengers. Then, by the dim light of a torch, and half-smothered with the heat, I have, for hours at a time, watched the motions of this spider. It comes out very carefully from its lair, and, having

got a good station, remains perfectly rigid and motionless often for half-an-hour, waiting for some unlucky cockroach to pass by. At last the cockroach rushes past. In an instant the spider has pounced upon him. Now ensues a tug and battle which is of the greatest interest, and which is often prolonged for half-an-hour. The great African cockroach grows to the size of an almost full-grown mouse, and is a strong and somewhat formidable animal to the spider. The latter fastens on its back, and, to prevent being borne off, clings with two of his hairy legs to the floor or sides. All the cockroach's endeavours are to escape. He tugs and jerks, and often succeeds in dragging his enemy off for some distance. Then the spider manages to catch hold with his feet again, and once more the struggle is renewed. All this time, however, the spider is sucking away at the juices of the cockroach, and so presently the struggles grow weaker and weaker, and the poor cockroach succumbs: whereupon his enemy drags off the body to some corner, where it can be finished at leisure.

Another very large house-spider spins a web, and catches its prey of flies and cockroaches as ours do.

But the largest and most numerous species are found in the forest. The large black and yellow spotted one by which I was bitten spins its web in every wood. The web is a bright yellow, like the same colour in the spider's body. It is generally placed in an open space between two shrubs, and is often three feet in diameter. The thread is very coarse, and so strong that when, walking rapidly, I have inadvertently run against such a web, I have felt a very perceptible resistance to my progress. The bite of this insect is very painful, but not poisonous. The pain, which is like running a red-hot needle into the flesh, is soon over, and the wound heals up immediately. I have been several times bitten by this spider.

One or two species have very short legs, and flat, oval bodies, surrounded by pointed spurs, looking, when taken from their webs, more like bugs than veritable spiders. All the wood-spiders use webs to entangle their prey. They are of many colours; but none are poisonous to man, so far as I have been able to discover, by the personal trial of being bitten, or by the report of the natives.

Also, during my stay at Agobi's village, I shot two very re-

markable little animals. One, called by the Apingi the *kendo*, is a squirrel, and the smallest, by far, yet known. It is given, in

The Kendo Squirrel (*Sciurus minutus*)—*natural size.*

its actual size, in the accompanying engraving, made from my stuffed specimen. It is a graceful, lively little animal, leaping from branch to branch, sitting up on its hind legs to gnaw its food, carrying its tail over its back, and in all respects acting like its larger brethren. I have called this new species, *Sciurus minutus*.*

It seems to me one of the most curious and graceful little animals I saw in Africa. When my guide saw my shot, and the poor little thing tumbling to the ground, he was greatly amazed at such skill; and when we got back to the village, the negroes told me, with astonishment, that this was the first time they had ever known a kendo killed. They concluded that I had a very powerful *monda*, by whose aid alone I could accomplish such wonders. Many have begged me to make them *mondas* to give them skill in the hunt.

* For description see 'Proceedings of the Boston Soc. Nat. Hist.', 1860, p. 366.

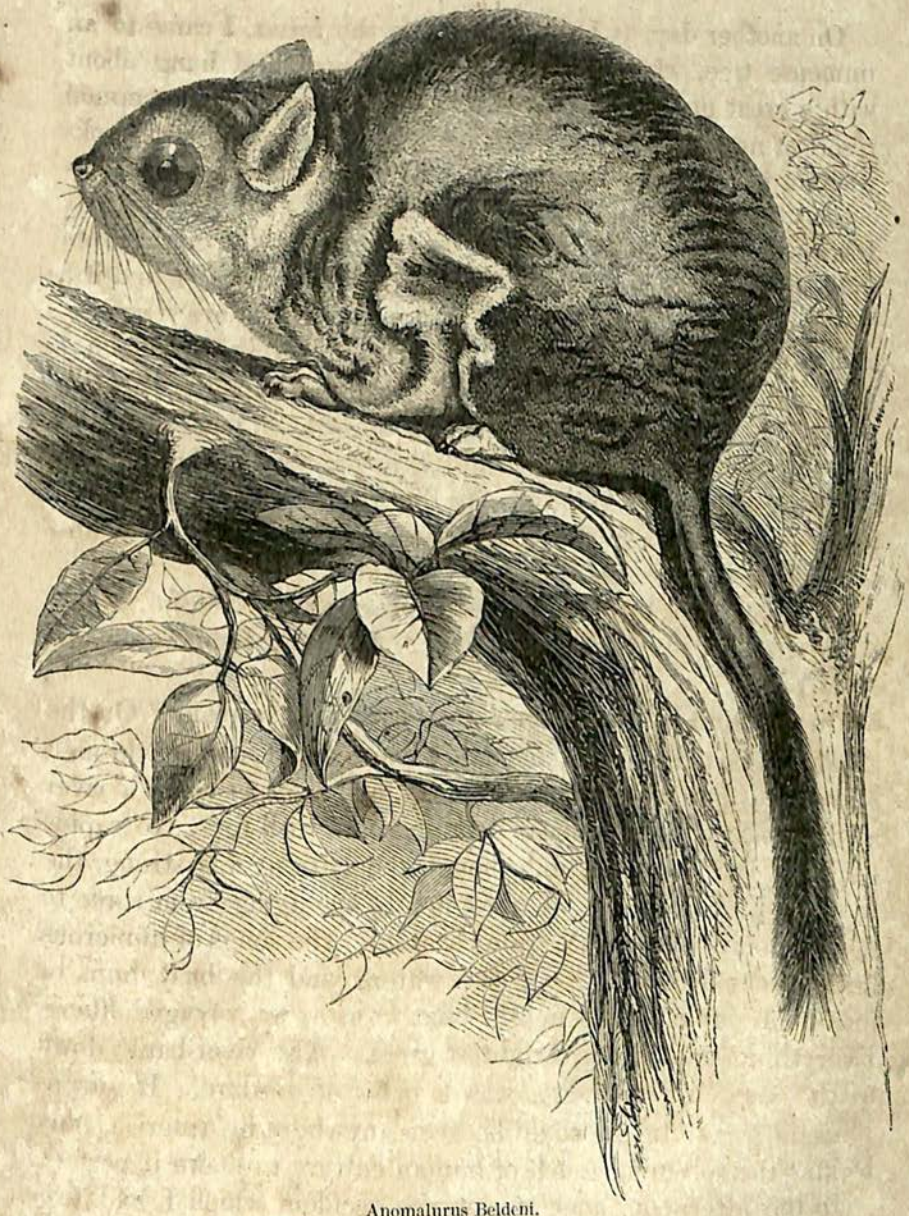
On another day, as I was hunting in the forest, I came to an immense tree, whose vast trunk was covered and hung about with a great number of dead vines. Such trees are the common resort of nocturnal animals and birds, which here find cozy nooks wherein to conceal themselves by day; and I immediately proceeded to examine the vines for a prize of this kind. Presently I saw something, which, being brought down by the gun, proved to be an *Anomalurus*. On examination, to my joy, I found it a new species. The animals of the genus *Anomalurus* are very rare, and, so far, only four species are known, including this which I shot, and of which this specimen in my collection is the only one I was able to secure. It is a beautiful little animal, with soft fur. Its flying membrane permits it to fly downward; but I do not think it is equal to an upward flight, as the membrane is not larger than in those of other species which I have shot, and which I know were not able to fly upward.*

I named this little animal the *Anomalurus Beldeni*, in remembrance of my good friend George Mortimer Belden, Esq., of New York.

On the 20th we made about thirty miles up stream. On the 22nd we started again, and made some ten miles more, through a beautiful but mountainous country, and over as noble a river as the heart of a steamboat captain could wish for. No rapids impeded our progress, and, though the current was strong, the water was everywhere of good depth, averaging from three to four fathoms. This is the rainy season. The songs of numerous birds resounded gaily over the waters, and the busy hum of insect life came with a gentle buzz to us as we voyaged along. Everything was clad in brightest green. The river-bank, down to the very water's edge, was a mass of verdure. It was as pleasant a country as could be seen anywhere in America, only lacking the softening touch of human culture to make it perfect.

In the afternoon, near sunset, the accident which I had provided against happened. A canoe, attempting to cross the rapid river, was borne down by the current, and, before we could get out of the way, swept down upon us. In a moment both frail boats were capsized, and the men were swimming for the shore. As for poor me, I dared not trust my unskilful self to the

* For a detailed description naturalists are referred to 'Proceedings of Boston Soc. Nat. Hist.' for 1860.



Anomalurus Beldeni.

stream. I clung to the canoe. Happily, we were not far from shore, and Remandji and my paddler soon dragged the boat to where I could get a footing and wade out. I could not help laughing at the old woman whose canoe had caused the accident. She swam off down stream like a buoy, shouting continually, "Where is my bunch of plantains? Give me my plantains!"

Climbing out at a bend of the river, she waited for her capsized canoe to float along, secured that, and then got in again and paddled off, full of complaints at losing her plantains. All these Apingi swim like so many fishes, and, I suppose, have occasion enough for the accomplishment, with their little cockle-shells of boats.

Wet as I was, and with my little box of clothes and rifle soaking, we marched off to a village near which we were capsized. As we entered, my nostrils were assailed by a most horrible and loathsome smell, as of meat in the last stage of putrescence. The whole village was tainted, and my stomach was quite turned with the abominable stench. On inquiry, I learned that it proceeded from the putrid corpse of a man who had died seven days ago. It is their custom to keep the body just as long as it will hold together. It lies in the house in which it died, and the only wonder is that the stench does not breed a disease.

I at once told Remandji that I could not stay there unless they buried the corpse immediately. I was accordingly conducted to the windward end of the village, where the air was but little tainted. Judge of my astonishment, when presently a man appeared, bearing upon his shoulders the nearly naked and festering body. They had determined that it was as well to humour my prejudice, and this was the funeral cortège. They make no coffin, but always bear the corpse out on the shoulders of the nearest male relative. No man follows the deceased to his last resting-place. There is no cemetery, and they leave the body at but little distance from the village. No grave is dug, but it is laid in a cleared space, and near it are placed some tusks of ivory, or some of the bracelets or other ornaments of deceased.

While I was in this village a woman gave birth to twins, and one of the children was immediately killed, the negroes of this and most of the other tribes holding that if both are permitted to live the mother will die. In Obindji's town I once saw two boys, seven years old, who had both escaped, and their mother too; but all the people looked upon her as a remarkable woman.

Salt is very scarce here, and bears a high value. It is all brought from the seashore, the Cape Lopez people making considerable quantities yearly, which is then scattered over the interior. Here, among the Apingi, it is so scarce that ten pounds of poor salt will buy a boy slave. It is a great luxury; I have

little doubt that they suffer for the lack of it. I think the frequency of skin-diseases and ulcers here is caused, partly, by lack of salt. Yet the Apingi have less disease of these kinds than the Bakalai. But they do not, like the Bakalai, eat so much tainted and diseased meat, and they consume a great deal more oil than those, this being a poor country for hunting, but abounding in palm-oil palms, which furnish them a considerable portion of their food.

Dec. 23*rd.* Having no fit canoe, I am obliged to give up my projected farther ascent of the river. So far as I have ascended, the Rembo Apingi runs nearly due south. It is, I should judge, from three to four hundred yards wide, of good depth, and with a rapid current. The villages are mostly situated on heights a little removed from the river-banks. There is no change in their habits, nor do the women improve either in beauty or in variety of costume as the traveller ascends.

We returned to Remandji's town on the evening of the 24th, and next day, having procured the largest, stoutest canoe I could find, I set off down the river to try to get a glimpse of the great wonder of this region, the great fall of *Samba Nagoshi*, of which I had already heard so much. I was accompanied by a dozen canoes full of negroes. The stream is very rapid. This was the rainy season, and the banks were filled, the water turbid and yellow, and the current swift, running at the rate of about five miles an hour. We swept rapidly down stream past the villages of the Kamba, Aviia, Osounga, and Njavi tribes.

The scenery grew grander and bolder as we advanced. The mountains neared; the banks became high and precipitous; the force of the current increased; and every mile of downward progress seemed to bring us to a more magnificent country. At last we could hear the dull boom of the fall in the distance. The negroes told me it was still a long distance off—as near as I could tell, at least five or six miles; but even here the river began to break up into rapids, and navigation in the small Apingi canoes became too dangerous to risk it farther. So I pulled the canoe to shore, and called a halt. By this time it was nearly dark. We had come down from Remandji's about sixty miles. We made our camp by the side of the stream, and in hearing of the fall, which I determined to see the next day by an overland journey.

The mighty roar of the fall sounded in my ears all night, and next morning I wished to start early to see it. But, alas! no one would accompany me. The men represented that some hostile Bakalai lived in the forest on the way, who would kill them; and after a survey of the almost impenetrable jungle, I had to give up all idea of trying it alone, which had been my first thought. So, after much fruitless inquiry and vain effort with my cowardly followers, I had to abandon all hope of seeing this remarkable fall. That I missed, when so near it, so fine a sight, was a severe disappointment to me; but the traveller in Africa learns, by bitter experience, to yield to circumstances now and then, and to feel thankful if, on the whole, he has accomplished the main part of his undertaking, even with such unpleasant drawbacks as this.

That the fall of Samba Nagoshi is a majestic sight all the descriptions of the negroes go to prove. It is the great marvel of which all the tribes have heard, even those who live at a distance, and of which all speak with awe and wonder. Better proof yet is the very considerable volume of water which the Rembo Apingi brings down here, as well as the great roar, which filled the air at the distance of, I judge, four or five miles, nearer than which I did not get, on account of the rapids. I have named this fall in my map the *Eugénie*, in honour of her Majesty the Empress the of French.

My men told me that before the moving hither of the savage and treacherous Bakalai, the Apingi used to penetrate down river as far as the Anenga tribe, who command the junction of the Rembo Ngouyai, and the Rembo Okanda. The tribes on this bank of the river are named, commencing above, the Njavi, Evili, Ngaloi, and Anenga. I have seen (on my trip up the Ogobay) a few of the last two tribes, who speak the language of the Mpongwe.

I was assured that the Rembo Okanda was much larger than the Rembo Ngouyai, and I know that its shores must be populous, for from there are brought a great many of the slaves which supply the Cape Lopez market. Remandji, who had been over the ground, informed me that the Rembo Okanda was five or six days' journey off, to the north or north-west, and that the intervening country was very mountainous. He named the following tribes as inhabiting this fine river: the Meouandji,

the Mosheho, the Madouma, the Njavi, the Npovi, and the Moshobo.

Next to the Apingi, up the river, are the Aponon. They are said to speak the Ashira dialect, inhabit immense prairies, which are covered with high, thick grass, and are a warlike people. They showed me some horns from this district which belonged to an animal unknown to me. The river, according to them, continued to flow in a southerly direction.

Next to the Aponon lived the Ashango; but on the right bank, while the Aponon inhabit the left. The Ashango prairies were three long days' journey away, to the south and east. The people catch and tame wild goats, which they then sell to the tribes west of them.

Beyond these lie the Njavi, and in their country a great fall or rapid obstructs the river, which is even there a very large stream. Beyond the Njavi is an unknown land even to the Apingi, who had never been even as far as there, but from which they hear through their slaves.

On the 28th I set out on an exploration of the mountain-range, which extends almost due east so far as I can see from the highest point near Remandji's village, and from the river as far as I ascended. The chief accompanied me. He would not go far, but I determined to follow this range as far as I could. The problem I wished to solve was whether it continued its easterly direction, and to what probable distance.

On the first day we made twenty-five miles due east. We stopped for the night in an Apingi village. We were received with shouts of welcome. Most of the people had already seen me on my first arrival in Remandji's village. The next morning we set out again, and, travelling eastward about twenty miles, reached at nightfall an Isogo village, the chief of which was one of Remandji's numerous fathers-in-law.

The men armed and stood on the defensive, and the women screamed and ran away when they saw me coming. If Remandji had not been with me, I suspect I should have had difficulty in explaining my wishes before I was transfixed with spears. When Remandji explained that I was a mighty spirit, but to them quite harmless, they were satisfied, and furnished us supper and a sleeping-place.

These people speak the same dialect as the Apingi, but are

by the latter considered an inferior people—why, I could not tell, for their houses, dresses, and customs are quite alike.

We were now in the midst of the hills which constitute the range I have spoken of. The Isogo inhabit the higher plains, and have many villages. They told me that the mountains extend in an easterly direction as far as they had gone, which was several days' journey.

To this point Remandji's son accompanied me. We travelled eastward, and at the last of the Isogo villages the chief took leave of me. A party of Isogo and Apingi agreed to accompany me as far as the Ashango villages, which they said lay in the mountains, about three days' journey off.

The air is tolerably pure and cool on these high mountains; my spirits were high; I was now going straight east, and, though I had not goods enough with me to pass me very far, yet my depôt at Remandji's village was sufficiently supplied to pay all I might owe. My hopes were bright that I might now penetrate at least 400 miles direct east, and settle the questioned extension of this hitherto unknown mountain-range so far across the continent.

We started on the 29th. The way was somewhat rocky, and the forest dense. Roads there were not, and my companions did not even know the country. We travelled by compass, avoiding the eminences, and keeping, the greatest part of the time, the rocky rivulets for our paths. Of course such paths were terrible for my shoes. The first day I wore out a pair of shoes, the heels giving way. Fortunately, I had provided a spare pair, and I was able to go on the next day. On the first night, as we slept around our fire, we were awakened by the scream of a leopard, which did not, however, come within shot, nor did we venture after it, as man has no fair chance with this animal by night. When the leopard ceased his cries, a terrible tornado came up, which broke down trees and branches all around us, and this was followed by a heavy rain-storm, with strong lightning, which lasted till five o'clock, A.M.

The next morning, donning my fresh pair of shoes and making a frugal breakfast of plantains, we set out again. The majestic forest through which we travelled seemed to be quite devoid of life, except indeed insect life. Once in a while I ran against the web of the great yellow spider, and occasionally we heard

the cry of some little birds. But no larger animals had left their traces in our sight. My gun seemed a useless encumbrance. Not even a monkey showed himself.

The gloom of the woods was something quite appalling to the spirits. It seemed a fit place for the haunt of some sylvan monster, delighting in silence and the shades of night. I was on the look-out for gorillas; but the natives did not seem to expect to find even many of them here, though they knew the animal.

These lifeless forests, so different from the teeming woods of Southern Africa, fill the traveller with awe. Dependent in a great degree upon his rifle for his living, the miserable explorer finds himself here in momentary danger of starvation. For of the cumbrous provision of the negroes it is quite impossible to carry an adequate supply. With starvation staring us in the face, we pushed on energetically, and by the evening of the second day had made, by my reckoning, about sixty-five miles from the last Isogo village, in a crooked direction, or a little more than a hundred from Remandji's town.

The next day (Dec. 31st) we hoped to reach the Ashango country, where we could rest. We had not yet shot anything but two little birds, which I had for supper this day. My men had still a little plantain left.

The next day, the first of 1859, and, alas! the last of my eastward tour, we set out early, determined to reach help before night, for our provisions were no longer sufficient to encumber us. The ground had been getting rougher all the day before; our paths were the course of streams; and now, about two in the afternoon, occurred what I had been dreading. My last pair of shoes gave out completely. They were torn, both upper and sole, and at every step my bleeding feet were more and more torn, till at last the agony grew too great, and I could not set a step forward without almost an accompanying scream. There was yet no sign of an inhabited country. Far as we could see below us and ahead—and this was not far—we saw only dense forests.

The pain obliged me to lie down near a brook where I had stopped to bathe my wounded feet. We built a fire, and, keeping my gun in readiness for any passing game, I sent my men ahead to see if they could spy out a village. Evidently the

vague report of a three days' journey was a delusion and a snare. The men were themselves ignorant of localities, and only kept up their spirits because I showed no signs of alarm.

They returned after an hour, reporting nothing in sight. Then we made our camp for the night. I tied up my shoes as well as I could for to-morrow's journey; we ate the last of our plantains; I took a mouthful of brandy, and we went to sleep.

Thus ended New Year's day, 1859. Next morning my poor feet were more swollen than ever. They would not fit into the torn shoes at all. How to progress I did not know. To advance was plainly impossible without provisions. The men gathered a few wild berries and nuts, on which we made a kind of breakfast, and then I took out from a little sack, in which it had long been laid away, an American flag, which I had meant to plant upon my farthest point. I did not think, when months ago I sewed it snugly in its cover, that I should feel so bitterly disappointed at having to use it.

Keeping one man with me, I sent the rest to ascend a little peak which rose not far on my right. Even from its top the view could not but be confined, on account of the thick forest. I gave them my gun to shoot anything alive they might see to make the pot boil; commanded them to hang the bright little flag from the top of the highest tree they could climb, and then to report to me what they saw beyond this, our farthest point.

The good fellows were gone two hours. They came back with a small monkey and a serpent nearly twelve feet long, of the boa species. The monkey they gave me. The snake made them a meal, and something over.

Then, finding it impossible to advance farther, I sent two men to climb the highest tree in sight, and fasten the American flag at its top. When it floated out on the breeze, I made my men give three cheers for the star-spangled banner, and divided the remains of my brandy among them.

Having eaten our dinner, and breakfast, and supper all in one, I drank a glass of wine to the health of friends at home, then carefully bandaged my feet with the sleeves of my shirt, forced them gently into the ragged shoes, and we set out on our way back. It was a sorry day for me. I longed more than I can tell to advance. It seemed too great a disappointment to stand as I did just here—to have within my grasp, almost, the

solution of a curious and important geographical problem, and to leave it unsolved.

Of the journey back I have but a dim and feverish recollection. I remember that my feet got worse instead of better; that when the wretched shoes were beyond even tying together with vines, I cast them away, and bandaged the feet with what remained of my shirt. That on the second and third day of our journey we had not even a little bird to eat, but plunged forward in a stupid apathy of hunger and pain. That on the fourth morning one of the men espied a gorilla, who came roaring towards us, beating his vast chest, and waddling up to the attack with such horrid utterances and soul-freezing aspect, eyes glaring and the monstrous face distorted with rage, that for once, waking out of my dreamy stupor, and seeing this image of the devil coming upon us, I would have run if my feet would have borne me. I remember that when my gun-carrier shot the huge beast, the men rushed upon it, and tore rather than cut it up, to stifle with its loathed flesh the hunger which was gnawing at their vitals.

Then we went on, relieved for a time from starvation, I dragging my bleeding, bare, and swollen feet over the rough and thorny ground, till at last, at noon of the fifth day, we came to the Isogo towns.

Here I lay but half-conscious for three days. The people brought me food; the kind women bathed and oiled my feet. Women are ever kind and ready to help the helpless, even in brutalised Africa.

And now, in this long sickness, I began to wish for home. I longed to get back to the sea. Each day I became less patient with my inactive condition, more eager for a sight of the ocean.

When I could walk once more, though not without pain, I returned to Remandji's, packed up my few goods and journals, and set out on the way back. For the first time in my life I was home-sick—really and thoroughly home-sick.

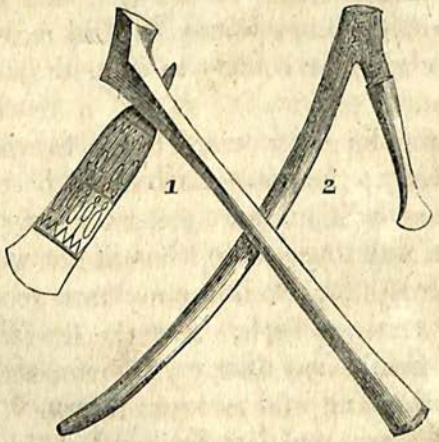
When I told Remandji that I must return, he called Minsho and said, "The spirit must go back. We are sorry; but as it is his will, we must submit. Wait, however, that we may get him food, that he may not be hungry on the way." Thereupon the people brought me fowls, plantains, and manioc.

The kendo I was requested to keep, "that when you come back you may be our master."

Remandji also gave me two beautiful grass caps done in fine crochet-work, and which have excited the admiration of many ladies in this country for the neatness of their work.

I gave the old chief my knife and fork, and afterwards, at his own special request, covered the walls of his hut inside with some New York papers which I had received on my way to the Ashira, and whose columns had helped to while away my inactive days here in the far interior. He was very proud of this, and promised to preserve them till the next white spirit came to see him, to whom it will doubtless be a curious spectacle. He said, "When, in after years, I tell the people from far away that a white spirit came to see me and was my friend, they will say, 'You lie.' Then I will show them these things which you have left me. Then they will believe."

I was presented with a large anvil of iron, used by the Apingi in their blacksmithing operations; but it was too heavy to carry off, and moreover, as iron is the gold of these people, it would have been cruel to rob them. They work iron very neatly, but not to so great an extent as the Fan, who are the best blacksmiths I saw in Africa. They make knives similar to the Ashira's, and axes such as are displayed in the engraving below, and orna-



Apingi Tools.—1. Axe; 2. Mpano.

ment them very nicely. But their specialty is the weaving of cloth.

We set out finally on the 16th of January, being ferried across the river in the little canoes. As we were travelling through the bush on our way to the Ashira plains, I suddenly started a flock of monkeys. One of my young men, Ishoungi by name, was with me. When I had shot my monkey and returned from picking him up, I saw the strangest change that surely ever took place in a man. Ishoungi, who was as black as a crow when I left him, had, in *less than a minute*, become covered all over with blotches, which gave him a ghastly spotted appearance, frightful and sickening to the view. It was a complete and most singular metamorphosis. The swellings extended under my own observation, and in less than five minutes scarce a spot on his whole body was left in its pure black state. Even his face was covered. His lips were disfigured, his nose put out of shape, his eyes closed.

This singular disease is known to the Ashira by the name of *etita*. The swellings are large, but of different sizes and shapes, and look much as though the subject had been badly scalded. The skin is raised, and a thin matter collects beneath it. An intolerable itching pain follows, which makes the poor sufferer scream with agony. I dropped my monkey and led poor Ishoungi to a little brook not far off, where I sprinkled him with water, which seemed somewhat to ease his pain. Presently one of the Ashira men came along, and, seeing his condition, took out some yellow bark of a tree, unknown to me, from a pouch he carried. This he made fine, then chewed it with water in his mouth. When he had chewed it a little he spat the juice on the other's body, and Ishoungi rubbed and spread it gently. Wherever it touched, the swelling went down. In little more than twenty minutes—certainly in less than half an hour—the swellings were gone, leaving scarce any mark upon his body.

This was the first severe case I had met with in Africa, though my boatmen on the Rembo had sometimes to suffer from slight attacks. I will not attempt to account for this singular phenomenon farther than to say that my observation led me to charge it to great overheating and sudden cooling of the blood. It is known to the Camma and Bakalai; but they do not suffer from it much. They, too, call it etita.

It was the rainy season still, and the forest was in many places muddy. We passed the first night (16th-17th) at a Bakalai village, where I received a present of a gazelle. In the night the

roof of my hut was swept off by a tornado, and I stood in the street a couple of hours for fear of being buried in the ruins of the village.

It rained in torrents the whole night and the greater part of the next day, and when we came to the banks of the Louvendji we found, instead of the pleasant and easily-fordable stream it had been on our outward passage, a fierce torrent, utterly impassable. We had, therefore, to remain there all night, and it was not till late next afternoon that we managed to cross. The flies and bees were here so troublesome that I was fairly driven from the camp into the woods. They were attracted in vast swarms by our ripe plantains.

Then came once more the passage of the dreaded bridge of the Ovigui. The stream was very full, the current very rapid, and the passage uglier than before. In the middle of the frail bridge the water was up to our necks, and swept past us impetuously as we clung to the guards. Happily, though I lost my footing once, being the shortest man of the party, I managed to get safely across. That night it came on to rain before we reached our camping-ground. The consequence was that we were unable to light a fire—the first time I have ever known this occur on my travels. It was a stupid blunder, which caused us to spend the night in a most uncomfortable manner—I seated, gun in hand, on my chest, and the negroes firing guns and shouting all night to keep off the leopards, several of which we heard about us. It was the most uncomfortable night I ever spent. My feet were by no means tough, and pained me; and it was not easy to sit still, awake, in the pouring rain, and await the yell and spring of some leopard, who could probably see us quite well in the darkness.

At last day dawned, and we pushed on. We reached the plains without farther mishap. My home-sickness—a strange longing which I never experienced before—still made me miserable. I was impatient to push on, but was so weak, what with fever attacks, occasioned by hardships and by my sore feet, that I had perforce to lie still.

On the 22nd I finally managed to get off. Olenda and his people gave me plenty of presents, arms, a loom, fetiches, an idol, and provisions to last me to Obindji's town. Makondai was glad to return, and I longed constantly for the sea.

Many of the little valleys situated in the hollow of the hills were now much overflowed. On our first day out I had the misfortune to step into a bashikouay army, and was, as usual on such occasions, badly bitten, as were several of my men. These were different from the bashikouay met nearer the seashore. They were larger, stronger, slower in their movements, and had not the very peculiar *dashing* mode of attack which characterizes the bashikouay figured and described before. Their bite was more severe: they literally took pieces of flesh out of my legs, and made me bleed very freely; but their attack was much less fierce. Nothing can stand the onset of the smaller bashikouay ant, nor is it possible to drive them off except by killing them. These larger ants are not tree-climbers, the natives told me.

On the 24th we at last reached the banks of the little Ofoubou again, and the next day we floated down to Obindji's town, where we were welcomed with great shouts of joy, gun-firing, music and dancing, and every action which the African uses to express his delight. The sound of the ibeka was the most prominent; it is a curious little instrument with six wooden keys.

Ibeka: musical Instrument of the Bakala.

As we crossed the range of hills which divide the Ashira plains from the Bakalai country to the westward, I found, to my surprise, that on the western side of this watershed it was now the dry season. All the little brooks were dried up; the ground was completely dry; and when we reached the Ofoubou and Ovenga, these streams were quite low. This was the nkoumouna, the short middle dry season, which had set in here a month before, while in the Apingi and Ashira region, and on the eastern slope of these hills, the first part of the rainy season was in full force.

I spent a night with Obindji, then took canoes and was pulled down to Goumbi, where I found my old friend Quengueza absent, to my great disappointment. After two days' rest I passed down stream again, and on the 10th of February was hailed by my old keeper Rinkimongami, and by his chief Ranpano. They had almost given up the hope of seeing me again, but had kept my live-stock and goods safely. They were very proud when I

expressed my pleasure, and the town had a general jollification, to which I contributed unlimited tobacco from the interior.

Then for the seashore to look out for a ship. The fever began to creep on me. Quinine I had taken to the amount of fourteen ounces, till now it had almost ceased to affect me, except when taking great quantities. Fowler's solution of arsenic seemed also powerless. I had grown to be an unhappy Mithridates—poison-proof. Daily I seemed to get weaker, and daily I longed more to feel the fresh sea-breeze which should bear me to America.

Four long months were yet to elapse, however, before at last my vessel came in sight. In this dull time of packing, writing, and illness, many weary hours were relieved by watching the singular actions of a very curious bird, the *Sycobius nigerrimus*, which had, in immense numbers, colonized a little grove of trees near my house during my last absence. The habits of these little twitterers are most remarkable, and I never wearied of watching their various and very skilful and intelligent manœuvres in nest-building and gathering food.

There are two species, but both live in the same trees and indiscriminately among each other, though not, of course, in the same nests. The male of one species is entirely black, and the female a dark gray, while in the other the male is yellow, with black and yellow throat. The eggs of the first mentioned are bluish, with black spots, while those of the last are light pink, with dark spots.

They are extremely sociable birds, and not only establish themselves in vast colonies, but prefer always to live in the neighbourhood of a village, and, at any rate, not far from where the palm and the plantain abound. They seem fond of the society of man, something as our own swallows are.

They are singularly industrious birds. When they have settled upon a tree on which to plant a colony, they labour from daylight till dark, day after day, with the utmost joy and fun and perseverance at their very singular pendent nests, which I will now proceed to describe. The nest is in shape round, or nearly so, with a narrow passage for entrance and exit, leading *down* one side and opening *beneath*. It is securely fastened to an outstretched twig, probably for safety from monkeys and serpents; and I have counted on one tree near my house over two thousand

of such pendent little balls, each inhabited by a family of the birds.

The birds, when building, strip the tough outside fibre of the palm or plantain-leaf, and split this into very narrow strips not more than two or three lines wide, but the whole length of the leaf. Male and female both work at gathering this material: when a sufficient number of strips are brought to begin a nest, and the pendent twig is fixed upon, the birds begin to turn these leaf-strips over the twig, and to interlace them below in a manner which enables the finished nest to shed rain. The birds work with the greatest assiduity with both beak and feet; and often I would see one little fellow one minute holding by his feet and working the fibres in with his bill, the next suspended by the bill and pushing all together with his feet, and then adroitly slipping inside, and, by pushing and working with his body, giving the nest a round shape. The entrance is the last made, and doubtless instinct teaches them to turn its mouth down, to enable it, too, to shed rain.

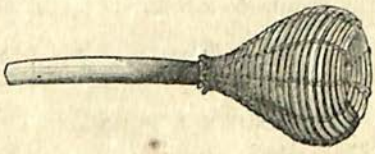
Sometimes trees on which these industrious little fellows build are quite killed by the weight of so many nests, and by the space they occupy preventing the regular growth of the branches. The nests are used not only to breed in, but also to live in, and each pair breeds several times a year, raising two young at a brood. Of course, with such rapid increase they are always needing new nests, so that the building process is going on almost all the time. It is remarkable that among so many nests, all looking to my eyes exactly alike, each bird was always able to find his own. But I must own that sometimes I noticed a strong fellow trying with might and main to oust one of his weaker brethren from his home, though generally with little success. They have a foreknowledge of the rainy season evidently, for just before this sets in they are peculiarly active in building and repairing, and at such times the village near which they have settled is alive with their merry twittering and active bustle.

In watching these little neighbours of mine I spent many a day which would have been unutterably weary but for them. At last, on the 1st of June, I was so happy as to spy a sail. My heart beat anxiously lest she should pass. But, to my great joy, the little brig stood right in shore. By night I knew that my friends in the Gaboon had sent to inquire for news of me. They

had given me up for lost. The captain had orders to ascertain how I came to my death. I was glad to be able to assure him that I was not dead yet.

And now came the weary work of taking in my cargo of beasts and other things—the tedious delays which yet kept me, poor fever-stricken wretch! to the shore. At last we were off, and with a thankful heart I welcomed the cool breeze which bore me back to civilization, to friends, and to renewed health.

And here I part from the reader, who, I trust, has not yawned over my troubles, nor grown weary over the story of my adventures and explorations.



Wicker-work Rattle to drive the Devil out

APPENDIX.

(A.)

THE FAUNA OF EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

For the use of naturalists, I give here a list of the animals collected by me during the explorations described in the body of the book. *New species* I have, for convenience of reference, put by themselves. For detailed description of the new animals the scientific reader is referred to the 'Proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History' for 1860.

MAMMALIANS.

SPECIES DISCOVERED BY F. B. DU CHAILLU.

Troglodytes calvus,
" Koolo-kamba.
Trogelaphus albo-virgatus.
Potamochœrus albifrons.
Genetta Fieldiana.
Anomalurus Beldeni.
" (not described yet).
Cercopithecus nigripes.
Otolicnus apicalis.
Cynogale velox.
Sciurus Nordhoffi.
" eborivorus.
" Wilsoni.
" subalbidus.
Sciurus rubripes.
" minutus.
Manatus Oweni.
Aspidonectes aspilus (turtle).
[Several species of mammals not yet described.]

KNOWN SPECIES.

T. Gorilla.
T. Niger (Chimpanzee).
Elephas Africanus.
Hippopotamus.
Bos brachicheros.
Trogelaphus silvicultrix.
" (species not determined).
Leopardus varius.
Gazella (four species, not determined).
Crocodilus vulgaris.
Canis aureus.
Genetta Aubryana.
" poensis.
Hyæna striata.
Hystrix cristata.
Colobus Satanus.
Presbytes albigena.
Cercopithecus melanogenys.
" cephus.
" (species not determined).
Mangabet à collier (Cercocebus).
Cynocephalus Mormon.
Otolicnus Pelii.
Sciurus (three species not determined).
Sorex odoratus.
Vespertilio minutus.
" (two other species, not determined).
Anomalurus Fraseri.
Lutra (species not determined).
Pangolin.

TURTLES.

Kinixys erosa. Sternothœrus Derbianus. Tryonix Aubryii.

SERPENTS AND OTHER REPTILES.

Python bivittatus.
Thrasops flavigularis, or Bucephalus capensis.
Chlorophis heterodermus.
Boœdon quadrivirgatum.
Toxicodryas Blandingii.
Echidna nasicornis.
A species of naja.
Brachyceranion corpulentum (snake).
Coluber Philipsi.
Dryophis Kirtlandi.
Dipsas or Toxicodryas Blandingii.
Leptophis smaragdinus.
Dendrophis flavigularis.
Sphenorhina elegans.
Gerrhosaurus Bibronii.
" nigro lineatus.
Euprepes striata.
" Blandingii.
" albilabris.
Bufo maculatus.
Dactylethra Müllerí.
Hyla puntata.
Rana Bibronii.
" albolabris (discovered by me.)
Heteroglossa Africana.
Chamaleo dilepsis.
" granulosus.

BIRDS.

SPECIES DISCOVERED BY P. B. DU CHAILLU.

Barbatula Du Chaillui.
„ fuliginosa.
Diceum Rushiæ.
Ægithalus flavifrons.
Camaroptera tincta.
Silvia Prasina.
Butalis infuscatus.
Muscicapa cpulata (*Butalis epulatus*).
Erythrocercus M'Callii.
Drymoica Bairdii.
Criniger xanthogaster.
Pyrrhurus leucopleurus.
Melignothes conirostris.
„ exilis.
Alethe castanea.
Tricophorus calurus.
„ leucurus.
Tricophorus notatus (Xenocichla).
Phasidus niger.
Numida plumifera.
Tockus camurus.
Francolinus squamatus.
Andropadus virens.
Butalis comitatus.
Sycobius Rachelliæ.
„ scutatus.
Meropiscus Mülleri.
Atticora nitens.
Hetærodes insignis.
Ispidina Lecontii.
Eopsaltria cinerea, or Hypodes cinerea.
Meropogon Breweri.
Euprinodes schistaceus.
Camaroptera canicceps.
Sylvietta virens.
Parmoptila Woodhousei.
Macrosphenus flavicans.
Geocichla compsonota.
Tricophorus chloronotus.
„ tricolor (Xenocichla).
Andropadus curvirostris.
Muscipeta speciosa.
„ du Chaillui.
Trochocercus nitens.
Parisoma melanurum.
„ olivescens.
Turdirostris fulvescens.
Hyphantornis cinctus.
Columba iriditorques.
„ unicincta.

SPECIES ALREADY DESCRIBED.

Gypohierax Angolensis.
Tephrodornis ocreatus.
Polyboroides radiatus.
„ typicus.
Accipiter Toussenelii.
„ Hartlaubii.
Haliætus vocifer.
„ blagrus.
Spizætus coronatus.
„ occipitalis.
Spilornis bacha.
Miseratur macrourus.
Aviceda cuculoides.
Scotopelia Pelii.
Chaunonotus Sabinei.
Ixos Aljanteus.
Ixonotus guttatus.
Nectarinia superba.
„ Johannæ.
„ fuliginosa.
„ nectarina.
„ angolensis.
„ chloropygia.
„ subcollaris.
„ tephrolama.
Anthreptes aurantia.
„ Frazeri.
Nectarinia cyanolæma.
„ Reichenbachii.
„ cuprea.
„ obscura.
„ cyanocephala.
„ Strangerii.
„ verticallis.
Merops bicolor.
„ Breweri.
Merops Bullockioides.
„ albicollis.
„ variegatus.
Meropiscus gularis.
Alcedo leucogastra.
Halcyon badia.
„ Senegalensis.
„ dryas.
Alcedo quadribrachys.
Corythornis cæruleocephala.
Cerylo rudis.
Motacilla Capensis.
Telophonus leucorhynchus.
Laniarus cruentis.
„ Pelii.
„ chloris.
Dryoscopus major
Campephaga nigra.
Lobotos Temminckii.
Ceblepyris or graucalus azurea.
Dicrurus caracinus.
„ atripennis.
Sigmodus rufiventris.
Anthus Gouldii.
Corvus curvirostris.
Zanclostomus flavirostris.
Chaunonotus Sabinei.
Cossypha poensis.
„ verticalis.
Pratincola salax.
Cicropus Gordoni.
Musicapa grisola.
Cypselus ambrosiacus.
Atticora Melbina.
Chætura Sabinei.
Hirundo cahirica.
„ nigrita.
Cecropis Gordoni (*Hirundo*).
Pyrenestes coccineus.
Platystira melanoptera (muscicapa).
Platystira leucopygialis.
Zanclostomus æreus.
Lanius Smithii.
Tricophorus simplex.
„ palescens.
„ fossi.
Macronix flaviventris.
Andropadus latirostris.
„ gracilirostris.
Sycobius nitens.
„ cristatus.
„ nigerrimus.
„ malimbus.
„ scutatus.
Oriolus nigripennis.
„ Barulli (intermedius).
Caprimulgus binotatus.
Camaroptera superciliaris.
„ badiceps.
Euprinodes rufogularis.
„ olivaceus.
Artomigias fuliginosa.
Dryosocopus affinis.
Lamprocolius splendidis.
„ purpureiceps.
Muscipeta flaviventris.
„ Smithii.
„ melanogastra.
„ melampyra.

Bias musicus.
Campephaga nigra.
Estrelda rubriventris.
" atricapilla.
" melpoda.
" rubriventris.
Passer Swainsonii.
Corythaix meriani.
" (species not determined).
Turacus giganteus.
Tockus fasciatus.
Turtur erythrophrys.
Buceros albocristatus.
" atratus.
" cylindricus.
" fistulator.
" poensis.
Apaloderma narina.
Treron calva.
" nudirostris.
Peristera chalcospilos (Columba).
Peristera puella.
" tympanistria.
" afra.
" Malherbi.
Squatarola helvetica.
Charadrius zonatus.
Hiaticula pecuaria.
Harpiprion olivaceus.
Totanus hypoleucus.
Calidris arenaria.
Sterna Senegalensis.
Podica Senegalensis.
Numenius phæopus.
Strepsilas interpres.
Fraseria ocreata.
" cinerascens.
Platystira melanoptera.
" leucopygialis.
Pratincola salax.
Macronix flaviventris.
Stiphornis erythrothorax.
Sylvietta microura.
Cisticola cursitans.
Spermestes cucullata.
" poensis.
Ortygospiza atricollis.
Fringillaria tahapisi.
Foudia erythrops.
Hyphantornis flavigula.
" Grayi (female of flavigula).
Hyphantornis textor.
Hyphanturgus personatus.
Coliostruthus macrourus.
Centropus monachus.
Dendrobates Caroli.
Pogonias hirsutus.
Oxylophus Jacobinus.
Francolinus Lathami.
Bubo leucostictus.
Syrnium Woodfordii.
Eurystomus afer.
" gularis.
Drymoica ruficeps.
" nævia.
" fortirostris.
" lateralis.
Hylia prasina (Styphrornis superciliaris).
Phyllopneuste umbrovirens.
Cisticola cursitans.
Turdus Pelios.
Xenocichla syndactila.
Pyrrhurus pallescens.
Hyliota violacea.
Dryoscopus affinis.
" major (Telophonus major).
Nigrita canicapila.
" luteifrons.
" fusconota
" bicolor.
Vidua principalis,
Spermospiza guttata.
Psittacus pachyrhynchus.
Barbatula subsulfurea.
" scolopacea (*Xylobucco*).
Gymnobucco calvus.
Trachyphonus purpuratus.
Dendropicus Gabonensis.
" nigriguttatus.
Dendromus Caroli.
" brachyrhynchus.
" nivosus.
Dendromus Africanus.
" (several species, not yet determined).
Indicator maculatus.
Centropus Francisci.
" monachus.
Cuculus Gabonensis.
Chrysococcyx smaragdineus.
Synoicus Adansonii.
Œdienemus Senegalensis.
Glareola cinerea.
Lobivanellus albiceps.
Ægialites marginatus.
" pecuarius.
Ardea goliath.
Egretta flavirostris.
" bulbucus.
Butorides atricapilla.
Ciconia leucocephala.
Myeteria Senegalensis.
Leptotilos crumenifera.
Scopus umbretta.
Tantalus ibis.
Geronticus hagedash.
" olivaceus.
Ibis religiosa.
Numenius phæophus.
Actitis hypoleucus.
Parra Africana.
Rallus oculeus.
Himantornis hæmatopus.
Phorphyrio Alleni.
Limnocorax flavirostris.
Phœnicopterus erythræus.
Nettapus Madagascariensis.
Dendrocygna viduata.
Querquedula Hartlaubii (Anas cyanoptera).
Podica Senegalensis.
Sterna Caspia.
" cantiaca.
" Senegalensis.
Rhynchops orientalis.
Plotus Levaillantii.
Sula Capensis.
Carbo Africanus.
Nycticorax Europæus.
[Some species not yet described.]

(B.)

THE LANGUAGES OF EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

As we acquire greater knowledge of the languages and dialects of the nations and tribes of Central Africa, the conviction gains ground among philologists that the people of this great continent belong to two distinct families. The line of separation I believe to be found one or two degrees north of the equator. To the south of this line all the people now known speak in dialects which, though sufficiently distinct, belong evidently to one common family, having a common origin. This is true of all, so far as known, from the northern line I have denoted down to the Cape of Good Hope, except the Hottentots, the Namaquas, and a few other insignificant tribes near the last-mentioned place, who are not supposed to belong to either branch of the African family.

This class of languages and dialects may be distinguished by the title alliterative. The changes which the words undergo in their declensions and conjugations always affect both the initial and final syllables, and whole sentences occur having a complete alliteration throughout.

The tribes of the northern half of the continent, so far as their languages are known to me by study or by personal observation (the latter confined to the western coast, through Gambia and Senegambia to the borders of the Desert), use dialects less regular in their structure, less melodious in sound, and by far more difficult for the tongue and ear of the white man.

Within the region which I explored the language of the Mpongwe is the most widely spread. It is used, with slight variations and modifications, by no less than seven of the most considerable tribes, the Mpongwe, Commi (Camma), Oroungou, Ogobay, Rembo, Ngaloi, Ayomba, and Anenga. Some other dialects, also, are evidently derived from this, while another large class has marks of decided kinship to the Bakalai language. This last is spoken, either purely or in dialects varying but slightly, by the Bakalai, Mbenga, Kombe, Bapoukou, Balengue, Mbousha, Mbondemo, Mbisho, Mbiki, Shekiani, Apingi, Evili, and probably many more tribes of the interior.

The language of the cannibal tribe, the Fans, stands alone, being evidently not related to any of the others. It is rude, and very guttural, and bears some likeness to that spoken in the interior of Cape Palmas and on the Croo coast.

The Mpongwe and Bakalai, and their kindred dialects, are to a remarkable degree regular and systematic in their structure. I found it very extraordinary that languages used only by savages, and having no written standard, should retain their precision and system as these have done. Scarce any languages known are so systematic as these. They are rich in words expressive of the ideas of these barbarous people, and they are capable of very great expansion for new wants. From radicals already in use new words can be regularly derived when needed, and are at once understood.

The Bakalai and its branches have no letter *r*. The Mpongwe and the Ashira, on the contrary, abound in this letter, which is rolled or accented very strongly. The Mpongwe strikes me as one of the finest of all the known languages of Africa. It is remarkable that all the tribes which use it are much

less warlike than those which use the Bakalai, many of which are fierce and troublesome.

The tribes inhabiting the west coast south of Cape St. Catherine speak dialects some of which show more affinity with the language of the Mpongwe, others with that of the Bakalai; but all show, in the formation of many of their words, a third element, proving that some of these words have been derived from another language with which the two former have not been acquainted.

The Mpongwe language is to a very great extent polysyllabic. There are scarce a score of monosyllabic nouns in the whole language, and not more than three or four monosyllabic verbs. It abounds in contractions and compounded words, in which, however, the parts are preserved sufficiently well to be very easily distinguished. There are but few words difficult of utterance to Americans or Europeans, and the pronunciation is very distinct, each syllable being fully sounded, making it easy of acquisition to strangers. Almost all the words terminate in a vowel, which is fully sounded, and a great part of the nouns and verbs also begin with a vowel. The genders of nouns are not distinguished otherwise than by prefixing the term *man* or *woman*. For instance, *wanna* means child; *wanto-wanna* is girl; and *olomè-wanna* is boy. There are several ways of forming the plural. Nouns which begin with a consonant are made plural by prefixing *i* to the singular forms; thus, *nago*, house; *inago*, houses. Nouns beginning with *o* form their plurals by changing *o* into *i;* thus, *omemba*, snake; *imemba*, snakes. Nouns beginning with *e* form their plurals by dropping the *e;* thus, *egara*, chest; *gara*, chests. Nouns beginning with *i* form their plurals by changing *i* to *a;* thus, *idambè*, a sheep; *adambè*, sheep. All the changes in the Mpongwe nouns, except such as result from contractions, are on the first syllable. The noun of agency is in nearly all cases formed by prefixing the letter *o* to the verb; thus, *noka* is to lie, and *onoka* is a liar.

Personal pronouns abound in the Mpongwe, and also in the Bakalai and other dialects of this region. Thus, in Mpongwe, *mie* is I and me; you, *awè;* *yé*, he; *ayé*, she or it; *azwé*, us; *anuwe*, ye; *nuwe*, you; *wao*, they; *wa*, them.

The adjectives have many changes besides their degrees of comparison. They do not, however, possess any inflections to indicate gender or case. In the following examples we find no less than seven forms of the adjective *mpolo*, which means *large:*—

Nyaré mpolo, a large cow.	*Idambe ivolu*, a large sheep.
Inyaré impolo, large cows.	*Adambe ampolo*, large sheep.
Egara evolu, a large chest.	*Omemba ompolo*, a large snake.
Gara volu, large chests.	*Imemba impolo*, large snakes.

These and like changes are used with the utmost precision, arbitrary as they are, and though they have of course no grammatical rules nor any written standard.

We come now to speak of the *verb*, which has, in all the languages of the southern half of Africa, the most peculiar forms. The Mpongwe verb has four moods, the indicative, imperative, conditional, and subjunctive. The indicative mood is formed with the aid of auxiliary particles. The imperative is derived from the present of the indicative by the change of its initial consonant into its

reciprocal consonant; thus, *tonda*, to love, *ronda*, love thou; *denda*, to do, *lenda*, do thou.

The conditional mood has a form of its own, but the conjunctive particles are used as auxiliaries at the same time, and different conjunctive particles are used with different tenses. The subjunctive has only one form, and is used as the second verb in a sentence where there are two verbs.

The tenses in the Mpongwe are the *present*, *past*, *perfect past*, and *future*. The perfect past tense, which represents the completeness of an action, is formed from the present tense by prefixing *a* and by changing the final into *i*; thus, *tônda*, to love, *atondi*, loved or did love.

The past is derived from the imperative by prefixing *a* and by changing *a* final into *i*; thus, *ronda*, love thou, *arondi*, to have loved.

The future tense is formed by the aid of the auxiliary participle *be*; as, *mi be tonda*, I am going to love. But this combination of words, if the nominative follows, expresses past time.

In the future tense the nominative goes before the verb in the order of construction. When an action is immediately to take place, the present tense is used as a future; as *mi bia*, I am coming immediately; while *mi be bia* means I am coming after a while, or at some indefinite time.

The passive is formed from the active simply by changing *a* final into *o*: thus, *mi tonda*, I love; *mi tondo*, I am loved. In the historical and perfect tense, which terminates in *i*, *o* is simply adjoined: thus, *arondi*, have loved; *arondio*, to have been loved.

There is also in every Mpongwe verb a negative for every affirmative form, and the negative is distinguished from the affirmative by an accent or dwelling on the first or principal vowel of the verb, which I will characterize in writing by the use of an *italic* letter. The negative form belongs to the passive as well as to the active voice, and this slight difference of intonation or accentuation is one of the most difficult for a foreigner to catch:—

Mi tonda, *I love.*	Mi tondo, *I am loved.*
Mi tonda, *I do not love.*	Mi tondo, *I am not loved.*

All the verbs in the Mpongwe language, with the exception of about fifteen or twenty, may be regarded as regular verbs, inasmuch as they are governed by the same fixed principle. The verbs of two or more syllables have always the final *a*; and the incipient consonants of these verbs are either *b*, *d*, *f*, *j*, *k*, *p*, *s*, *t*, or *sh*. Each of these has a reciprocal consonant. Such verbs as commence with *m* or *n*, which have no reciprocal consonants, retain these two letters throughout all their inflections, but in other respects are perfectly regular. The invariable reciprocal letter of *b* is *v* or *w*. So the imperative is derived from the present of the indicative in all the verbs which commence with *b*, by changing *b* into *w* or *v*: thus, *Mi bonga*, I take; imp., *wonga*, take. In the same manner, and with invariable uniformity, *d* is changed into *l*, *f* into *v*, or *fwn* into *vw*, *j* into *y*, *k* into *g*, *p* into *v*, *s* into *z*, *sh* into *zy*, and *t* into *r*. Thus,

Mi bonga, *I take;*	Mi kamba, *I speak;*
Wonga, *take.*	Gamba, *speak.*

Every regular verb in the language may be said to possess five conjugations and as many as six compound conjugations. Thus, from *kamba*, to speak, or

I speak, the causation is formed by changing *a* into *iza*: *kambiza*, to cause to speak. The form which implies habitual action is derived from the radical by prefixing *ga*: thus, *kamba*, to speak; *kambaga*, to speak habitually. The relative conjugation, which implies performing an action for or to some one, is derived from the radical by suffixing *na*: thus, from *kamba*, to speak, comes *kambana* or *kambina*, to speak to or with some one. The indefinite is derived from the radical by suffixing the imperative to the present of the indicative: thus, from *kamba* comes *kambagamba*, to speak at random.

In the Mbenga language, the radical *kaluga*, speak, is changed as follows: *kalakate*, to continue speaking; *kalakia*, to speak to or speak for; *kalakide*, to cause to speak; *kalunakiani*, to speak for one another; *kalaka bekatikali*, to speak at random; *takala*, to speak first (in a trial); *kalaka bo kalaka*, speak and do nothing else.

The radical form of the verb expresses the simple idea without any accessory or contingent meaning. The second expresses continuance of the action, and in many verbs intensity of the simple idea: thus, *kalakate mbi yokakate*, speak on; I will hear.

These remarks and exemplifications will give some idea of the beauty and philosophical structure of the languages of this region. There is in these languages a mine which will richly repay working. They possess an extensive unwritten literature, consisting of proverbs, parables, allegories, mystic interpretations, fables, and fantastic and fabulous stories, which are handed down from generation to generation. Many of these fables I have listened to in the evening, by the light of my camp-fire, with unbounded delight, wondering at the imagination of the barbarous African.

I regretted only that want of time and my other pursuits prevented me from investigating and writing down many of their wonderful stories and fables.

I close with a table of numerals, which, as being the easiest to collect for comparison, must serve as a beginning for the philologist who desires to study the languages of this region. All that are here given were collected by myself. All but two or three I obtained when among the tribes to whom each list is credited. The others I gained by a visit to a French *emigrant* ship sailing from Cape Lopez with a cargo of negroes. To show what great facilities the student can have, even on the coast, for studying the languages of the far interior tribes, I may mention that on board this very ship I found men from no less than thirty-eight different tribes!

SENEGAMBIA TRIBES.

	Kingdom of Sin.	Yolof.	Kingdom of Baol.	Kosso.
1	Lèn.	Bien or Bèn (quick).	Kiliné.	Tá, ta.
2	Bétique.	Niar.	Foulo or foula.	Félè.
3	Bétafoulàque.	Nièp (quick).	Sabo or saba.	Tchàoua.
4	Béta founaque.	Niélet.	Nani.	Nani.
5	Béta foutadaque.	Diéroum.	Loulou.	Dolou.
6	Béta fatique.	Diéroum ben.	Ourò.	Whita.
7	Bétasou.	Diéroum niet.	Ourò olo.	Ouà félâ.
8	Bétafou.	Diéroum niep.	Li.	Oiyapa.
9	Bétafousé.	Diéroum nielet.	Konontai.	Tàkoù.
10	Karbaki.	Fouque.	Ten.	Fo.

TRIBES OF THE PALM COAST.

Baoolobo.	Vesey.	Bonzé.	Gola.
1 Nô.	Dondo.	Tan.	Ngoumou.
2 Hàn.	Téla.	Vélè.	Ntié.
3 Tàn.	Saquoy.	Daba.	Ntaï.
4 Hain.	Nani.	Nani.	Tina.
5 Hòò.	Soulou.	Lōlou.	Nonon.
6 Nodo.	Soudondo.	Maïda.	Diegoum.
7 Diétan.	Soufèla.	Maïfilè.	Diéntié.
8 Diyien.	Sousaquoy.	Maïshaba.	Dietai.
9 Shondo.	Scunani.	Maïnàn.	Dectina.
10 Ipou.	Tan.	Boù.	E'sia.

TRIBES IN THE BIGHT OF BENIN.

Balengué, called also Molengué and Ayengué.	Onokò or Banò.	Camerun or Dwala.	Ibouai.
1 Guévoho.	Mpoco.	E'ouè.	Evoko.
2 Ibaré.	Ibali.	Béba.	Biba.
3 Raro.	Ilalo.	Bélalo.	Belalo.
4 Inaï.	Inaï.	Benéi.	Binaï.
5 Itano.	Itani.	Betano.	Betani.
6 Itano na guévoho.	Otoba.	Motoba.	Otoba.
7 Itano na ibaré.	Embouèdi.	Samba.	Mbouedi.
8 Itano na raro.	Lombi.	Lùmbè.	Louambi.
9 Itano na inai.	Diboua.	Iboua.	Iboua.
10 Ndioum or naïhinaï.	Dioum.	Dôm.	Ndioum.

TRIBES OF THE GABOON, MUNI, AND MOONDAH RIVERS.

Mpongwe, spoken by eight tribes before mentioned.	Mbousha.	Shekiani, spoken also by the Mbondemo, Itaimon, Mbiki, and Mbisho.	Mbenga.
1 Mori.	Ivòco.	Wò tè.	Mpoco.
2 Bani.	Béba.	Iba.	Ibali.
3 Ncharo.	Bélalo.	Bitashí.	Ilala.
4 Nai.	Benaï.	Inéi.	Inaï.
5 Tani.	Betano.	Itani.	Itano.
6 Roùa.	Ivoco béba.	Itani mé wotè.	Otoba.
7 Roaguenon.	Ivoco bélalo.	Itani né iba.	Embouaidi.
8 Ananai.	Ivoco benai.	Itani né itachi.	Loguambi.
9 Inongoum.	Ivoco betano.	Itani inéi.	Ibouhi.
10 Igoum.	Dioum.	Dioùm.	Dioum.

TRIBES ON OR NEAR THE OGOBAY AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.

Alombo.	Ngobé or Mgobé (Camma).	Ashira.	Bakalai.
1 Imoshi.	Moshi.	Moshi.	Ickwotau.
2 Ibaï.	Baï.	Béi.	Béba.
3 Iraro.	Raro.	Iréro.	Bilalï.
4 Ina.	Ina.	Irano or iina.	Benaï.
5 Irano.	Dourano.	Samano.	Bitani.

TRIBES ON OR NEAR THE OGOBAY AND ITS TRIBUTARIES—*continued.*

	Ntombo.	Ngobé or Mgobé (Gamma).	Ashira.	Bakalai.
6	Isainoum.	Disambouai.	Inégué, írero or inama.	Na iéwotau.
7	Disambouai.		Kambo moshi.	Bitani-nabiba.
8	Denama.	Dinanouai.	Kambo béi.	Bitani nabilali.
9	Iïou.	Ipoi.		Bitani na benai.
10	Dégoumé.	Igoum.	Igoum.	Dioum.

	Mpovi.	Njavi.	Aplugi.	Avila.	Ashango.
1	Mouéta.	Mòn.	Mpoco.	Moliai.	Moshi.
2	Bevali.	Bioli.	Mbani.	Banié.	Bibéi.
3	Betata.	Betato.	Tcharo.	Nchado.	Biraro.
4	Benaï.	Béna.	Inaï.	Naio.	Bina.
5	Betani.	Betani.	Itani.	Ntanô.	Shàmanô.
6	Betani mouéta.	Samouna.	Moroba.	Enapo.	Nchambo.
7	Betani bevali.	Nchamou.			Pombo.
8	Betani betata.	Mpombon.			
9	Betani benái.	Ouà.			
10	Nchinia.	Igoumbe.			

	Ashakl.	Moshebo.	Mcouandji.	Madouma.	Moshe-ho.
1	Mori.	Mò.	Mò.	Mpoco.	Poco.
2	Bani.	Yolè.	Biolè.	Niolè.	Yolè.
3	Shata.	Moshato.	Tato.	Tato.	Nchalo.
4	Naï.	Minaï.	Nà.	Na.	Benaï.
5	Itani.	Tani.	Tani.	Tani.	
6		Motoba.			
10	Dioum.			Dioum.	

Fan Tribe (Cannibals).	Slave from River Congo.
1 Fo.	Boisse.
2 Béi.	Guali.
3 Là.	Tato.
4 Né.	Minai.
5 Tani.	Tano.
6 Shémé.	Samoum.
7 Zangoua.	Sabouani.
8 Moûm or Ouam.	Nana.
9 Iboum or Ibou.	Voua.
10 Woôoô or Aboum.	Koumi.

LONDON: PRINTED BY W. CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET, AND CHARING CROSS.

00088587

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018